This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Harvard University

Monroe C. Gutman Library

of the

Graduate School of Education

TALKS TO MOTHERS

TALKS TO MOTHERS

BY

LUCY WHEELOCK

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1922

#51039

LB1105
.T3

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
MONROE C. GUTMAN LIBRARY

Sept 9, 1976

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

NOTE

ALL rights in the stories and poems in this volume are reserved by holders of the copyrights. The publishers and others named in the subjoined list are the proprietors, either in their own right or as agents of the authors, of the stories and poems taken from the works enumerated, of which the ownership is hereby acknowledged. The Author takes this opportunity to thank both authors and publishers for the ready generosity with which they have allowed her to include this material.

"Thinking and Answering," and "The City Beautiful" (from "The Child's Day," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson); published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The Garden of Bluebells," and "The Secret" (from "With the Little Folks," by Isa L. Wright); published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"A Child's Right to Noisy Play," "A Child's Right to a Happy Home," and "A Child's Right to Work," by G. W. Tuttle; "Toys Made in America," by Mrs. Martha Gallaudet Waring; "Teaching Children True Values," by Emma Gary Wallace; "How I Made my Home Attractive for the Young People," by F. G. B., and "The Bad Child," by Henriette E. Delamare (from "The Child Welfare Magazine"); published by the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations.

NOTE

"Child Nature and Child Nurture," by Edward St. John; published by The Pilgrim Press.

"Reading Aloud to the Child," by Hamlin Garland; published by Bureau of Education and National Kindergarten Association.

"A Dream," by Annie E. Allen (from "St. Nicholas"); published by the Century Company.

"Social Education," by Dr. Colin A. Scott; published by Ginn & Company.

"Little Lights" (from "Fables from Afar," by Catherine T. Bryce); published by Newson & Company.

"The Search for a Good Child," by Maud Lindsay; published by Milton Bradley Company.

"My Neighbors," by Miss Mary E. Laing; published by Benjamin H. Sanborn & Company.

"The Story of a Child," by Pierre Loti (translation); published by C. C. Birchard & Company.

"Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play," translated and edited by Susan E. Blow; published by D. Appleton & Company.

"Education of Henry Adams"; published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Selections from "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," by E. A. Horton; published by the Unitarian Sunday School Association.

PREFATORY NOTE

THE chapters, "The Helpful Child," "The Singing Child," "The Questioning Child" (in part), "The Social Child," and "The Evening Prayer," were written by Miss Elizabeth Colson, whose coöperation and interest have been of value in the preparation of this book.

LUCY WHEELOCK

CONTENTS

I. The Thoughtful Mother 1
II. Whose Child Is It? 7
III. The Soul of a Child 13
IV. The Healthy Child 19
V. The Five Senses 30
VI. Child Play 39
VII. Playthings 49
VIII. The Little Workman 59
IX. Thrift 67
X. The Helpful Child 77
XI. How Children Learn 88
XII. The Listening Child 99
XIII. The Story 108
XIV. The Dreamer 114
XV. The Child and His Book 129
XVI. The Little Actor 135
XVII. The Little Artist 143
XVIII. The Singing Child 149
XIX. The Little Musician 160
XX. The Questioning Child 171
XXI. The Light-Bird 186
XXII. The Social Child 193
XXIII. Habits 201
XXIV. The Obedient Child 209
XXV. The Honest Child 216

CONTENTS

XXVI. The Angry Child 228
XXVII. The Careless Child 235
XXVIII. The Truthful Child 245
XXIX. The Good Child 278
XXX. The Bad Child 293
XXXI. The Evening Prayer 305
XXXII. The Little Citizen 313
XXXIII. Brothers and Sisters 326
XXXIV. The Home 333
XXXV. Home Festivals 341
XXXVI. The Mother and the Teacher . . . 355

Appendix

Methods and Means of Studying Children 365
Thinking and Answering 372
The City Beautiful 377
Reference Lists 385

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or braver pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a woman's walled-up heart —
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part —
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles they last so long —
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town —
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen — goes down.

Joaquin Miller

TALKS TO MOTHERS

I

THE THOUGHTFUL MOTHER

"In praise of little children, I will say,
God first made man then found a better way
For woman, and his third way was the best
Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children."

WILLIAM CANTON

MARY kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." All women like to talk. Mothers like best to talk about their children. They like to tell of their children's ways and of their sayings. There is nothing more interesting to tell and nothing more important to discuss. So these talks to mothers are to be about children. By talking together we may learn something more about them and become more wise in caring for them. At this present time, when we are making a "new world" and facing a "new order," the education and training of children take on a new value. We must wait, perhaps, for the coming generation to grow up before we see the old order change for the better. You hope that your boy may grow so loyal and true and fine that he will be a leader in the new world. You train your little girl to be helpful and brave and self-reliant, that she may take her part in securing better conditions in the world to be. You know that your part in the world's

work is to send out from your home good men and women. So you long to know all you can about your children.

Child study is a new study. It belongs to our age. There are many ways of studying children. There is the scientific way of the university. There is the way of the teacher who tests and measures the growth of her pupils. And there is the way of the mother who keeps all these things and ponders them in her heart. You do not need any scientific training for this method of study. You need only the loving, watchful observation of one who wishes to know the meaning of all that she sees. This method of observation does not need any special time, for it goes on all the time. Nothing which concerns the care and welfare of your children is unimportant.

It is well for a mother to keep a journal or record of her baby's growth and development. On what day did the baby first smile? When did the first tooth come? When did it notice sounds and lift its head? When did it begin to prattle? What was its first word? When did it notice movement? When did it begin to imitate? When did your child say, "I want a drink of water," instead of "Mary wants a drink of water"? Record some of the bright sayings which you may later like to remember. Such records may be valuable to other mothers. They are interesting later to the children who may read the beginnings of their life history in the mother's book. They help us to fix the normal periods of growth and progress. We all need the inspiration and guidance of other observers in any field we have chosen for study.

There are many books for mothers. One of the first,

and the most discerning and helpful of all, is Froebel's book of Mother Plays. When the book was published in 1843, it was a novel venture. Friedrich Froebel was a pioneer in child study. He had no children of his own, but he played with all the children of his neighborhood and talked with mothers. He says he learned his secret from them. His secret was a loving interest in all children and a gift for divining what was in a child's heart. He lived in a quiet country province away from the bustle of great cities. He had time to learn about trees and flowers and to watch the ways of children. He devoted his life, his strength, and all his worldly goods, which were few, to the study of children and to the discovery of the best means of education. He gave to mothers the record of his many years of loving observation in his Mothers' Book. He gave to the world the kindergarten system which is to-day one of the great means of rebuilding a shattered world. He discovered the "deep meaning which oft lies hid in childish play." He was not content with finding the meaning and value of play. He made songs and plays for mothers to use. He made for the kindergarten and home use building blocks and balls and many other play materials which have an educational value. In his "Mother Play Book" he shows us by a series of pictures and songs the common, ordinary events in a child's life which may be clothed in a garment of play. The children, pictured in this book, do just what your children do. The baby kicks and plays in his crib. Boys climb trees, and watch for birds and fly kites and wade in brooks. The little girl plays with her doll and runs to the fields and sometimes knits with her

mother. In other books in this series you will find some of the plays and songs of the kindergarten, and hints and helps for hand-work. In our talks in this book, let us try to find some of the lessons which we may learn from Froebel's mother — the mother who lives with her children.

First, the mother must have the "understanding heart." The man, called the wisest of men, asked for this gift when the choice of all the world's goods was offered to him. Solomon became wise, because he had an understanding heart. Do you find your child hard to understand? Do you say, "Whatever shall I do with him?" "What makes him do that?" "John never did that and Mary was so different." The person who can most surely follow the thread of life back to his own childhood is the best guide for children, says Froebel. May be you will guide your child better if you recall your childhood days. Do you remember the day when you were unjustly reproved for something you had not done? Do you remember when you were disgraced before your playmates? Do you remember when you were ignored and forgotten in some pleasant plan? Do you remember broken promises? Do you remember the nights you wet your pillow with tears for grief over something you could not tell? When you burned with anger for some injustice? Were you ever afraid? May be you were the child who was thrilled to sadness by the sighing of the wind or certain strains of music.

Do these recollections help you to understand? Do they make you more careful, less hasty, more just?

Modern psychology is teaching us what we have not

known fully before. The moods and feelings of childhood become influences for good or ill in later life. Forgotten fears and terrors of children cause nervous troubles and strains years after. A harsh father may so terrify a timid child as to cause serious results all through life. Many tragedies of life could be averted if children were better understood. There would be fewer misfits in life if all mothers pondered in their hearts the things which concern their children.

Look at the first picture of Froebel's "Mother Play." See the mother sitting by the brook with her four children! She has snatched the hour from her busy day to be with them as they play. As she watches them she thinks, "What will each become? What must I do to guide each one in the best way?"

The four children represent four familiar types. There is the active, inventive boy, who has rigged up a water-wheel and placed it in the rapid stream, where it turns merrily.

Have you such a boy? Do you give him tools and a chance to use boards and nails? Do you give him a space on your kitchen floor to run his railroad tracks? Or if you have it to spare, do you give him a bay-window for his work-bench, or a work-room?

The other boy is the thinker. He sits quietly by and watches the play. What will he become? Does he need books? Do you answer his questions patiently?

There are two little girls in this scene. One is bold and energetic, wading out to try the force of the water. The other is timid, and sits holding on to the mother's skirts. What do these two different natures need?

The one must be restrained and guided: the other must be encouraged and pushed out into active play and work.

What problems are more important than these? What task more difficult? The mother's day is not an eight-hour day. It is a twenty-four-hour day. She is never free. No wonder she is tired and impatient sometimes.

What keeps her tender and happy and cheerful? The understanding heart which sees the promise of the oak in the acorn, which recognizes the child as father to the man. Thoughtful mothers, like Mary, ponder their children's ways that they may understand them.

Raphael's Sistine Madonna shows us a mother with the deep look in her eyes which scans the future. In her gaze we see the hopes and fears of all mankind. In the child's face is the same long look toward things yet hidden and unknown. The artists of the Renaissance loved to paint pictures of the Madonna and child because they told of the new hope and faith coming into the world. They painted one aspect only of mother love. To-day we would show the beauty of all the little daily services a mother renders her children.

II

WHOSE CHILD IS IT?

"Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back."

CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*

A WOMAN was walking through a city park dragging along with her a tearful boy. The woman was tall and could take long strides. The boy was short and small and took little steps. The little boy was crying from exhaustion and pain, but the woman paid no attention. A policeman, believing her to be the child's nurse, went up to her and said, "What is your name, and the boy's name? I shall report you to your employer. You are abusing the child."

"It does n't concern you what my name is," was the reply. "The boy's my own and I shall do what I like with him."

At another time I saw a woman dining in a railroad car with her little boy. The child was tired and fretful. He had made various requests which were unheeded and finally began to cry. The mother then rose angrily and gave the boy a smart box on the ear. This brought loud cries. All the passengers in the car were aroused to indignation. A fellow traveler sitting across the way said, "That mother does not know that she may injure the child for life by such a blow. Some one ought to tell her. I am going to do it."

"Better mind your own business," said her husband, "'*Butters-in*' never get any thanks —"

"It is my business," said the woman — "injustice to a child is everybody's business."

So, as the mother and weeping boy hastily passed out, the friendly observer detained her to say, "Do you know that your child may be made deaf by such a blow? You do not wish to injure him. I thought I ought to tell you of the serious consequences of striking a child about the head."

And this mother replied, "The child's mine — it's nobody's business what I do to him."

Is this true? Whose child is it? To whom is the mother responsible? In a chapter in "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle pictures the gift of a child to a humble man, Andreas, and Gretchen, his wife. A mysterious stranger brings the sleeping baby in a silken-covered basket into the room where the simple, friendly man and wife are sitting. As he deposits the basket, he says, "Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan: take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back."

Andreas and Gretchen accept the child as a sacred trust. The story goes on to tell us how they surrounded the little one with every good influence. The little boy ate his supper on the orchard wall where he could spell out the letters of the story Mother Nature was telling him. He looked with wonder at the winding Entepfuhl road, at the starry heavens, and the beauties of field and meadow spread about him.

Mother Gretchen taught him of the good God who rules in heaven and on earth. Andreas told him stories of brave deeds in war and fostered the spirit of patriotism. The old men in the village square filled his imagination with stories and legends, which made history real to him, and created for him a great world beyond the village scenes. So the boy grew, blessed by loving affection, and the kindly atmosphere of a good home and the wholesome influence of a simple, happy, out-of-door life.

Carlyle's story is a parable. Every child born in any home is a sacred trust, given to that family to rear, to cherish, to nurture. The child is not the mother's to do with as she pleases. She is responsible to the child, to the State, to God, for her guardianship of the life committed to her keeping.

"With great recompense of reward," or with the penalty of neglect it will one day be required of her. She is a trustee for the State. She must give the State a good, law-abiding citizen as her share in the universal good of the community which provides for the common welfare. To the child to whom she gives life, she owes the chance for the best life possible. The helpless child whom she brings into the world depends on her for the care and training which make the gift of life either a curse or a blessing.

"To be or not to be?" is a question not decided by the individual. His parents decide for him and take the tremendous responsibility of his existence.

Shall it be a healthy child?

Shall it be a beautiful child?

Shall it be a loving child?
Shall it be a happy child?
Shall it be a good child?
Shall it be a strong child?

The mother largely decides the answer to these questions.

The woman's highest responsibility is to the great source of all life, which so wonderfully makes her a part of the great process of creation. Every woman consecrated to the great office is like Mary of old, "blessed among women." She receives the child as a trust from the hands of God.

Do we have so many Dorothys, Dorotheas, and Theodores because so many parents believe their children to be "gifts of God"? That is what these names mean.

John, Mary, Paul, and Elizabeth and other names are favorites because the associations of these names suggest what we wish our child to be. The family names are handed on with the hope that the good tradition of the name will be perpetuated.

Whose child is it? The child of the family, the child of man, the child of God.

This is what Theodore Roosevelt says about the training of children:

THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD IN MOTHER'S KEEPING

"Into the woman's keeping is committed the destiny of the generations to come after us. In bringing up your children you mothers must remember that while it is

essential to be loving and tender it is no less essential to be wise and firm. Foolishness and affection must not be treated as interchangeable terms, and besides training your sons and daughters in the softer and milder virtues you must seek to give them those stern and hardy qualities which in after life they will surely need.

"The way to give a child a fair chance in life is not to bring it up in luxury, but to see that it has the kind of training that will give it strength of character. Even apart from the vital question of national life, and regarding only the individual interest of the children themselves, happiness in the true sense is a hundredfold more apt to come to any given member of a healthy family of healthy-minded children, well brought up, well educated, but taught that they must shift for themselves, must win their own way, and by their own exertions make their own positions of usefulness, than it is apt to come to those whose parents themselves have acted on, and have trained their children to action, the selfish and sordid theory that the whole end of life is 'to taste a few good things.'

"To sum up, then, the whole matter is simple enough. If either a race or an individual prefers the pleasures of mere effortless ease, of self-indulgence, to the infinitely deeper, the infinitely higher pleasures that come to those who know the toil and the weariness, but also the joy, of hard duty well done, why, that race or that individual must inevitably in the end pay the penalty of leading a life both vapid and ignoble. No man and no woman really worthy of the name can care for the life spent solely or chiefly in the avoidance of risk and trouble and labor.

Save in exceptional cases the prizes worth having in life must be paid for, and the life worth living must be a life of work for a worthy end, and ordinarily of work more for others than for one's self."

III

THE SOUL OF A CHILD

"Who is there among you, if his son
ask bread, will he give him a stone?"

DID you share in the Child-welfare campaign in 1918? At the beginning of the year we were sending our sons and brothers and husbands to join in the Great War to make the world a safe place for little children to live in. The homes and the mothers must *keep* it a safe place. The strength of a nation is the health of a nation, and the health of a nation depends on good babies. During Children's Year babies in every city and town were weighed and measured. Mothers were told how to feed and clothe their children. They were told of the need of fresh air and open windows at night. They learned the need of pure milk. They learned the importance of regular hours of feeding. They found out how dangerous it is to give solid food to a baby. We know now that we can measure a baby's good condition by its increase in weight, so we must watch for the proper gain in size and weight. You know that your first care is to secure a sound body for your child. Do not forget, however, its other needs. Your child can love and think. You must give it, not only bread for its little body, but the bread of life. During Children's Year, a Children's Cottage was established on Boston Common. The house was open daily to mothers and other visitors. Nurses and teachers were in attendance to answer questions

and give information. Charts and diagrams were hung on the walls to show food values, to show how to keep the milk and other foods safe and clean. A doll was used to teach mothers how to bathe and dress a baby. Nurses gave demonstrations of the best treatment of a sick child.

All this was to secure good health and growth.

One member of the Committee insisted that to this exhibit another should be added, which should show other needs of children. She thought of the playing child, of the busy child, of the singing child, of the artist child, and of the learning child.

Another exhibit was installed. You could name some of the things in this exhibit. There were well-chosen story-books, picture-books, song-books, home-made toys, carefully selected playthings, seeds, garden-tools, sand and shovels. Pictures were hung on the wall to show the plays and occupations of children in a good home.

It was difficult, however, to interest the average visitor in these things as much as in the food and clothing. Mothers can see when a child is hungry. He tells us his wants. But the starved soul makes no cry. Do you sometimes stop to think of these other needs of your children? A weak, undeveloped body excites our sympathy; but what do we know of the dwarfed mind and the longing heart?

In an early book, Froebel says: "It takes very little trouble for those around to supply what childhood needs. Rich is the inner life of a child, and we see it not; intense is its life, and we feel it not. Failing to nur

ture and develop the inner germs of a child's life, we let it sink discouraged under the burden of its own endeavor and grow dull, for it breaks loose at some weak point, and then we see wrong inclinations and impulses in the child, like morbid outgrowths of a plant. We should be glad now to direct the growth otherwise, but it is too late. The infant life that we should have led on naturally to boyhood, we misunderstood and repressed."

In "Richard Baldock," Archibald Marshall has drawn a pathetic sketch of a neglected child. Richard's mother died at his birth, and the boy was left in the charge of a harsh father and a stern nurse. "If he grazed his knees she did bind them up, although she allowed his lacerated spirit to heal of itself. . . . His everyday wants were attended to. In fact he was cared for, and if he was cared for, as has been said, without tenderness, not knowing what tenderness could be, he did not greatly miss it." Richard's father took little notice of him, and when he did, it was to correct him, "so that the child's dawning knowledge of his father, if he could have analyzed it, would have been of a man who existed chiefly for the purpose of saying, 'Thou shalt not.'"

By way of contrast, Mr. Marshall gives a beautiful picture of a happy child. He says: "It is a pleasant thing to think of the first steps along the pathway of life taken by the child of good and happy parents. He is lapped round by love and knows nothing of any other characteristic of humanity. The world he has come to must be very like the world he has left. Neither of them contains for him selfishness, anger, cruelty, or any of the evil passions of humanity, for with all our faults on our

heads, we show him nothing of our nature that is not godlike. He sets out upon his journey through a country empty of danger or darkness, its air warm and kindly, its meadows smiling with flowers, protected on every hand, but knowing not the need of protection, and so fearlessly drawing on the measureless stores of love around him."

Would you like your child to live in such a happy, loving world? You create it for him. You make sunshine for his path.

He is like a plant, which needs sunshine and care for its right growth. Nurture is a finer art than training or instruction. Nurture means taking care. It means supplying the right atmosphere. All the world your child knows is his home. From that he forms his ideas of the great world. Shall it be a good world, full of love and beauty? You can create such a world in your home.

Babies reared in an institution are well cared for physically. Their little bodies are kept warm. They are properly fed. They have good beds and sunny rooms. They are put on a regular schedule for feeding and sleeping. All bodily needs are supplied. But these babies do not, as a rule, thrive as well as babies in an ordinary home. They do not gain in intelligence as rapidly as babies cared for by loving mothers.

What is the reason? They lack nurturing, loving care. No one sings to them. No one speaks mother talk to them. There is no lullaby and no mother play. Something within the baby answers the mother's smile and the loving tone of the mother's voice. Mother talk and prattle arouse slumbering feelings and awaken dawning

perceptions of self and the world around. It matters not whether the baby has the most up-to-date nursery, or lies in a cradle in a kitchen, he responds to the same call of life. Much handling and fondling of infants is harmful. Fond grandmothers and aunts should keep hands off, most of the time. But the "let-alone" treatment which dooms a child to constant solitude is most harmful. It denies the mothering which Nature ordains for all her young. The baby is a social being. He was not meant to be alone.

A "mother's helper" came to me once with a sad tale of two children recently placed in her charge. These children were in a wealthy home. They had been in the care of a trained nurse who was forced to follow the scientific method of treatment. The children were never touched. The cause of their cries was never sought. The nurse fled to the kitchen to escape them. As a consequence, the little ones did not thrive. They were peevish and cross. At last the mother discovered that something was wrong. She thought maybe they needed playthings. She sent to consult a teacher as to the child's real needs. Not playthings, so much as loving care, was what those children needed. A happy spirit helps to build a strong body.

The busy mother must often leave her baby alone. It is well that it should be so. The child must learn to "command neither persons nor things by his cries." The normal, well baby should have long periods of rest, undisturbed and untouched. But there should be some one ready to give him companionship and love when the time comes. To these he responds with the trustful

confidence and the answering smile which make the beginning of all human relationships. The bond between mother and child is the first link in the chain which binds together the whole human family.

IV

THE HEALTHY CHILD

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

IT was Christmas Eve, and Percy was allowed to sit up until eight o'clock to share in the Christmas party. Percy was "half-past four," and he confided to me the pleasant fact that it was his first party, and if he told me that there was to be ice-cream, he would be sent to bed. It was a gay party, and Percy enjoyed it all, especially the ice-cream.

Eight o'clock came, and Mother came to take Percy to bed.

He demurred. "Just a little longer," he begged. "I am not sleepy now." But Mother was firm.

"Do you wear the pink pajamas you told me about?" I said. "I should like to see you in them."

"I'll show them to you," he said. "But I'm not going to put them on yet."

However, the gay scene was left and Percy mounted the stairs and soon stood by his crib in the pink pajamas. Then he climbed into the crib to show me that he was as long as the crib and must soon have a big bed. All the time he protested that he was not to stay; but when he stretched out in the cool, soft bed, he felt so comfortable and so tired that in a moment he was asleep.

Percy's first party had no ill results because his mother kept firmly to the reasonable hour fixed for his departure. He knew all the time that no protests would be heeded.

One summer night I attended a concert given in the Town Hall of a country village. It was a community event. Everybody came and brought all the children. Many babies were there in their mothers' arms. After the concert there was dancing. At ten o'clock the babies were all wide-awake. Some were crying, but no one was ready to leave. I am sure the mothers paid a high price for their pleasure. There must have been many fretful, crying children the next day.

Regularity is one of the first laws of health. "Early to bed" helps to make a child healthy. We can sympathize with the child whose plaint Stevenson has voiced!

> "And does it not seem hard to you,
> When all the sky is clear and blue,
> And I should like so much to play,
> To have to go to bed by day?"

It does seem hard. Sometimes too tender mothers yield to a child's plea and say, "Well, just ten minutes more." The ten minutes often grow to twenty. The child becomes overtired and excited. There are tears and cries when the final decree comes, and a nervous child is put to bed, to whom sleep will not immediately come. Continuance of such indulgence results in a nervous, high-strung child, trying to his family and more trying to friends and relatives, who call him naughty and disagreeable. Regular and long hours of sleep are more important than any other one factor in a child's growth.

Experiments made on dogs and kittens have proved that loss of sleep is more fatal to a creature than lack of food. No late supper, no press of work, no engagement should interfere with putting a child to bed at the appointed time. Up to six years of age, six o'clock is a good bedtime hour. A seven-year-old child may sit up till seven and an eight-year-old till eight. If the mother is "constant as the northern star" and there is no variation "nor shadow of turning" there will never be friction nor complaints. A baby may be trained to look forward to his cool, quiet crib and to enjoy the restful feeling of the darkened room.

If a child goes quietly to bed with maybe a quiet talk or a soothing lullaby there is peaceful, restful sleep. Such a child wakens at a regular time rested and refreshed and ready for a happy day. Mothers should also arrange a regular time for a baby's nap. Every child up to the age of five or six should rest for an hour or two during the day. The older child may not sleep, but he can rest and relax upon his bed and so keep his temper calm and sweet.

In the congested quarters of our great cities we often see boys and girls and little children playing on the streets until late in the evening. There is no one to call them home. No one to put them to bed. Often, alas, there is no real home to which to go. What do these children lose? Health, strength, growth, and innocence. Excitable, nervous, lacking control, they become the victims of all kinds of evil influences.

Have you ever noticed children at the "movies"? Their eyes are bright, their cheeks are flushed, they are

living at a high tension during the hours they should be sleeping. What is the price paid for these evenings of entertainment? Lack of nerve-control, lack of nerve-force, an undermined constitution, and the need of more and more excitement.

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy —"

It also makes him "wealthy and wise" because it enables him to safeguard his strength and to control his powers for the serious business of life. A child that is trained to early and regular hours is trained in the way he should go. When he is old he will not depart from it.

"Every night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Regular hours for meals are important as well as regular hours for sleep. A growing child needs simple food at meal-times with possibly a piece of bread and butter or a glass of milk at eleven o'clock when there has been a light breakfast. The habit of running to the cooky-jar at any time during the day for a cake or a cooky is very unwise. Lollipops or other sweets should be eaten only after meals and then with moderation. Dr. Woods Hutchinson[1] gives some wise advice about choice of foods:

"Some people like one thing, and some another. Do all of you like onions? I think not; but those who do, like them very much. The same thing is true of tomatoes and

[1] In *A Child's Day.*

sweet potatoes and red raspberries and oysters and many other things. But there are some things that almost everybody likes; and our grandfathers and great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers ate them. One of them is called the 'staff of life' because we lean, or depend, on it so much; we have it for breakfast, dinner, and supper. That is bread, of course. Meat and eggs and milk and butter, too, are among the foods that we all like.

"These might be called our 'main foods,' and we should eat one or two or even three of them at each meal. Meat and milk and eggs and butter, animals give us. But these are not enough; we need besides some of the foods that plants give us, because, we need different kinds of food at one time to keep the body fires going briskly.

"What are some of the foods that plants give us? Bread is made from a plant — from wheat. Oatmeal comes from the oat plant; and hominy, from corn. Some of our plant foods, such as potatoes, turnips, onions, sweet potatoes, parsnips, and radishes, grow under ground. Some, such as peas and beans, grow on vines. Then there are lettuce and cabbage and celery. And there are fruits — cherries, apples, peaches, plums, pears, melons, tomatoes, berries.

"Nature has given us all these foods, and many more; and she wants us to use them all. She wants us to use, every day and every meal, some foods that come from plants and some that come from animals.

"A good dinner would be a slice of roast beef or mutton, a potato, a helping of some sort of vegetable like

peas or beans or onions or tomatoes or celery; and a dish of milk pudding or apple dumpling, or stewed fruit with bread and butter, or pie that has only an upper crust or its under crust very well baked. When you are eating bread, remember that the crusts are the very best part, because they are well cooked and really taste the best. They are good for your teeth, too.

"Perhaps, while I am talking about a good meal, I ought to talk a little about the way to eat and how to make mealtime pleasant.

"Of course, to make our food soft, we must take little bites, eat slowly, and chew each mouthful a long time. Be sure to remember this. So many of the children I know eat so fast that you'd think they had to catch a train! Did you ever see any one try to talk and chew at the same time or forget to shut his mouth while he was chewing? Was n't it a very awkward, disagreeable sight? Think a moment, if you are tempted to talk with your mouth full, or put your knife into your mouth, or make a noise while you are eating, that these things are not pleasant for your neighbors.

"Do you tell funny stories at the table and talk about happy tramps you have taken or games you have played, or about your pets or your books? If you do, your food will do you more good, and you will be helping the other people at the table, too. Mealtimes should be the happiest times in the day."

> "Make the house, where gods may dwell,
> Beautiful, entire and clean."

The poet Longfellow in these lines speaks of the body as a house. It should be kept beautiful and clean because

it is the place where the spirit lives. It should be fit for gods to dwell in. Saint Paul calls it the temple of God. One of the textbooks of physiology is called "The House Beautiful." Dr. Woods Hutchinson [1] writes of the body in this way:

"Often we think of the body as a beautiful house. Now a house does not look very beautiful when it has dust and crumbs on the floor, buckets of greasy dish-water in the kitchen, and smoke from the furnace in the air! You could not live in such a place. No, the smoke must go out up the chimney, the dust and crumbs must be swept away, the dirty water must be drained off in pipes; the house must be not only cleaned, but kept clean all the time. This is true of your body, too.

"Now Mother Nature sends the smoke from the body out through the lungs, and the crumbs and solid dirt down and out by means of the food tube. But the waste water — how does she get rid of that? The waste water, you remember, is in the blood vessels, mixed with the blood. How does she get it out of the blood? She sends it through three magic cleaners, or strainers, — the *skin*, the *liver*, the *kidneys*.

"That the skin is a strainer, you already know; for you know how the skin lets out the waste water in perspiration, or sweat, and how important it is that we keep the little holes of the strainer open and clean. And you know, too, that most of the water that passes out of the body goes first to the kidneys.

"The liver, however, is the largest cleaning machine of all and has to work very hard. The blood comes to it

[1] In *A Child's Day*.

full of foods and poisons. This wonderful cleaner picks out the food it needs and takes up many of the poisons, too. 'What does it do with the poisons?' you ask. Some of them it changes into good food, and others it makes harmless and sends away down the food tube in a fluid called *bile*. If we are strong and healthy, the liver has the power to kill many of the disease germs that get into the body. That is why sometimes, when you have had a chance to take mumps or grippe or some other 'catching' disease, you don't take it. Your liver kills the germs, or seeds. See how carefully Mother Nature has planned that we may be clean inside as well as outside.

"But you must not overwork your liver. If you do, it may become too tired to do anything at all. Then all these poisons will spread through the body; the skin and the whites of the eyes will grow yellow, and you will be what is called 'bilious.' When this happens the poisons go to your brain, too, and make you feel sad; your tongue looks white instead of pink, and you have a disagreeable taste in your mouth. Your happiness depends very much on your liver.

"'How shall I keep my liver rested and in good working order?' By eating only sound, wholesome, pure food, and avoiding dirty milk; by going to the toilet regularly every morning after breakfast; by keeping your windows open and avoiding the poisons and disease germs in foul air. Then, if you run and play and work out of doors, so that the muscles move a great deal and you breathe in plenty of oxygen to keep the body fires burning briskly, that will help a great deal.

"If you eat proper food, you help not only your stomach but your liver, too; for it has not so many poisons to get rid of. While you are helping your stomach and your liver, you are helping your heart and your brain, and so on. So what you do to help one helps all."

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," so runs the old adage. We know more about cleanliness to-day than our grandmothers did. We know how much harm may come from impure water or milk and from tainted food. We know that meats and vegetables should not be exposed in public markets without proper protection from flies and dust. We know that fruit bought from the open push-carts on the streets or from open markets should be carefully washed before using. "Swat the fly!" has become a slogan in every household.

We used to say a little rhyme to baby:

"Baby-by, here's a fly,
We will watch him, you and I."

We watch him now. We admire his ready eyes, which give warning when anything approaches him. We wonder at the tiny feet with which he clings to the ceiling. But we know that those little feet are covered with disease germs. If the fly lights on our open sugar-bowl, or on our plate of cake, he may leave some dangerous germs which will cause typhoid or other sickness. The legs of the fly are covered with tiny hairs which carry the disease germs until they are rubbed off on our food or sometimes on our skin. So you see screens are necessary and covers for food in the pantry and when placed on the table.

"Good-morning, glorious sun!
How I love the light of the sun!
God sends the bright spring sun
To melt the ice and snow,
To start the green leaf-buds
And make the flowers grow."

This is one of our kindergarten songs. Sunlight makes the flowers grow. It makes children grow too. A plant kept in a cellar or dark room grows yellow and sickly. It dies if it is not put in the light. Children, too, grow pale and weak if they are deprived of sunlight. The children who must live in basements and court-rooms in our crowded "slums" can never be strong and healthy. The more sunlight and the more fresh air, the safer and healthier the house. People who build high on hills, with plenty of windows, are wise builders. They know that sunlight is a purifier and a healer. The mother who keeps her blinds shut and her curtains down, in order not to fade her carpet and furniture, is making her furniture more important than the health of her family. Let us have faded carpets and rosy children rather than rosy carpets and faded children, and do not be afraid of fresh air by day or by night.

Our grandmothers were sometimes afraid of the night air. But it is all the air there is, so let us take all we need of it. Cold fresh air is better than cold bad air. Let in God's sunlight and God's good air and let out the poison from our breaths and the dust from our rooms. Open windows, now and then, from top to bottom to air the room. And at night be sure the children have an open window and breathe fresh air during the long hours of sleep.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

This is the old lullaby. The child who has had a happy day with simple food, sunlight, and good air, and proper work and play, will slumber well. The angels of good-health and good-will guard his bed.

V

THE FIVE SENSES

"What hears is mind: What sees is mind:
The ear and eye are deaf and blind."

AN Indian passing through a forest will find his way by marks or blazes on the trees which an ordinary man would not observe. The Indian will also tell of the recent passage of a deer or some other animal by a bent bough or a broken branch. A small band of Indians was sent to France in the Great War for scout purposes because they were so keen of vision and so quick to hear. A sailor at sea will tell of the approach of another vessel by certain signs unnoticed by the passenger on the same ship. The conductor of an orchestra is able to follow the tones of all the many instruments. He knows when a violin falls below pitch or a flute fails to come in at the right second. His ear is trained to listen to tone and pitch. A tea-taster can tell you the brand of any kind of tea he sips and its price. The molasses dealer puts a drop of syrup on his tongue and tells its grade instantly.

The eye of the Indian or of the sailor is like any other eye. They have trained themselves to attend to certain things in which they are interested and to interpret appearances. The musician has no different ear from yours and mine. He has only learned how to listen. The senses are trained by use. The clerk who sells ribbons learns to match shades by constant practice and careful attention to tints and tones of color.

Sense-training begins in the home when the baby learns to notice his sensations and to fix his attention on them. Taste is the most active sense in infancy. It is so strong that baby wishes to put everything in his mouth. A shoe, a handkerchief, a spoon or a rattle, all are tested in the same way — by the sense of taste. A mother may train her child to discriminate. She gives him sweet and sour. She says, "Good, good!" for the sweet, or she puckers her mouth over the acid. Baby does the same. She gives a taste of bitter, perhaps a bitter medicine, saying, "Good for baby. Try it." Discrimination is the first step in knowledge, because it means attention. Baby learns from what secures his attention. Because the sense of taste is so keen there is danger of over-indulgence. Children like sweet and like much of it. Self-control may be gained through limiting the desire for too much. This is the beginning of temperance. Too much food, too much sweet, too highly seasoned dishes, all of these are harmful and lead to ungoverned desires. I once knew a father who made a Welsh rarebit every Sunday night for supper. He gave a plateful of this rich dish to the children, four, six, and seven years old. When some one pointed out to him the harmful effects, he answered: "I like rarebit and I eat it. My children like it and they shall eat it." He might as well have argued: "I walk five miles a day and like it. My children like to walk. They shall walk five miles a day."

Sauces and condiments unduly excite the sense of taste. They spoil the natural appetite and lead to later excess in food and drink. Tea and coffee are stimulants most injurious to children. Older persons whose tissues

waste more rapidly than repairs can be made may need such stimulus; but growing children are over-stimulated and excited by them. Growth is arrested and nerve-force depleted.

THE SENSE OF SMELL

THE sense of smell is also very active in babyhood. See how a baby buries his nose in the carnation, or in the rose or in sweet peas! How he sniffs the sweet perfume! Here again there is an opportunity for a lesson in control. Lilacs make a pleasant odor in the room: but too many load the air with perfume and cause headache. A few lilies are agreeable in a parlor or in the church; but too many cause a heavy, sickening odor. Enough of the sweet and pleasant — not too much — is the lesson we learn.

It is well for children to distinguish odors, and so to transfer interest from physical enjoyment to a real perception of the same. In the kindergarten we have a play for this purpose. We sing or say:

"Oh, lovely, fragrant flower,
Pray come and join our game,
And to our little playmate
Tell softly now your name."

The child whose eyes are covered smells the flower, — violet, rose or lily and whispers its name.

SENSE OF TOUCH

THE sense of touch is exercised in many ways in the ordinary course of handling objects and materials. Children like to feel velvet, satin, and silk. They touch stems

of plants and classify them as hairy, sticky, or smooth. They pass their hands over leaves and call them smooth or rough. I saw a little boy recently in a Montessori school pass his hand again and again over the strips of sand-paper pasted on a board; then he rubbed his hand on the smooth board. Apparently he was gaining pleasant sensations from the contrast of rough and smooth. In an ordinary home environment, children get ample opportunity for touching and handling things. They play with sand and clay and dough. They feel the bark of trees, the smoothness of wood and the surface of shining plates and cups and the many objects handled during the day. A very slight suggestion on the part of the mother makes them attentive to the "feel" of different substances.

SENSE OF HEARING

HAVE you ever watched a baby as he listens to a sudden sound — a voice in an adjoining room, a note on the piano, or the song of a bird in the tree outside? The baby is alert and keen. He turns his head to try and locate the source of the sound. He is beginning to listen. Later we have various games for the sense of hearing. Do you remember the game of "Magic Music" which you played in your childhood? You listened to the piano to help you to locate a hidden object. The music was soft when you were "cold" and loud when you were "warm." Another familiar play is "Dog and Bone." A child, who is blindfolded, sits in a chair behind which a clothes-pin or stick has been placed for a bone. Another child creeps up carefully to the chair to get the bone. The listening

child calls "Bow-wow," as soon as he hears a sound. This is a very good way to secure attentive listening. "Who Calls Me?" is a play which trains the ear to listen for voices. One child is blinded and says, "Who calls me?" Other players call the name and the listening child must tell who calls. Blind persons are very expert in recognizing voices. They have trained themselves to listen from the need of repairing the loss of one sense by the added usefulness of another. A blind woman once told me that she could read the character of a stranger by listening to the voice. She said she was never deceived.

Children like to make various experiments for testing the sense of hearing. They make "musical glasses" by filling tumblers with water at different heights. The finger moved around the edges of the glass produces musical tones, varying in pitch according to the amount of water in the tumbler. Spoons, suspended on strings of varying lengths, when struck against a hard substance, give musical tones. It is a good exercise to connect the tone with the length of the string. Is the string long or short? Is the tone high or low? Satisfactory drums may be made by putting brown paper ends on cardboard cylinders. The drums are of various sizes. How do they sound?

"There's a merry brown thrush
Sitting up in a tree;
He is singing to you, he is singing to me.
And what does he say,
Little girl, little boy?
Oh, the world's running over with joy.
Don't you hear, don't you see?
Hush, look here in my tree;
Oh, I am as happy as happy can be."

The country child has a great advantage over the city child in the matter of sense-training. The sounds he hears are the song of the brook that chatters as it goes to join the brimming river, the song of the thrush, or the song that the bluebird is singing. He hears

> "The wind among the trees
> Playing celestial symphonies."

He listens to the chorus of insects chirping the farewell to dying summer.

Do your children listen to all these songs? Can they distinguish the different bird notes? Do they try to imitate them?

Is it not a great help to happiness to grow up, listening to a thrush who tells us that the world 's running over with joy?

Are your children learning to listen to directions and commands?

"What hears is mind." How often a person asks a direction and straightway forgets whether it is the first or second turn, or whether one goes right or left. The *words* have been heard; but the *mind* has not heard. The person has not really learned to listen.

You can help your children to listen by making it a practice not to repeat a direction or command. If you say the same thing over two or three times a child will depend on getting a second chance to hear. You send a child upstairs to bring your veil — he stops on the way to say — "Where did you say it was?" Why? He had not listened the first time. The Great Teacher condemned certain persons because "having eyes, they see not, and having ears, they hear not." They hear words,

but do not really listen. They do not think of the meaning of the words. Children should gain in the home the habit of *listening* as they hear. Dull ears lose much of the sound and melody of the world in which we live.

THE SENSE OF SIGHT

"THE eye it cannot choose but see." Most of our first knowledge of the world comes from the sense of sight. Think of what baby learns in a day! He is learning the forms and uses of various articles of furniture. He is learning color. He sees many things, bright and shining, dull and dark, big and little. He gradually attaches names to them and begins his mastery of the world. A Frenchman has written of "A Voyage Around my Room." He points out how much knowledge a child gains by looking about his one little room. Outside there is the great world of nature, trees, flowers, birds, stars and the sun! It is "a wonderful, beautiful world." Happy those who have eyes and see! But eyes are trained for seeing as ears are trained for hearing. There is an old story of "Eyes and No Eyes." Two men went out together to walk through a field and wood. When they returned their friends asked what had been seen. "Oh," said the first man in a dull tone, "I saw only trees and grass and moss and ferns and a brook." "What a dull time you had!" said his friends. "And what did you see?" they asked the second man. "Oh," he said in a joyful tone, "I saw waving grass and lovely ferns and soft green moss and splendid beech trees and oak trees, and a running brook." "How I wish we had gone with you!" said his friends. The difference was not

in the ferns and moss, nor in the eyes; but in the mind. One man only looked; the other saw.

When your children have been out in the woods or have walked to town, do you ask them to tell you what they have seen? Do you play "Observation Games" in your house? A good one is to put corn, beans, peas, and other things on a tray and let the children look for a moment and then tell how many objects they have seen. In the kindergarten we place colored balls in a row, and, while a child's eyes are covered, remove one or two. The child is to tell which are gone. Another time sticks may be placed in groups of two or three or four. The game is to tell how many have been taken away. Matching colors is a fine game. What is red? What is blue? How many yellow things in the room? How many green things when you look out of the window?

Children must also know form, in order to get another key to the world. What is square? What is round? Cut square mats and round mats. Sort buttons according to shape, and arrange pieces from the rag-bag according to color. Notice the leaves of the maple, oak, and elm. Can your children name all the trees in your vicinity? By what marks do they tell them?

"Oh, maple leaf, have you fingers?"
And the maple leaf said in glee,
"Yes, just as many as you have;
Count them and you will see."

Rhymes like this will help children in their observation.

"And sure, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

An artist's eye sees color in a country road where the ordinary eye sees only dust and dirt. An artist sees lovely purple shadows under the beeches where most of us see only darkness. The poet sees in a tree what Joyce Kilmer saw:

"A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arm to pray;

"A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair."

We make our own worlds largely by what we see and hear. "He hath made everything beautiful in his time." The seeing eye finds the beauty. The story of Creation tells us that God saw all that He had made, and "lo, it was very good." Can there be any better training than that which makes one see that the world is good, and that everything is beautiful to him, who sees?

VI

CHILD PLAY

"Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places —
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages."

R. L. STEVENSON

THREE children in a country village were standing around a little express cart. The boy had his hand on the tongue of the cart, but he was not moving it.

"Are you playing expressman?" I asked.

"No," he answered with a wondering look.

"What are you playing?"

"Playing nothing," was the true answer.

Later I saw the children coast down the hill on the cart and then drag it wearily home.

Near by was a brook and a waterfall. There were rocks near the stream, and a green wood beyond filled with ferns and moss. There was every incentive to play. A toy wheel would turn merrily in the stream. A bridge could be made. The rocks invited housekeeping plays and the woods lured to hiding plays. But these country children went into the house on a summer's morning and the door was shut. They did not know how to play. They had no play interests because no one had ever played with them.

The father, who was devoted to them, was a busy blacksmith, and the mother had died when the youngest

was born. They were sent to the village school when it was in session for six hours a day. No one knew that they were missing the best part of their education to be gained in play. They had lost their true world — the world of play. The Congressman was wrong who voted against a playground for the children of Washington, for the reason that children did not need to be taught to play any more than a fish needs to be taught to swim.

Every child has a right to a place to play and to some guidance and suggestion in his play. The mother cat plays with her kittens and the mother dog with her puppies. The natural mother, guided by instinct, plays with her child. The wise mother adds to her instinct all the knowledge she can gain of children's ways and makes herself a true companion and playmate of her children.

No special time is set apart for these plays of mother and child. They are the natural accompaniment of the mother's ordinary duties. The baby who has just been laid in his crib after his bath begins his "play of the limbs." He kicks and stretches and follows Nature's method of gaining muscular strength.

The mother's hands and the mother's song add zest to the play — and more exercise is gained. Soon, however, the baby makes the acquaintance of his hands and feet. This is the moment for "This little pig went to market," "Pat-a-Cake," and such rhymes as

"Shoe the old horse,
Shoe the old mare,
Let the little colt go bare."

"Baby, baby where are your toes?
Hide them away where nobody knows."

For pointing out the features we have the time-honored:

"Here sits the duke! Here sit his two men!
Here sits the cock! Here sits the hen!
Here is the door! Here they run in!
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin!"

There are many other baby plays such as the swinging of the hands to imitate the swinging pendulum; the turning of the hand to show how the weather-vane goes; or the waving hand for a waving flag. Singing or rhythmic words accompany the plays; as,

"Tick-tack-too —
What may I do?
Listen well, the clock will tell."

Or,

"Tickety-tock! Tickety-tock!
Round and round go the hands of the clock!"

Or,

"To and fro, to and fro!
Swings the pendulum sure and slow."

For the weather-vane we have a stock of rhymes.

"The merry wind blows
And the weather-cock goes."

Or

"Whichever way the wind may blow,
Look at the vane, and you will know."

For older children we have these verses:

"Weather-vane, weather-vane, where do you go?
I go wherever the wind doth blow.

"Weather-vane, weather-vane, what do you do?
I do my duty and so must you."

No observer of children fails to note the special interest in moving things, especially when the source of movement is hidden as in the clock, or in the stirring of the leaves, or waving grain or grass when moved by the wind. To the joy of motion is added the sense of mystery and wonder.

Sense plays, as tasting sweet and sour, smelling sweet flowers and spicy evergreens, are Nature's method of preparing children to learn qualities of objects and to use judgment in their use. Observation of wind and weather, of flowers and trees, of birds and bees, of sun, moon, and stars, is the method of learning which Nature prescribes for all children. Such observation is guided and fostered by imitative plays. The watching of moving things is the baby's first training in observation. For this reason the swinging ball is a good plaything.

Madame Bertinot, a delightful French woman, who interests herself in the education of her grandchildren and all other children, has devised a play table which may be placed over a baby's crib. It has bright-colored balls suspended on strings hanging from it. These are hung so that the waking child may easily see them and find something to fix his gaze and interest. Instead of staring into vacancy, he discovers something bright and pretty to look at. He finds that he can touch the balls with his feet and that they move merrily. He does not cry, because he has something to do. When strong enough he may pull himself up by grasping the balls, or a little swinging rod suspended from the same narrow table. The back is strengthened by this exercise.

Finger plays come very early in the child's interest. We have the old favorites:

"This is the church! This is the steeple!
Here is the door! Here are the people!"

"Pat-a-cake," "Peek-a-boo," and "This little Pig," and many counting plays.

The great success of Dr. Montessori's method of teaching writing is due to the preliminary movements in outlining the letters, which give the muscular movements necessary for writing. We may surely claim that the play movements of the fingers render them more flexible, strengthen the hand and make it a better instrument of skill.

At the creeping and walking stage, many plays are discovered, crawling under and over things, climbing on sofa arms, and up and down stairs, walking around the room on a voyage of discovery. The ceaseless motion of the active child is tiring to its elders. The father, taking his Sunday walk, cannot understand why the little boy circles round him every two or three steps instead of walking straight ahead. Every tree must have a ring around it. Ten steps are taken where one would suffice, because the muscles of the child need all this use to grow strong. The impatient father may say, "Why can't you walk like other people and keep out of the way?" But father is wrong. The little boy is not meant to walk like grown-ups. Sometimes he tries the charming experiment of walking with one foot on the curb and one in the gutter. This is very satisfying for a time until an alluring wall is seen with just room for little feet to walk on top of it. If a helping hand is ready, a new walking play is gained.

Do not worry if your child is perpetual motion. He

ought to be. Occasional periods of quiet are necessary for rest and for gaining the habit of self-control through self-restraint. But the law of life is activity. All living things move, and all growing things develop through movement. Children must move and run and play in order to grow. Sitting still a long time is a torture and contrary to Nature's laws of growth.

Do you remember the patchwork squares you did? Do you recall the tediousness of the long hour which you measured by the weary ticking of the clock? Do you see again the bloodstains on the tiny squares and the tears which often fell upon the work? May not some of the nerves of the present generation be traced back to the nerve strain of children?

Now recall some of the loved plays of your childhood. Do you remember the thrill when you played in the winter twilight? —

> "How far from here to Barbaree?"
> "Six miles and three."
> "Shall I get there by candle-light?"
> "Yes, if the old bear does n't bite!"

What a fascination in the peering into the dark passage to see where the old bear was hiding! What joy in the escape with the swift running feet!

And the shadow plays — when one runs about in a nightgown trying to touch the elusive shadow on the wall! Happy the home with an attic or a big kitchen or a long entry to play Hide and Seek, I Spy, and Blind Man's Buff.

Do not complain because the house is cluttered up with play materials.

Be glad that your children have enterprise and invention to collect them. Do not say, "You must keep still. I can't bear so much noise. Can't you ever be quiet?" Rejoice that your children are alive and well and normal. Find in their play the heart leaves of the future.

VALUE OF PLAY

ARISTOTLE, one of the wisest of the Greeks, once said he had little hope for a boy who was not diligent at his play, because he did not promise to be diligent at anything.

It was another Greek philosopher who discovered in the plays of children the secret of good citizenship. He saw the connection between law and order in the games of boys and law and order in the community. Capacity for organization, the spirit of coöperation, and a respect for the rules of the game are developed in the playground. City playgrounds with their play leaders foster these qualities of the growing citizen. The recess and noon period of the rural school should give opportunity for the same kind of coöperative plays. The best games are those in which the teacher joins. The best good is gained where the teacher has many suggestions for new plays. "Ring around a Rosy" and other ring games will always be played because they bring the players together. Folk-plays and dances with rhythmic and concerted action are born in the hearts of a people because men were meant to play and to live together.

Dr. Montessori rendered a real service to the cause of children when she made her plea for movable desks and seats in a schoolroom. She has not been the only one to

call attention to the fact that mobile children need mobile furniture: but her voice has been heeded in many places. Stationary seats and desks give no space for plays and marches and gymnastic exercises which are absolutely essential during the long school hours. The freer activity of the modern school calls for space and a free grouping of children.

A Parent-Teacher Association should be formed in every school district to coöperate with the teachers and the school boards in securing the best opportunities for their children and the best education. The desires and demands of the community determine what schools shall be. Parents may ask for their children the right to grow in stature as well as in wisdom, through the school training.

The examinations of young men for the draft in 1917 showed that a third of our youth had some physical disability. The country districts made as poor a showing as the city showed. What is the reason? Country children have not been given the chance to breathe the good air about them because of closed windows and doors. They have not had the right physical exercise that comes through play. The health crusade conducted by the Anti-Tuberculosis Society in New York is an excellent movement for the schools of the country districts, as well as for city schools.

Every boy and girl should learn and practice the laws of good hygiene. They should also have their place and time to play. Mothers, give it to them in the home and plead for it in the school.

This is what Froebel says of play:

"The plays of childhood are the germinal leaves of all later life; for the whole man is developed and shown in these, in his tenderest dispositions, in his innermost tendencies. The whole later life of man, even to the moment when he shall leave it again, has its source in the period of childhood — be this later life pure or impure, gentle or violent, quiet or impulsive, industrious or indolent, rich or poor in deeds, passed in dull stupor or in keen creativeness, in stupid wonder or intelligent insight, producing or destroying, the bringer of harmony or discord, of war or peace." [1]

G. W. Tuttle writes in the *Child-Welfare Magazine* of "A Child's Right to Noisy Play":

"I have an idea that when my dear mother went to heaven the angels had a nice quiet corner for her where she could rest. Just think of seven children rushing up and down the old stairs of the hundred-year-old New England house, from kitchen to attic, playing 'Hide and go seek,' on a rainy day.

"It was strenuous for the dear mother, but the children had a glorious time in that old, old house. Hiding-places — there were hiding-places everywhere! Possibly my dear, patient mother should have objected to so much noisy play upon a rainy day — for her sake, not ours — but she did not. She dearly loved to have her children have a good time. The dearest spot in the world to me to-day is that old house on a Connecticut hill, three thousand miles away.

"But houses are built differently nowadays, and the dooryards are smaller, and unless Jennie and Edgar are

[1] *The Education of Man.*

very quiet the sensitive neighbor who lives next door will be ready to move to South America, or to some other distant locality. She will say: 'I never knew such noisy children; and their father such a quiet man.'

"She did not live next door to the father when he was ten years of age; had she done so nervous prostration would still have her in its grip.

"Fortunate the child who lives in the country, where he has all out-of-doors to make a noise in, to exercise his lungs, and feet, and hands, to run and jump, and play and shout, and no one to say: 'Oh, Johnnie, don't; you will disturb Mrs. Smith.'

"Boys and girls need strenuous play and exercise. Lungs develop by use; muscles of arms and legs develop by use. Ill fare the children who are constantly repressed; who must not make a noise, who must sit up and look pleasant, who must not soil their clothes, who must not go barefoot — who must not do a hundred things that nature intended them to do."

VII

PLAYTHINGS

"The playthings of a child should be like a distaff of flax, from which the fancy weaves the coat of many colors."

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

A STORY is told of some Esquimaux who were taken to visit London. They were conducted through the busy streets. They visited Trafalgar Square, the Tower, and the British Museum. At the end of the day they were weary and gloomy. "Too much smoke! Too much noise! Too much everything!" they said. "We go no more to see the city. We go home."

A little friend of mine had a similar feeling as he wearily surveyed a heap of Christmas gifts. "I think I have too much," he said with an accent of despair. The joy of Christmas was spoiled by the burden of many possessions. The pleasure which one or two toys might have given was clouded by the feeling of inability to comprehend all.

The child showered with too many things is really an unfortunate child because the delight in simple things is denied him. Equally unfortunate is the possessor of many complicated and elaborate toys, too difficult to manage with his small skill. I read once of an only child, blessed with various uncles, who delighted to bestow gifts upon him. On a certain Christmas morning, toy trains and fire engines, auto carts, and other mechanical toys filled the space around the tree. The father and uncles began to set up the engines, to lay the tracks, and

to run the trains. They were enjoying the play when the small boy was missed. He was discovered in the kitchen with the cook playing with the dough. He had found something he could manage.

TOO MANY PLAYTHINGS

THE child who has few toys gets more pleasure and more benefit from them than the possessor of many. Too often a chest full of toys will be emptied. All will be scattered on the floor and none used. Then there are tears and complaints when so many things must be picked up and restored to their place. Flitting from toy to toy, without attention to any, breeds caprice and weariness. Attention to one thing at a time — a habit so important in life — is secured by concentrated interest and play with one toy which has many possibilities of use. It was a wise mother who gave her little boy only one or two toys at a time. The Christmas gifts were stored away to be produced one by one, on rainy days or days in bed, when each toy could be enjoyed to the full. The same mother refused to give complicated toys until the little boy could understand how to make them work. The boy was musical, and played the tunes he thought of on a chair or window-seat with great content, until a friend begged the privilege of giving him a toy piano. At that stage the piano was a great joy. At once he fingered out, "Lightly Row," and other songs within the compass of five keys.

THE FUNCTION OF TOYS

"THE mechanical toy," says Froebel, "has in it an element like the viper in the rose." The viper in the rose

destroys the life of the flower. The complicated toy defeats its own end. It destroys the very spirit of play. The function of a toy is to stir the child's inventive powers, to furnish materials for representation, and to appeal to the imagination. The highly finished product of the toy shop leaves nothing to the imagination. The coat of many colors is finished even to the pockets and the fancy is untouched. This is why the rag doll is better than the finest creation of the doll factory. One can imagine eyes of any color and hair of any hue. The rag doll can be cuddled and loved, arrayed in a nightgown or silken robe. It can be taken to bed or hung over one's arm for a walk or visit. "The little girl provident of her domestic destiny takes by preference to a doll," but the doll must make an appeal to her mother love. Who could love a glassy-eyed, satin-gowned creature with painted cheeks and stiff knees! Clothes that come off and can be washed and ironed are essential to happiness.

Tin dishes and china tea-sets are in the class of first choice for little girls: but nothing compares with the broken china, set out in order on the rock, in grandmother's pasture lot. A whole series of housekeeping plays are carried on there. Apples and pears furnish royal feasts and spread the board with all manner of dainty dishes. Acorn cups and saucers complete the tea-set, and burr baskets furnish the sideboard. Leaf garlands hung from tree to tree decorate the parlor. Visits with birch-bark calling cards are paid at various trees where dwell highborn dames.

Little boys may join in this play. If they are supplied with saw and hammer and nails and balls of string, they

add to the scene a hut or tent of boughs where shops are set up, where Indians encamp, or soldiers sleep.

A box of blocks or a heap of sand in the yard give the opportunity for group plays which are often continued through a season. A village is begun and community life pictured. Day by day houses, shops, and schools are erected as new streets are laid out. Articles for sale in the shops are made, sold for pins or other forms of money.[1]

The fitting-up of a doll house in a wooden soapbox or a cardboard hatbox is a project which boys and girls can carry on. Curtains must be made and hung and furniture manufactured for the various rooms. Such plays develop the power of construction, invention, and the ability to work together.[2]

Paper dolls are dear to the heart of the older girl and lead to a desirable interest in cutting and coloring and design. Fashion sheets, a box of paints, a pair of scissors, and a pencil are the tools needed. The reformation of Jane was accomplished by paper dolls. Jane had been a troublesome member of Settlement classes from the age of five to fourteen. She was disobedient and disorderly. She spoiled the order of the classes she attended, and threw stones through the windows with the obvious intention of breaking up other classes. Again and again the Board discussed the need of exiling Jane forever from the Settlement. Each time some tender-hearted

[1] See G. Stanley Hall's "Story of a Sand-Pile," in *Some Aspects of Child Education*, for an account of such play continued over a long period of time.

[2] See *Children's Occupations*, vol. II of this series.

member proposed to give her one more chance. At last, one happy day for Jane, she was admitted to the paper-doll class. Dolls were drawn and cut out and costumes designed for them. Fashion plates were studied for color and style, and each doll furnished with a full wardrobe of street gowns, party gowns, and summer gowns. Jane came into her own. She loved color and straightway displayed real talent for design. She was so busy cutting and pasting that she forgot to be bad. She was so constant at the Settlement that she was given charge of another class and became a trusted member. One of the Board members has become interested in her and will give her a course in dressmaking at some school. Jane will become a useful member of society.

NECESSITY OF TOYS

THE toy is to a child what a tool is to a man. He needs to see the world in miniature. He is not yet ready for the realities of life. Play is his world and the plaything his means of knowing the world. The tendency in our scientific age is to hasten on to the real thing, to insist on use and reality. A hut big enough to live in, a chair big enough to sit on, are constructions for the older boy or girl. They do not belong to the first period of childhood. The small building blocks of the kindergarten have their reason for being in the fact that they supply material for representations in miniature and so belong to the small child's world.

Let the little being have little things — let him live in the world where he belongs. The scientific teacher who would abolish dolls and other playthings and sub-

stitute objects of practical use may understand the science of practical life: but she is miles away from understanding child nature.

An editor, criticizing the practical tendencies of a material age which repudiates "trifling toys," said: "It may be that the development of science and practical inventions may sacrifice the joys and dreams of children to its ends and make children into little men and women: but Heaven forbid that we shall live to see that day!" The world has had in the Great War a startling and horrifying demonstration of what industrial efficiency can accomplish when divorced from the imagination, which is the source of human sympathy and love of one's brother.

CHOICE OF PLAYTHINGS

FEW playthings and the many play incentives offered in every home furnish to growing children the means of growth. The piece-bag, the button-bag, newspapers, picture papers, empty spools, and skewers are all desirable play materials. Wise friends may add to this store, from time to time, tops, balls, reins, puzzles, picture-books, and other playthings which suggest not one but many uses.

If special things are kept for Sunday that day is relieved of its tediousness. A dissected picture illustrating the miracles of the New Testament was a favorite Sunday play in one family. That was the day, too, when the older children took imaginary journeys on the great map of the United States which hung in the dining-room. "Go from Worcester to San Francisco and tell what

towns you pass through," might be one possible route. Again they would explore for rivers or climb mountains found all over the map.

"Do you not know," H. G. Wells [1] makes his hero say, "that all education is cultivating the imagination?" This large kind of education begins in the home. Any mother may guide and direct it, if she will. She needs only to remember that she furnishes the distaff of flax. The child's fancy does the rest.

Dickens has painted for us, in "Hard Times," the disastrous results of home and school training devoted solely to gaining facts. Facts are useful only when the imagination shows their use. Stevenson with a poet's eye sees the value of toys and play:

> "What are you able to build with your blocks?
> Temples and palaces, castles and docks;
> Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
> But I can be happy and building at home."

He pictures a child's kingdom thus:

> "I called the little pool a sea:
> The little hills were big to me:
> For I am very small.
> I made a boat, I made a town,
> I searched the caverns up and down,
> And named them one and all."

Mrs. Martha Gallaudet Waring writes in *Child-Welfare Magazine* of "Toys Made in America":

"'Clear track, toot-toot, ding-a-ling, chu-chu, all aboard!' all of which means that my two-year-old is at his favorite play.

[1] *Joan and Peter.*

"As I look out of my window I see him on his kiddy-car pushing along with his sturdy legs and pulling a train behind him consisting of an iron locomotive and three cars. His point of departure is the 'station,' proclaimed a center of traffic by a 'wind-up auto-delivery wagon,' a small one-horse cart full of 'wocks,' and a two-mule cart in which sits Seraphina, his rag doll, holding her baby. His objective is 'Tybee' at the other end of the long, straight piazza, so called after the island of that name which we frequently visit in the summer. A gateway, built up of one-inch cubes and long brick-shaped pieces of wood, makes the entrance to the 'island.'

"Boy has been playing this way the better part of an afternoon, with an occasional bit of encouragement from elder sisters near by. He is playing with things that afford plenty of room for original work, manipulation, and imagination, the auto-toy being the nearest approach to a mechanical one, and the one he cares least about. Everything he has is solid and substantial enough to be really used and enjoyed.

"As I watch him racing up and down in his kiddy-car, I wonder at his control over it until I study its simple and excellent mechanism. Its front wheel can turn in any direction, its steering-gear is strong and easily managed and it is made entirely of wood. Both carts are also of wood, as well as the mule and horse, and all are well painted and strongly put together. The cars are painted red, white, and blue, so I know they are made in our own country. The rag babies we made ourselves, and although they are 'of a crudeness,' they are none the less be-

loved. The blocks were made by measure at a woodyard. Being large and easily handled, a child can build gates, bridges, and platforms with them big enough to walk under or upon, and strong enough to stand firm after they are built.

"Our older children when they were small played principally with imported dolls dressed in native costumes. And I can remember that my brother and I had handsome books brought from England, that my finest dolls were French, and his regiments of toy soldiers came mostly from the land of militarism.

"But our boy baby, born during the World War and forced to rely on sturdy, home-made toys, is much better off.

"There is a twofold lesson here for us mothers. One concerns the children themselves and the other goes far afield into the laws of economics, world production, and the like.

"We have found that our own substantial, wooden, easily handled playthings are what our children need and want. Children's books we have a plenty, the most artistic, I suppose, in the world. And then we can demand well-made, pretty American dolls. It only remains for us to hold to all of these, and prove our patriotism by refusing to buy foreign manufactured toys even if they are put on the market again later on.

"A far cry, is n't it, from Baby Boy with his 'Toot-toot, ding-a-ling, chu-chu,' on the piazza, to the law of supply and demand and the regulation of one of the great industries of the world? But in just such way we are now finding out how great problems must be handled.

We are going back to our earlier and simpler days, when we shall discard the non-essentials as so much waste and rubbish. Let us begin, then, at the beginning and stick to toys — 'Made in America.'"

VIII

THE LITTLE WORKMAN

"Why will a child desert his play
The craftsman's work to see?
Something within him, latent still,
Stirs at each stroke of strength or skill,
Whispering 'Work waits for me!'"

ONE of the "Mother Play" pictures shows the wheelwright at work. In the center of the scene a man bends over his work with such absorption that we are sure he would not look up if we entered the room and accosted him. He is making a wheel. He wishes it to be a good one, therefore his whole attention must be given to it. Another part of the picture shows a man whose wheel is done. He is testing it to see if it is well made and runs true. A heavily laden van is moving along the road. Its wheels are strong and good and the cart goes safely to its destination. An artillery wagon is shown. Perhaps the fate of the battle depends on its good wheels. We remember the broken wheel in the chariot race described in "Ben Hur." Trucks and barrows and various other vehicles are shown in Froebel's picture. A child's small hand-cart lies overturned on the ground. We see that it, too, has wheels. There are wheels everywhere to show how necessary is the good honest work of the wheelwright.

This picture is one of the many in Froebel's book in which the idea of work is emphasized.

There are two reasons for these pictures which show how the world's work is done.

First, they appeal to the interest of every normal child in the activities of men and women in the everyday life about him.

Second, they stir the desire to share in the work. They make work seem interesting and noble.

Shall we talk a little of these two motives?

Think of the work which a country child sees going on about him! The farmer sows his field. The farmer reaps the corn! The farmer mows his field! The hay is piled upon the cart and carried to the barn. Sometimes, by glorious chance, a boy may ride on the load of hay to the barn. Sometimes, even more glorious, he may drive the horses. Possibly some happy day he may be allowed to walk by the plough-horse and keep the furrow straight. The barefoot boy "with cheek of tan" gains his tan, and his health and joy, by such natural living in the outdoor life of the farm.

Froebel has chosen the hayfield for his picture of the farmer. A little boy, too young to really work, has taken a branch of a tree for a scythe and plays he is mowing, too. This is the way work begins in playful imitation.

Another picture shows the carpenter building a house. The forest is seen in the distance. It has given its wood. The lumber mill is also included in the scene. There the logs have been made into boards. Now we see the busy carpenter fitting and framing the parts together to make a house for some one. In this picture little children are building with blocks. They too are carpenters.

The baker is another very interesting worker. He

makes our bread, cookies, and cakes. A visit to a bakery is a favorite excursion for kindergarten children. Bakers are invariably good and friendly. They show us the big ovens. They let us see loaves of bread baking. If we are fortunate, we watch them take out the steaming loaves with their long shovels. We are sure to see somewhere barrels of flour, and great mixing-troughs. We know more about bread after this visit and we connect the bread with the flour — the flour takes us to the mill — and from the mill we travel the road to the farmer. So we see how the farmer and baker must work together.

We say these lines:

> "Back of the loaf is the snowy flour;
> Back of the flour is the mill;
> Back of the mill is the sun and the shower,
> The rain and the Father's will."

The baby who plays "Pat-a-cake" gurgles with glee as he claps his little hands. He knows nothing of the meaning of his play. The movement is pleasing to him, as is the surprise at the end when we "throw it away to bake!" But one day the little mind connects the play with the baker's man who has brought the bread. The baby play takes a new meaning.

"I can do what the baker's man does. I can pat and make a cake. I can put it into the oven to bake."

He is making his first links in the great chain of life and service.

The charcoal-burner is another of Froebel's heroes. In our country we substitute the coal-miners. Christina G. Rossetti makes a lump of coal as interesting as a diamond in these lines:

"A diamond or a coal?
A diamond, if you please.
Who cares about a clumsy coal
Beneath the summer trees?

"A diamond or a coal?
A coal, sir, if you please.
One comes to care about the coal
What time the waters freeze."

A lump of coal from a coal-hod can tell us a fascinating tale of the past. Sometimes sharp eyes find on the bit of coal the fern picture or leaf pattern stamped there from the forests of long ago.

WHAT THE COAL SAYS

"I am as black as black can be,
But yet I shine.
My home was deep within the earth,
In a dark mine.
Ages ago I was buried there,
And yet I hold
The sunshine and the heat, which warmed
That world of old.
Though black and cold I seem to be,
Yet I can glow.
Just put me on a blazing fire,
Then you will know."

And what shall we say of the miner who brings us these black beauties from the mine? Is he our friend and helper? He gives us coal to heat our homes. He gives the coal to run the railroad trains that they may bring us flour and meat and butter and eggs and other foods. He gives the coal to turn the wheels in the mills where the cloth for our dresses and coats are made. The wool for our mittens is spun in a mill. The miner must send coal

or the wheels of the woolen mill are still. How much he does for us! Is he a good helper in the world's work?

A collection of pictures to show how the world's work is done is valuable in every home. You can find good pictures in the illustrated Sunday papers and in many periodicals. It is well as you talk of these things to let the children collect pictures and make their own picture books. You will think of many other workers and many interesting kinds of work.[1]

RESPECT FOR LABOR

THE second motive for Froebel's trade plays and pictures is to give children a just idea of the dignity of work.

"As you teach your child to respect his own hand, teach him also to respect those who work with their hands. Waken his gratitude toward, and consideration for, those through whose labor he is blessed with food, clothing, and shelter. Teach him to honor each 'toil-worn craftsman,' however humble his calling, who wards off danger from individuals and communities, and whose labor directly furthers the welfare of mankind." [2]

With Mrs. Browning, Froebel would say: "Get work! Get work! Be sure 't is better than what you work to get."

In his earliest book, "The Education of Man," he says: "The notion that man toils and works solely to

[1] In *Children's Occupations*, vol. II, of this Series, Mrs. Nash illustrates the making of many common things.

[2] *Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play*. "The Charcoal Burner." See *Student's Froebel*, pp. 19 and 20.

support his body — his husk — to earn bread, house, and clothes — is an error, is lowering; to be put up with, perhaps, on no account to be spread: for it is not true. Originally and properly, man works to realize outside him the spiritual — the Divine — which dwells within him; that he may thus learn to know his own spiritual nature, and the nature of God. The bread, dwelling, clothes, which come to him thereby, are to boot!"

The most important figure in the world to-day is the working-man. We depend on him for all the comforts and necessities of life. What he is — what his attitude to work is — is a fundamental concern of every family and of every individual. Can mothers do anything to train a new generation which shall not only honor work and the workman; but find it a noble and good thing to do work? May mothers help to the day, when work shall be, not a curse, but a blessing!

There was happy work in the Garden of Eden. "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Adam had his work. His life was Eden. All was joy and happiness, with blooming flowers, growing trees, and singing birds. How did the curse come upon work? When Adam was driven forth from the garden to hard conditions with a wrong feeling in his heart. The man's attitude to his work had changed. He did not rejoice in the work of his hands. We read of a day when there shall be no more curse. That day will come when every one finds his right bit of work and rejoices in it.

Mothers may help more than any statesmen or lawmakers to create another Eden on earth. Every home

may show the beauty and glory of work. Every home may know work and the workers. Every mother may teach her children: "In the world's work each must help as he ought."

HEROES OF LOWLY SERVICE

A PRIMARY teacher once made a series of lessons and talks for her boys on the workers who were helping to keep the city safe and clean and supplied with the needs of life. She called these toilers "Heroes of Lowly Service."

The children learned to look upon the workers as worthy of all honors. They were led to be grateful for their service.

Do you see who some of these heroes are?

The policeman who stands at his post and never deserts, in face of danger or threats, is a true hero. He protects life and property even when a mob gathers and threatens to destroy everything. Nothing makes him desert his post. Is not this a true hero for a boy to admire?

A fireman who climbs a tall ladder to rescue a child at the top of a burning building is a hero. He risks his life to save another.

The sailors on the Titanic, who stood in their places helping women and children into the lifeboats, and went down with the ship, were great heroes.

My friend, the primary teacher, told her boys many such tales of toil and of faithfulness to duty. One day she said: "Boys, these men do real work. They do it just as well as they can, although their part is hidden and no one ever knows what they do."

A boy raised his hand. "Miss W.," he said, "people do know. I saw a horse drawing a milk cart up this hill this morning. The street was very slippery, but the horse's shoes were spiked and they held in the ice so the horse did not slip. Every one would know if the blacksmith had not shod the horse right."

"Very good," said Miss W. "A man's work tells when it is tested. But suppose no one ever found out and no one ever could know, should he do his work just as well?"

The boys said, "Yes."

Then they learned these lines:

"In the ancient days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each unseen and hidden part,
For the gods see everywhere."

Heroes of lowly service!

They serve every home!

Shall our boys join their ranks may be?

In any case shall they honor the service?

Mr. Hagedorn glorifies such service in these lines which children should learn:

"There are strange ways of serving God;
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly, to your surprise,
You hear the whirr of seraphim
And find you're under God's own eyes
And building palaces for Him."

IX

THRIFT

"A penny saved is a penny earned."
"Many a little makes a mickle."

THRIFT is providing for the future. It is looking ahead. During the Great War there was a national campaign for thrift. We were told that American homes were wasteful. We were told that a French family could live on what was wasted at an American table. Lessons in thrift were given in the schools. Children were urged to earn money and to save money for War Savings Stamps. No doubt in many homes there was real conservation of food and of income. Shall we remember these lessons of the war? Do your children still buy War Savings Stamps? Do they save food or waste it? Do you keep your war gardens? Do you have a bank where pennies are put to buy a birthday gift for Grandma or a Christmas present for the baby? Do you talk with your children about providing for the winter in storing vegetables? Do they help you gather the corn and tomatoes for canning? Do they pick berries for canning? All of these activities furnish occasion for lessons in thrift.

THE THRIFTY HOME

THE thrifty home is the home where nothing is wasted. Children see how the scraps of meat are set away to make a good dinner of "left-overs." They enjoy the

vegetable salad made of various remnants of peas, beans, and spinach. They learn to eat the crusts of bread and to enjoy them. Perhaps they learn the old rhyme:

"I must not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat.
For many a hungry little one
Would think it quite a treat."

At this time we can tell them of the hungry children in Serbia, in France, and in Belgium. We can make them feel a desire to save as much as possible, that our brothers and sisters over the seas may be fed. Do you have a piece-bag and put away bits of cloth, which may be used for dressing dolls, for making holders, bags for marbles, and maybe for patchwork?

SAVING MONEY

Most children have a bank where the pennies which are given or earned are kept. Sometimes the saving habit may make the child miserly and selfish. He may begin to hoard for the sake of hoarding and keeping. To avoid this, talk with your child about the reasons for saving money. The first and most important reason for a child is to be able to make his own gifts. At Sunday School a child gains no real benefit of giving if he simply hands over a penny which some one has given him. If the money is earned and saved, it is his own. If James has denied himself candy or a top, he has gained the joy of making a real gift.

A second reason for training children to save money is that they may form the habit of looking ahead and providing for some future need. This leads to thrift.

EARNING MONEY

For what shall children be paid? Not for doing little acts of service called for in family life. James runs to get the evening paper for his father, not because he is paid for doing it, but because he loves to save his father's steps. Mary takes the baby out in the carriage because she wishes to help mother. She is not paid for doing it.

In order, however, that children may learn the use and value of money, some means of earning must be provided.

A certain family living in the country gave each boy a plot of ground in the garden. One boy raised tomatoes, the other potatoes. The mother paid for the vegetables at the market price. The older boy, who planted potatoes, raised several barrels and earned a goodly sum to help in his college expenses.

I knew another family where a bank was kept whose contents were to be spent on a trip to Europe. The children denied themselves cake and candy that they might look forward to a far-off pleasure.

A boy on a farm began his business career by keeping hens and selling his eggs to the family. He read the daily paper to see the market quotations. He was careful to raise and lower his price according to the market.

Thriftless families and thriftless individuals are a burden to the communities where they live. They live from "hand to mouth" and often depend on the goodness of their neighbors for help over hard places.

Dickens paints such a happy-go-lucky character in

his famous Micawber. Mr. Micawber was always looking for something to turn up, but he did not use the foresight and judgment necessary to turn anything. A will has recently been published in which the maker gives this advice to his heirs:

"As I never speculated and never made any money by increase of investments in value, but have accumulated what I have by the hardest kind of work and by economy in expenses, I hope my children will be satisfied to so use what I leave them that they will make its enjoyment last, rather than try to enjoy it expeditiously, or seek to make more of it than common sense in investment calls for; thus with industry added to thrift the 'wet day,' 'old age,' and infirmities will not be so much dreaded. Micawber's rule about income and expenses, which he never practiced, is a pretty good one to follow — or at least remember."

Micawber's rule was: "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six — result misery. Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen, six,— result happiness."

ALLOWANCES FOR CHILDREN

In order that children may understand the value of money it is well to give each child an allowance as soon as he is able to reckon and to keep accounts. Nothing teaches a lesson of thrift like finding one's self without funds when there has been a careless expenditure. A penny spent to-day for a bun or a piece of candy cannot be spent again when a new need arises. The allowance

for a young child should be small, perhaps a penny a week; but the training gained will be a good beginning for financial responsibility.

In one family the allowance was withheld for acts of disobedience or certain other misdeeds. This put a premium on good behavior. The father explained to the boy that if he could not be trusted to remember what he had been told, he could not be trusted with money.

As a child grows older the allowance may be increased in proportion to the needs of the boy or girl. When the time comes to leave home and go to school or college, young people should be trusted to handle their own funds and to pay their own bills. The knowledge of the purchasing power of money can be gained in no other way.

The child who spends his allowance too soon and regrets it later has learned a valuable lesson in choice. The lesson is lost if parents supply the missing funds and say: "I will give it to you this time. But remember next time to think twice and see what you really wish most."

The little one will not remember. His father or his mother has repaired his error in judgment and he will expect the same help again.

THRIFT LESSONS

THE public schools are urged to continue the Thrift Campaigns begun during the war. The home should coöperate with the school in the effort to curb extravagance and waste. Mothers may encourage their boys to join the Corn Clubs and the little girls to join the Tomato Clubs.

Will your children be interested in the following facts?

The saving of a dime a day, if set aside regularly, will yield great returns. If continued twenty years, with interest at five per cent, allowed to accumulate, the amount will happily surprise the saver.

In one year, $36.50, with an interest of $1.82, will be effected.

At the end of five years, $201.67, with an interest of $10.08 will be accumulated.

In ten years, the saver will have $449.05, with an interest of $22.95.

By the end of the fifteenth year, $787.54, with an interest of $39.38 will be saved.

Saving a dime a day will yield, at the end of twenty years, $1206.81.

Can you not give your children some of the problems made for the schools of Evanston, Illinois, by Superintendent A. N. Farmer? Maybe such problems will give a real enthusiasm to your home economics.

'Children in France need sugar—
Will you help to save it?

"Mary needs six tablespoonfuls of sugar a day. She eats two tablespoonfuls of sugar on her oatmeal, four tablespoonfuls of sugar in her cooked food, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar in her candy. In one day how many more tablespoonfuls of sugar does Mary eat than she really needs?

"Each day Alice used two tablespoonfuls of syrup instead of two tablespoonfuls of sugar, in order to save

two tablespoonfuls of sugar for a little child in France. How many tablespoonfuls of sugar did she save in seven days?

"John puts two teaspoonfuls of sugar in his oatmeal. John's father puts three teaspoonfuls of sugar in his coffee. In one day how many teaspoonfuls of sugar could be saved for the little Belgian children if John used one teaspoonful of sugar in his oatmeal and his father used one teaspoonful of sugar in his coffee?

"A soldier needs six tablespoonfuls of sugar a day. Edith saves two tablespoonfuls of sugar a day. In how many days will Edith save enough sugar to feed a soldier all the sugar he needs for one day?

"People in Europe need flour for bread—
Your waste means their hunger.

"A woman used three cupfuls of wheat flour to make one loaf of bread. She wishes to save flour for our soldiers, so she used two cupfuls of flour and one cupful of rye flour for each of her loaves. How many cupfuls of flour does she save in making eight loaves of bread?

"John's family eats three pounds of meat each day. They plan to eat fish or eggs, instead of meat, two days of each week. How many pounds of meat will they save in one week? How many pounds of meat will they save in one month?

"By leaving butter in their plates and throwing away buttered bread Alice and John each wasted one teaspoonful of butter a day. If they used only the butter they needed how many teaspoonfuls of butter did they save for the little children of Europe in one week?"

THE LOW COST OF LIVING

In the *Toronto Health Bulletin* we find the following facts:

"We hear very much of the high cost of living, but we overlook the fact that many of the best things of life can be had for nothing.

"It costs nothing to stand up and walk and breathe properly.

"Fresh air in the home is free.

"No expense to taking a few simple exercises every morning.

"It costs nothing to chew the food thoroughly.

"It costs nothing to select the food best suited to the body.

"It costs nothing to clean the teeth twice a day.

"It costs nothing to stop using patent medicines.

"It costs no more to read good books than trashy literature.

"It costs nothing to have a cheerful, happy disposition, and stop having grouches.

"These things cost nothing, yet they will bring content and reduce the doctor's bill to nothing a year."

LOVE OF MONEY

"THE love of money is the root of all evil," says the wise man. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesseth. This fundamental truth must be taught along with our lessons in thrift. Money is saved, money is earned, to be spent wisely, not to be counted and hoarded. We store and preserve in order

that we may be able to cheer the winter days with summer fruits. We desire also to be able to share our good cheer with family friends and guests, so we must provide.

We work now in order that life may be comfortable and happy in the future. To refuse to do so would be short-sighted and foolish. But to amass and to pile up goods beyond our needs is also foolish. It makes material gains an end in themselves.

From you, mothers, your children are learning lessons of thrift and of a wise provision for the future. From you also they must learn where to lay up their real treasures.

THE MESSAGE OF THE THRIFT FLOWER

THE "Message of the Thrift Flower" is a good message for every home. It has been sent out for the War Savings Campaign.

"There is a little flower that adds a gay touch of color to many a stretch of barren country. Once it was called 'Sea Pink' and long ago it was known among country people as 'Ladies' Cushion,' but our Anglo-Saxon forefathers named it 'Thrift,' and that is the name by which it is commonly known in England to-day.

"Right well does the courageous little plant deserve the name 'Thrift.' It blossoms alike on mud flats and windy sand hills or spreads its rosy bloom up the rocky mountain-side. It is this power of living where any other plant would starve that has given it this name of 'Thrift.'

"Sometimes it grows where every tide washes over it and sometimes away from all moisture on a rocky hill.

At the seaside it converts iodine and soda into plant food while from the mountain rocks it gathers potash. 'Thrift' belongs to the small family of leadworts, but its representatives are found in most parts of the world. This is because the 'Thrift' makes the most of its resources and always manages to capitalize available food-supplies into a refreshing growth of green and a wealth of bloom.

"The 'Thrift' puts forth pinpoint blossoms of pinkish purple that grow in clusters of from twenty to thirty and thus form a showy head. With the coming of summer the 'Thrift' plant brings a flush like a rosy sunrise to the gray downs of old England and up the barren mountainside. Along our own Pacific Coast the same meadows of color may be seen stretching away among the rocky headlands forming an enchanting harmony of purple bloom, gray rocks, and blue ocean.

"This little plant not only manages to turn the bitter sea salt into blossom, but puts away in each dainty flower a tiny drop of honey. Even in its last act the 'Thrift' flower gives up to its name. When the petals fall, the cuplike calyx remains intact and forms a dainty and serviceable parachute for each little seed, there being only one to a flower. On this it sails away on the first convenient wind, to begin its fortunes all over again in some other barren spot.

"The 'Thrift' flower carries the message the Government is trying to send out to each boy and girl in America: 'Look around like the "Thrift" and discover the wealth in your corner, work your corner, make it produce more, and save to produce still more.'"

X

THE HELPFUL CHILD

"If to a child's sole care is left
Something which, of that care bereft,
Would quickly pine and fade,
The joy of nurture he will learn;
A rich experience which will turn
His inner life to aid."

FROEBEL

AFTER giving us this motto, Froebel asks, "Will you not give your children the courage and constancy which the ability to give nurture implies?" Courage and constancy! What splendid things to give a child! Indeed, yes. But how? For our minds immediately picture the *lack* of constancy we see in these careless, playful, thoughtless children. And the courage must be of the kind called fortitude, and more difficult to attain than mere courage.

While a child is literally in a mother's hands to do with as she will, she can plan for the years to come. In Hardy's "The Woodlanders" he tells of a tree-planting, which is interesting in this connection: "Winterborn's fingers were endowed with a gentle conjuror's touch in spreading the roots of each little tree, resulting in a sort of caress under which the delicate fibers all laid themselves out in their proper directions for growth. He put most of these roots towards the southwest; for, he said, in forty years' time, when some great gale is blowing

from that quarter, the trees will require the strongest holdfast on that side to stand against it and not fall."

Habits, ideas, desires, and impulses — these are the little rootlets that mothers must train in the direction from which the great gales of temptation will blow in the years to come. A mother can foresee storms, as well as can a planter of trees. She can train in such a way "that they may stand against it and not fall."

"Oh, where, oh, where are the merry little men, to help us in our play?
And where, oh, where are the busy little men, to help us work to-day?"

EMILIE POULSSON

BABY'S ten "merry little men" are small, but they can do a great deal of mischief in the course of a day. By the time a child is two years old, some of his incessant activity can be turned to account. He can stand by his mother when she dresses the baby and hand her the towels and little garments as she asks for them. He will be very much in the way, but it is excellent training. He can put away his toys before he goes to bed. At night dolls should sit in a silent row against the wall. Precious treasures should be put into the toy box, blocks fitted into their own box. This is nurture, and the encouragement and insistence required are wearing, but very sure to pay in the end. A small boy, deprived of these early lessons, because his mother was "too busy to bother," grew to be lawless, careless, troublesome, and six years old, when one day something happened. As he listened in Sunday School to the story of a boy (bigger than himself) who helped his mother, a little impulse to help *his*

mother was born in his heart. The boy in the story was bigger and stronger than the boy with the impulse and that made helping mother seem to be a right and manly thing to do. This was just what the teacher intended, hoping for the coöperation of his mother. That night he offered to dry the supper dishes. "Oh, I can get on faster without you," said his capable mother. Later, he asked if he could help her put the babies to bed. "No," said his mother; "get your picture-book, and wait till I am ready for you." The boy looked at pictures until his mother called that his bath was ready. That night as the boy slept the little impulse died for lack of care and exercise. It had not been nurtured. "The plant that is not watered, dies." When he was older his overworked mother asked for his help, but the service was unwilling, and awkward — and she wondered with a sigh why boys were so clumsy and disagreeable.

> "Your gentle words he may not seem to hear,
> But they will live to serve him in his need."
>
> FROEBEL

"HAVE you made your bed?" "Did you water your plant?" "Don't forget to put away your rubbers." Is n't it a comforting thought that your gentle words will "live" and "serve"? It may help, to make out a schedule of daily duties, with checked-off space for markings as the work is done. If the schedules are talked over with the children and pronounced "fair" by them, the atmosphere will be clearer than if there is a feeling of being imposed upon. A child should be honored by being trusted to work his own card and a system of

rewards can be devised to stimulate endeavor. The reward may be a small allowance, which in turn is very educational and saves many requests for money, explanations, and arguments. Or, the rewards may be help with whatever interests are uppermost, such as stamp collecting, reading, furnishing doll houses or tool chests. Many reasonable children enjoy knowing just what work lies before them, and also the feeling that they have a part in the making of their homes. In many cases there will be no mention of rewards.

On the door of one boy's room the following list is firmly nailed:

MY WORK

MORNING:	*Sun.*	*Mon.*	*Tues.*	*Wed.*	*Thurs.*	*Fri.*	*Sat.*
Made my bed	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Swept piazza	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Filled woodbox							
EVENING:							
Put away work							
Dried supper dishes							

A girl's list may read:

MORNING:	EVENING:
Made my bed	Set supper table
Dried breakfast dishes	Read stories to baby
Emptied scrap baskets	

"Come forth into the light of things.
Let nature be your teacher."

WORDSWORTH

IN play, children use imagination, and the use of imagination, while at work, brings work to the very borderland of play. Singing, question games, stories — fascinating

make-believe — can be enjoyed without interfering in the least with the shelling of peas, sewing, bed-making, dish-washing, and many other home industries.

As an instance, think how uninteresting sweeping can be, and yet the little girl, who imagined that she was "driving out the hordes of sin" with every vigorous stroke of the broom, called sweeping "play." There are little sweeping songs that lend swing to the motion of the broom. It is fun to trace the household gods back to their sources. The broom, even to the strings that hold the broom corn in place, grew out of doors. The handle was the strong branch of a straight pine. Broom corn growing is not a familiar sight everywhere, but we can find a picture of it in the dictionary. Sometimes little seeds cling to the brush, and they may grow if planted in the window-box. In caring for the broom we conclude, since every part of it grew out of doors, in rain and shine, that it can be washed and dried in the sun. So it is with dish-washing, bed-making, and the whole of home-making. Touch it with the magic of imagination and drudgery is forgotten.

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

THE BIBLE

SETTING the table is good discipline. It involves the training of the eye, for things should be straight and neat. It teaches arithmetic, for the table must be set for the right number of people, and cups, spoons, and many other things need to be counted. The child who is tall enough to reach the center of the table is old enough to set it, for no special physical strength is required.

Appreciation and commendation are very encouraging. "I know that John must have set this table," said a father, "because he always gets things as shipshape as any sailor." "Mary *thinks* when *she* sets the table; she thought to put the bowl of apples in the center, and how pretty they look!"

Even a small child can understand that it is her work to keep salt-cellars, sugar-bowls, or match-holder filled. Because she is small she will need to be reminded often; the times when she forgets may be passed over rather lightly; the times she remembers spoken of with praise.

In one family a meal is now and then planned simply and given absolutely into the hands of three little daughters. The children love doing it, and the father confided that since this plan had been in operation he had gained in self-control.

"If for his pets, he learns a tender care
He 'll learn ere long to cherish all he cares."

FROEBEL

THE children who live in larger cities are deprived of the joy of owning certain animals as pets. But even city children may care for kittens, canary birds, or goldfish; living, breathing creatures, dependent upon their owners for their lives. The child, who lives where there is space and food for larger animals, can care for dogs, ponies, rabbits, chickens, and any hurt or handicapped creatures that he may find. Only when children are willing to care faithfully for pets should they be allowed to own them, and all animals and birds, not domesticated, should be left to their own wild way of living.

A helpful child will enjoy attending to the needs of the wild birds when intense cold or severe drought causes them to be thirsty or hungry. The helpful child will also feed and clean cages, and do whatever captive pets may need without having to be reminded often. No abuse, either through neglect or indifference, should be allowed. An excess of love and undue fondling are equally bad. The death of a pet, because of a child's wrong treatment, is a good lesson, though a bitter one. A delightful boy in one of Kipling's poems, says to his Daddy:

"Let's go up to the pig-sties and sit on the barnyard rail!
Let's say things to the bunnies and watch them skitter their tails!"

A child's care for animals surely means that a chance to sit on barnyard rails and watch pigs and bunnies, to fill seed-cups and close cages, should be a part of every child's education in helpfulness and thoughtfulness.

"Yearnings, which, wisely trained, will grow at length
To motive power, still strengthening with his strength."

FROEBEL

A WISE man said, "Play is God's method of teaching children to work." The kitten that plays with the dried leaf, as the wind stirs it, is preparing to pounce upon mice, some day. Kittens and children learn many things as they play out of doors. Children are learning to be helpful when they find their own toys. Play, with corncob dolls, shell tea-sets, sand pies, and "make-believe money," is developing ingenuity and imagination. Indoors a child loves to collect such materials as clothespins, kindling-wood, scraps of cloth and paper, for the manufacture of boats with sails, tents, and dolls. The

corner behind the sofa or a window recess will appear to be the most convenient sort of little house, and the furnishings, although nearly all in imagination, are very satisfactory. Froebel, in his play of the carpenter, suggests that children are impelled to furnish such playhouses, because of an unconscious ideal, the ideal home. They are happy at home, and home is the safest, happiest place there is. They think of it in their play, building one home within another. Nothing helps a busy mother more than contented, playful children, and if she remembers that small children desire to make or to destroy she will provide material rather than finished toys. Beautiful dolls, watches, and mechanical toys of exquisite completeness suffer destruction, sooner or later, and teach the child almost nothing.

It is comparatively easy to supply little children with constructive material; but the demands of a tousled, discontented lad are problems. A father of boys found them difficult to understand, until he seriously thought over his own boyhood experience. He then rigged up a work-room, where no one was admitted except by invitation. Indeed, "Private, keep out," was written large on the door. A tool chest was built and furnished. A shoe-blacking outfit was instituted, and the shoes of the family blacked regularly.

The small repairs about the house were made by the boys, and the shelves in the work-room contained collections of many sorts, undisturbed by broom or duster. The friends of the boys came, and clubs were formed. The boy's sister coöperated finely in the matter of refreshments, knocking respectfully upon the door of the

work-room with offerings of cakes and apples that never came amiss. In return, sister never lacked escorts, or trusty messengers, and the father was favored with many intimacies, being considered a very right-minded man by his own boys and their friends.

The days of shell tea-sets and rag dolls fly by. Even the hours spent in arranging collections on the shelves of private work-rooms come to an end. The men and women that go out from our homes are helping the world to a new and better day. How much of this helpfulness did they learn, as children at home, do you think?

THE CHILD'S RIGHT TO WORK

In the *Child Welfare Magazine* G. W. Tuttle writes:

"When the parents refuse to set tasks for a child the Devil gets busy. He sets the tasks, then leaves the parents to pay the bills.

"An idle child is not a normal child. The healthy child simply must have something to do — that is the healthful, normal condition of childhood.

"In addition to the active sports and games of childhood, simple tasks, little responsibilities, should fall upon the child. If they are regular, daily tasks, so much the better and more useful. The boy who brings in a single armful of wood for his mother, regularly, every night, is learning to do regular, systematic work. And just teach the boy to do his own thinking; not remind him every night that it is time to bring in the wood. Do not follow a boy around too closely; just say, 'Johnnie, it is up to you to remember to bring in that wood!' and then act as if it were all settled.

"When Nellie wipes the knives and forks after every meal she is doing something immensely more valuable than simply wiping knives and forks; she is acquiring habits of industry that will help her to be a neat, faithful wife and housekeeper at some future day.

"Pity the children who never have a chance to form habits of industry. Years ago our daily paper was delivered by the son of a very wealthy man. 'There is the son of a rich man who will amount to something,' my wife remarked; 'his father is not spoiling him.'

"Sure enough, the industrious boy rose high; positions opened to him which could never have been his but for the habits of industry that he had formed in early life."

LITTLE LIGHTS

By Catherine T. Bryce

ONE night, when the sun had disappeared and the birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here. People walking and driving might run into one another and some one might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the electric light!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here, some one might fall."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the gaslight!"

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. But again his sharp eyes spied a light — a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can be easily carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night, or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great, "*All* are helpers!"

XI

HOW CHILDREN LEARN

"What man tries to represent, he begins to understand."

FROEBEL

"WE learn by doing" is one of the slogans of modern education. It is the method of Nature's school. This kind of schooling began when children first tried to do what father and mother were doing. It is the best method we know to-day. Froebel was the first among educators to call attention to the educational value of imitation. Many psychologists and teachers since his day have written on the significance of this instinct. Whether we class imitation as a fundamental instinct or a modification of some other, we cannot fail to recognize it as a child's instinctive method of making acquaintance with the world. Were it not for this tendency of children to learn by doing, the task of education would be much more difficult. "At the imitative stage," says Froebel, "you may accomplish by a touch light as a feather what later you cannot do with a hundred weight of words."

A little girl learns how to hem a towel by seeing mother do it. She polishes the spoons or washes the glasses as mother does it. She learns good ways of doing, or slipshod ways, according to her model.

The little boy uses the tools as father does. He learns a multitude of things by following and working with his

elders in field, barn, and shop. What are some of the lessons acquired by this method of imitation?

1. Knowledge of things.
2. Knowledge of work.
3. Courtesy.
4. Standards of conduct.
5. Making of personality.

Country children and city children have different plays, because environment furnishes different stimuli for imitative play. Consequently they acquire knowledge of different things. Playing policeman, playing "drunk," and making arrests are forms of play often seen in city streets. The quarrels of the tenement house are repeated in the plays of the children. The slum stamps itself on the new generation through play imitation of its speech and ways of living.

The country child, who has birds and squirrels and the activities of the farm as his play incentives, has a better chance of storing up desirable knowledge.

I spent one summer at a seashore place where there was a considerable artist colony. Artists camped on the beach daily under large umbrellas. Soon small sunshades appeared and two little girls started on their art career, furnished with a large sheet of paper and a box of paints. They held up pencils to measure distance and worked in blue for sea and sky after the manner of their models.

In a country village some city visitors introduced a tennis court for the first time. It was not long before a second court was seen in the village street. The village boys had marked off their court and made a net of twine and wooden racquets. Invention had been called into

play and knowledge gained of materials and manufacture.

A little boy taken to the city for a visit was greatly interested in the construction of a subway. For a long time thereafter he converted the back stairs into a subway and played there for hours. He was constructor of the subway, motorman, and conductor in turn.

The trade plays of the kindergarten illustrate Froebel's method of interesting children in work and processes of work. To be a farmer, a baker, a blacksmith, a carpenter, is to understand what all these workmen are doing. Through the play comes a desire to know what materials they use, where these materials are found, and what is done with them. Seeing work is a step toward doing work. As the imitation of work processes is prolonged and worked out in play, it merges into real work and a joy in doing, which is the best training for industry.

The incentive for the play is gained from the environment. The value of the play for young children is greatly increased by the interest of the mother and her suggestions. A song of the blacksmith and a rhyme for the carpenter, a see-saw for sawing wood, a rat-a-tap-tap for the cobbler, takes little of the mother's time and helps the process of a child's learning.[1]

Every mother desires her children to have good manners. She wishes them to be well-behaved. Does she reflect that she, herself, is giving the pattern? Loud voices, strident tones, and poor English are copied by listening and observant children. The schools may

[1] See vol. v of this series, *Songs with Music*.

struggle in vain to teach grammatical speech to boys and girls who hear a double negative in their homes. Slang and strong adjectives are also copied.

In some households there is a game of adding a new word to the vocabulary every day. At dinner-time each one tries to introduce his new word into the conversation. This puts a premium on reading and the use of the dictionary. The elder brothers and sisters give copy to the little ones. The family is not obliged to call every good thing "nice" and every poor thing "fierce." Other qualifying terms are discovered and used.

Intonation and inflection are copied.

The English people usually speak more pleasantly than Americans because more attention is given to speech in the English home. Children who hear pleasant voices and good diction naturally adopt the same.

"Manners are not idle," says Tennyson, "but the fruit of loyal nature and noble minds." The seeds of courtesy lie in the loyal nature and noble mind: but the outward forms are a matter of imitation. If the parents treat their children with uniform courtesy, the children respond. I know a mother with four sons who are uniformly polite. She never nags nor scolds them. She always addresses them as politely as she does an older person. If an errand is to be done, she does not say, "Here, you run upstairs and get my thimble"; but, "Horace, will you be kind enough to get my thimble?" There is never any reluctance. Horace goes gladly. She never forgets to say "Good-morning" and "Good-night" to them as she would to an honored guest, and they do not forget the same gentle practice as they meet others.

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

This rhyme is a good one for children to learn. It is better to practice it. Its practice largely depends on the manners of the parents and older persons in the home. The kindest way is the finest expression of the kind feeling.

The example of elders is important, not only in securing courteous forms of behavior, but in forming right standards of conduct. What mother does makes more impression than what mother says.

"Practice what you preach," "An ounce of example is worth a ton of precept," are old proverbs. They speak the wisdom of the ages and reinforce our belief in the influence of imitation. Children copy their elders and so come to understand their motives. Unconsciously they form codes of action and standards of conduct.

"Why does she do this? If I do it I will know"; and so the little one learns. And all the time he is making himself. He is forming his personality.

Professor Baldwin, in "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," says: "The point is this: the child's personality grows: growth is always by action: he clothes upon himself the scenes of his life and acts them out: so he grows in what he is, what he understands, and what he is able to perform."

A narrow personality results where there is restricted copy. An only child should be allowed playmates to enlarge his range of observation and his patterns of conduct. Exclusive friendships should be discouraged among boys and girls, lest there be narrowed personality. A

large, full life in the home with fine examples of daily living gives growing boys and girls materials for making a fine personality. We grow into the likeness of whatever we observe daily, with admiration and love.

GUIDO AND HIS PUPIL[1]

By Rev. Richard Metcalf

I WANT to tell you about a painter who lived in Italy five hundred years ago. "Guido" was his name. At least his *mother* always called him Guido, and therefore I prefer to call him so, too. Yet if you should look at my copy of his picture of "Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration," you would see on the back that it was painted by "Fra Angelico," which was the new name his countrymen gave him when he grew up.

But for my part I think he must have been better pleased with the name his mother called him by when he was a boy — don't you?

This Guido loved painting. No one who ever saw his pictures of Christ and the Holy Angels can doubt *that.* But there was something he loved still more — and that was the Christ, saints, and angels whose portraits he painted. He was not like some artists who must paint *something,* it matters little what, and who therefore are as willing to put holy men and holy scenes on the canvas as any other. On the contrary, you feel that he loved holy things so much that besides thinking and talking of them, he felt that he must paint them in order to express his reverence and admiration.

[1] From *Every Other Sunday.* The Unitarian Sunday School Society, publishers.

So he always used his art for religious purposes and in the most religious spirit. He never touched pencil or brush without first offering a prayer; and as he laid the colors upon his pictures of some sacred scene, he turned all his thoughts and imaginations to what is holy and heavenly. It seemed a sacrilege to him that any save a pure-minded man should try to represent the heavenly beings; and if one of his pupils uttered an oath or a vulgar jest, or showed any sign of coarseness or vulgarity, Guido banished him from the studio at once, or at least forbade his having anything to do with the portrait of a saint or angel. Over and over again he said to the young men: "Only holy hands must paint a holy face. When a wicked man draws a picture of the blessed Christ he crucifies the son of God afresh and puts him to an open shame."

But there was one pupil with whose character Guido was not at all pleased, and yet he could not turn him away. This was young Lorenzo, who was connected with the ruling family of Florence; and the artist would have been instantly banished from the city had he dared banish this youth from the studio. So in spite of a violent, reckless temper, which continually showed itself in angry words, quick blows, and fierce quarrels, Lorenzo kept coming to the artist's room; and Guido was forced to endure his presence and give him the instruction he demanded. But for all that, the rules of the studio were still enforced, and the young man was never allowed to draw the features of saint or angel, much less of the Holy Child Jesus. He could touch nothing but the trees, rocks, or clouds that were introduced into the pictures,

or paint the likeness of some man or demon who figured in the scene. Thus, in the "Temptation of Jesus," Lorenzo was allowed to draw only the likeness of the Devil, and in the conflict which Saint Michael carried on with the Dragon, he was forbidden to paint anything except the hideous face of the fiend. In vain did he protest against the rules that condemned him to this most odious part of an artist's work. "It must be that or nothing," the master replied. "In this studio of mine, only holy hands shall touch the pencil to a holy face." So the master kept on painting angels and growing more angelic, and the pupil painted fiends till he began somewhat to resemble them himself.

But at last there came a change. While Guido was frescoing the walls of Saint Mark's Convent in Florence, he found a manuscript sermon of Tauler, the German preacher, entitled "Holy Magic," and was led by curiosity about the name to read it through from beginning to end. It was very short — in fact only about half as long as this story — and therefore it was finished in a very few minutes, but it was not forgotten through all the remaining years of his life. For the "Holy Magic" of which it told was the divine attraction in the face of Jesus Christ. "Whoever looks at the Saviour, long and steadily, begins to wish that he was like him," said the preacher; "and if you look at him long and steadily enough, you will actually become somewhat like him in thoughts, feelings, and even in your very face." The sermon closed with the New Testament words about beholding the glory of the Lord, and being changed by that act into his "image," that is, into his likeness; for this

is what was meant by "Holy Magic," and the preacher asked everybody to practice it. "I'll try the virtues of it as soon as I get home," said the artist to himself. "I'll practice this magic on that pupil of mine, and put its power to the test."

So on the morrow, as the pupils assembled in the studio, the artist called Lorenzo to his side and bade him give up the work on which he was engaged and paint a picture of the Christ as he appeared to his disciples on the mountain-top when he was transfigured before them, and the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. All who heard the request were amazed at it, and the young man most of all. He could not believe the master was in earnest. It was a violation of the one law which had never been broken in that room. He looked up to see if he could have understood the order aright. But Guido merely pointed to his own picture of the Transfiguration, and signified his wish that Lorenzo should begin his task at once.

And he did begin at once, with a mingling of eagerness, anxiety, and fear, such as he had never known before; but as day followed day, he seemed no nearer the end than he was at first. Seldom did artist ever make slower progress. He would sit for an hour as if entranced before the master's picture, and then would go off into a day-dream about the glorified Christ, till the light faded from the room, and the pupils went away, and he was there alone without having drawn a line. Or if he drew a little one day, he erased it the next, for he said, "The Holy One is more beautiful than that."

Said the master one evening. "Lorenzo, have you painted the Christ?"

"No, my master," he replied; "He is too far away from me."

"Then you must search for Him all the more," said Guido.

And the next time, it was, "Have you finished the Christ, Lorenzo?"

"No, my master; He is too high above me."

"Then you must climb all the higher," said Guido.

And yet again the question was, "Is that face drawn, Lorenzo?"

"No, my master, I am not worthy to touch even the hem of his garment."

"All the more reason why you should touch it," said Guido. "She who touched that, you remember, was healed."

So week followed week, with very few changes on the canvas, but a great many changes in Lorenzo's nature, till at last he seemed as if the countenance of Jesus had been photographed on his mind. Then he began in real earnestness to paint, and seldom ceased his labors from the earliest dawn of light till the darkness forced him to lay aside the brush. It was done at last; and a more beautiful, loving, inspiring face has not often looked out of canvas. No pupil in Florence had ever achieved so marked a success, and the studio was crowded with citizens who were loud in expressing their delight. Guido himself praised it the most warmly of any, and declared that few, if any, of the masters in that day could surpass it.

Yet, among the young man's friends, the change in his character seemed more marvelous than his new genius for painting. One after another tried to account for it, but in vain. Guido alone knew the secret, and he would not tell it to the world. "It is the 'Holy Magic,'" he whispered to himself. "Lorenzo has beheld the Lord's glory till he is changed into the Lord's likeness."

XII

THE LISTENING CHILD

"Good stories enrich the mind with concrete types of character which interpret human nature, and with concrete situations which interpret the problems of human life. The merit of a story is, that it wins by allurement. It announces no moral imperative, but appeals to admiration, hope, and love."

SUSAN E. BLOW

A COLLECTION of children's poems has been given the happy title of "The Listening Child." Children love to listen to rhymes and poems, but they listen to many other things also. Froebel called the young child, with his eager desire to see everything about him, "an eye." The child might also be called "an ear." He is always looking out upon the new and wonderful world in which he finds himself. He is also listening all the time. Do we always realize this when we discuss all manner of topics in the presence of a child? Do we think that he is really forming his ideas of people and things from what his elders are saying? The old saying, "Little pitchers have big ears," is a warning to older people to avoid bitter comment, slander, and gossip in the presence of children. Mrs. X's quarrels with her husband or her treatment of her mother-in-law do not afford good material for furnishing a child's mind. Not only is there danger of innocent repetition, but of giving wrong views of the world.

Wordsworth has written much of the influence on

character of lovely scenes from meadow, field, and grove. He speaks of the mind as

"A mansion for all lovely forms, —
The soul a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies."

The seeing child is all the time painting scenes to hang on the walls of his mind mansion. He is painting them from all he sees. The garden of flowers, the meadow dotted with daisies, the purple mountains, and the glowing sunset make beautiful pictures. These abide and make the world seem a lovely place in which to live. Billboards and lurid pictures from illustrated papers also become a part of the child's being and are wrought into the fabric of his life.

Walt Whitman writes of the seeing and listening child thus:

"There was a child went forth every day
And the first object he looked upon and received with wonder, pity, love, or dread, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.

"The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phœbe-bird."

Do you try to make the table talk worth while and to keep it on subjects suitable for children to hear? Those are fortunate children who can recall the bits of news, the talks of famous men and events, the stories that father told at dinner or in a winter's evening. More fortunate are those who begin their history and geography with the fascinating "Tales of a Grandfather." Look at the picture of little Walter Raleigh lying on the

sands, listening to the tales of the Jolly Tar! The boy's eager eyes seem to be looking upon the distant scenes described. His ears are open to hear all that is told. The tiny boat with which he plays deepens his love of the sea and his desire to sail over it to find out what is beyond. America was his dream. Did the stories of brave deeds help to form the gallant youth who spread his cloak to keep the feet of England's queen from the wet street? Did the tales of the sea foster the love of adventure of the great explorer, Sir Walter Raleigh?

The person with a story is the person most loved by children. Thrice blessed is the mother who has many stories.

Like Silas Wegg she should be able to drop into poetry and into stories. She need not be versed in literature, nor does she need to take much time from her busy day. "A twice-told tale" is better than a new tale. "Tell it again" is the constant response of a listening child. A book of children's tales is a good handbook for a mother and better worth her while than a popular magazine.

Mother Goose is the beginning of song and story for children. Her rhymes and jingles will always be a part of the mother's store. A small boy of unusually active mind began at the age of three to ask constantly for his "Mamma Goose book" and his "post-cardies." He loved to listen to Mother Goose rhymes and later enjoyed other rhymes and poems. Picture post-cards gave him an interest in buildings, bridges, parks, and streets in Boston, New York, Chicago, London, and Paris.

A little girl who had been brought up on what she

called "The Child's Poerty Book," was overjoyed one winter's morning to see the city covered by a mantle of snow. "Oh, mamma!" she cried. "Look at the posts! They make me think of my poerty book, where it says:

"Last night they looked like hooded monks
And now they look like ghosts!"

This listening child had gained love of poetry from her mother's reading.

Can we overestimate the value of such a life possession? The outer surroundings may be bare and bleak: but within is a land of beauty. Sorrow can never lead to despair, if one can retreat into a City of Refuge peopled by fairies and good spirits, radiant with hope and filled with song.

The world of fancy, is like the world of play, the child's own world. The child, like early man, sees the world as a place of wonder. He does not know what things are, nor what they will do, but he imagines. He makes myths or stories to explain what he sees. Do not fear that rhymes and fanciful tales will lead away from truth. Facts are acquired as facts. Imagination has its place in childhood.

A few years ago this editorial appeared in *The Outlook*, which I commend to all who deal with children:

"The newspapers report that a good woman in Massachusetts, desirous of advancing the interests of the race, proposes to undertake a campaign for the abolition of 'Mother Goose,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' and other stories of a similar kind. She declares that these stories are lies, and ought not to be tolerated. The same periodicity which rules in all things brings around at inter-

vals some literal-minded person who is apparently utterly unable to understand how children are made, what the needs of the human soul are, and the difference between falsehood and fiction. This good woman, with the best heart in the world, proposes to close the windows through which children look out on the imaginary world. It would really be as rational to abolish play because it is not work as to abolish fiction because it is not fact. If there ever was a time in the history of this country when the creative faculty needed culture, it is surely to-day. It would be the greatest blessing if a group of creative men and women would appear at this time, dealing, not with facts as they appear to the literal-minded, but as they stand in the order revealed by the imagination. When Mr. Gradgrind appears, from time to time, the worst of him is not that he is deadly uninteresting, but that he makes men unhappy by closing the windows and suffocating them; and the worst thing about Coketown is that there is no place for children in it. Everybody is dealing with facts from morning until night, the air is black over the town, there are no stars with those wonderful stories which make them dear to the young imagination, there are no adventures of the spirit; there is nothing but hard toil by hard hands directed by hard brains. 'Mother Goose' stands for a great principle, a great faculty, a great service, and a great need. She is a symbol of the life of the imagination. Any attempt to abolish her is as futile as the historic effort of the good lady of the strong will and the tireless broom who proposed to keep out the Atlantic."

Fairy tales belong to children by divine right. Ches-

terton says that fairyland is the sunny land of common sense. He finds his philosophy of life in fairy tales. "'Jack the Giant-Killer' teaches us a truth much needed to-day, that giants should be killed because they are gigantic. 'Cinderella' repeats the theme of the 'Magnificat': 'He hath exalted the humble.' 'Beauty and the Beast' tells us that a thing must be loved before it is lovable. 'Sleeping Beauty' brings us the comforting assurance that death may be a sleep."

In other chapters I shall speak of the moral value of the story and of the place of books. Here I would like to make you see the value of telling stories in your home.

Fortunate the little being in whose family there is some story-teller able to give the bread which feeds! In "Sartor Resartus" — that excellent pedagogic treatise — Carlyle gives a vivid picture of such a fortunate childhood. The mysterious stranger who left the infant as an invaluable loan for the good Father Andreas and the Mother Gretchen selected a favorable environment for the growth and development of the child. The sunset sky with hues of gold and azure, viewed from the orchard wall where the boy had his supper; the brave old linden towering up from the village agora like a sacred tree; the swallows which come with the month of May; the Harvest Home and other festivities, all supplied influences conducive to the culture of body and mind. But best of all were those "twice-told tales" which opened up the world of the past and the great world of the far-away. Carlyle says: "Doubtless as childish sports call forth intellect and activity, so the young creature's imagination was stirred, and a his-

torical tendency awakened by the narrative habit of Father Andreas, who, with his battle reminiscences, and gray, austere, and yet hearty patriarchal aspect, could not but appear another Ulysses, a much-enduring man. Eagerly I hung upon his tales, when listening neighbors lingered near the hearth. From these travels, wide and far almost as Hades itself, a dim world of adventure expanded within me. Incalculable also was the knowledge I gained from the old men under the linden tree. The whole of immensity was new to me, and had not these reverend seniors, talkative enough, been employed in partial surveys for fourscore years? With amazement I began to discover that Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a country and of a world; that there was such a thing as history and geography to which I might one day by word and tongue contribute." What an illustration of the natural method of gaining one's knowledge of the world and of life! It is a method honored by long usage, and dates back to those early days when fathers instructed their children through legends, and bards and minstrels wandered from place to place narrating the exploits of heroes, stirring the souls of their listeners to deeds of love and war. The interest in such tales will never wane.

The culture of the imagination is especially necessary in a land where we boast the biggest buildings, the longest railroads, the most complete subways, and the richest men in the world. When the practical invades at every point even into the toy world, where the latest events are chronicled in the shape of aeroplanes, Cook's sledges, Vanderbilt dolls and Kermit lions, special

effort is needed to keep children in the realm of fancy which is theirs by right of eminent domain. The pathetic lines of Charles Kingsley could be revised to-day:

"I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I went to the shops one day,
For I found she was all out of date, dears,
So I had to put her away:
For kangaroos, lions, and bears, dears,
Are now quite the thing, they say,
But for old time's sake, just once, dears,
I should like to have dolly and play."

If a boy is unable to manage these intricate mechanisms, falsely classed as toys, he can have cowboys and cavalrymen mounted on horses, with heads that come off in case any of them are slain. Shades of the prison-house! One cannot even imagine a dead soldier: but press or turn a peg and the head comes off. All the more need of a continuous course in fairy tales, myths, legends, fables, and nonsense rhymes, beginning with Mother Goose, that depository of the wisdom of the ages touched with the magic gold of childhood.

We may be able to supplant the repartee of Kidville and the rhymes of Foxy Grandpa, by other equally rhythmic verses; as, for instance:

"Peterkin Paul was so very polite
That he said to the stones on the street,
'Excuse me, I pray, for stepping on you,
But there's no other place for my feet.'"

Wonder rhymes and tales are desirable in an age which attempts to explain everything even to babes and sucklings. Let us still believe and say that it is a

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world."

The stories should be true in that deep sense in which Hans Andersen says of his tales, "And this is a true story." They should conform to that truth which abides when so-called facts change and vanish, like certain phenomena of the North Pole. The ideals of the story should be those which furnish helps over the hard places of everyday life. They should make compelling the inward injunction, "Go, and do thou, likewise."

XIII

THE STORY

"A story, when used at the proper time, is a mirror for the mind."
FROEBEL

WE do not need to create a story interest among children. It is forever there. The land of fancy is the land in which they mostly dwell. To the child of to-day, as of yore, the thunder is the voice of Jove, and the lightning the arrows of his wrath; the sky is the floor of heaven, and the stars the lamps hung out to light the traveler in the dark. The floating cloud, moving from hill to hill and lighting on each one, is the winged horse which bears some noble hero on his quest. The sea is full of mermaidens, who rock themselves to sleep among the billows and dance in the twilight on the shore behind the curtain of the mist. Every tree has its dryad, and every fountain its nymph. The fairies dance under the spreading tree, and the rivers run on golden feet shod with the wealth of Midas. It is a "great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world," and the story is forever the natural form of its interpretation. As an agency of the school there is danger that it may be sacrificed sometimes to the teacher's zeal to impart information of the useful order or to teach scientific facts, or it may be subjected to the analytic method destructive of the life and interest of any subject. The story is not a means of didactic instruction, nor a me-

dium of conveying knowledge to unwilling minds, but rather, as Froebel says, "it is a strengthening bath for the mind," a means of self-discovery, self-expression, and self-expansion. There is less temptation to pervert the story in the home than in the schoolroom. The intrusion of the didactic and scientific is less possible. The mother should be "the person with the story." All depends upon her choice of a story. In content and form it must be suitable to the age of her hearers. It must be simple, dramatic, and full of fancy.

Animal life possesses an absorbing interest for young children. For generations the popular vote has favored such tales as "Chicken Little," "The Little Red Hen," "Three Pigs," and many others. Such modern tales as "The Kitten Who Forgot to Mew," "Little Black Sambo," and the Br'er Rabbit series have secured the stamp of approval from many groups of children. Let us not fail to add "Jungle" stories, and "Just So Stories," and even some of those more advanced tales such as "Lobo and the Wolf."

The picture story has always been a favorite since the time the cave dwellers scratched on their rocky walls outlines of the animals they hunted, and the strange things they had seen, and rehearsed their adventures to their children. "Little Black Sambo" is an excellent type of this kind of story where the interest is sustained by suspended narration, and by frequent pictures. A sharp stick, and the sand of the seashore, or the playground sand-heap, when smoothed and prepared by the children, offer a good opportunity for crude illustration, and may beget some sand artists

among the children. A piece of colored crayon and a sheet of rough paper may occasionally be used also. The argument for the Sunday colored supplement rests on the delight of the children in adventure, and it is assumed that the rude and disgraceful deeds of Buster Brown and his colleagues, and the sad plight of their venerable victims, are the kinds of adventure demanded. The flaunting colors are added to satisfy the barbaric taste which is supposed to survive in the young of every generation. The sanity of this argument is only rivaled by that which responds to an American boy's delight in noise and to his stage of racial development by furnishing him with cannon crackers and air guns to celebrate the birth of our National Independence, while most of his neighbors lament, for that day at least, that they were not born in any other country where independence is not confounded with license and patriotism is not expressed by explosives.

The schools teach harmony of color and design. The taxpayer furnishes such teaching to educate his children in art, and then vainly hopes that such knowledge will be more effective in awakening the color sense and appreciation of art than the constant appeal to the eye made by the barbaric colors and the monstrous drawings stretched out on the porch and in every room where a Sunday paper is taken, "to please the children." That children delight in color and adventure is true. It is equally true that both must be supplied, and the story is a right medium. Would that the skill that artists now employ in devising tricky and vulgar situations could be turned in the direction of illustrating

some of the old fairy and hero tales which are full of interesting and delightful scenes! Would there be a diminution of revenue for the Sunday supplement if it gave a course of sketches from "Cinderella," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Sleeping Beauty," "Jason and the Golden Fleece," tales of Theseus and Perseus, and made a serial story of the adventures of Siegfried, The Cid, Achilles, and King Arthur? For the very little ones, the old picture-books with rhyme stories, or the scrap-book made by the mother herself with picture stories, are a perennial delight. Mother Goose, the "Sing-Song" of Christina G. Rossetti, and other jingles are often desirable, as steps to the real story, and a means of gaining power of attention. A kindergartner in one of the centers of foreign population, where the children knew little English and had few ideas with which to interpret tales, found herself obliged to begin with such a simple story as,

> "I had a little doggie once,
> Who used to sit and beg,
> My little doggie fell downstairs,
> And broke his little leg."

The mental pictures suggested were familiar, and the children understood and listened with delight and called for the story again and again. Gradually they listened to longer rhymes, and eventually to a simple story. If the children do not enjoy a story, it is the fault of the narrator. She has not chosen the right story. Maybe the story goes "over the heads" of her hearers, as we say. Maybe its theme is not one to interest young children.

Much depends on the manner of telling. The story-teller should know her story so well that she does not hesitate for a phrase nor stumble over a situation. She should use simple language, avoiding words the meaning of which would be unknown to her hearers. She should be dramatic. That sounds like a difficult demand. It is not. Any one who really sees a situation can describe it in a vivid way. He can picture it so well that another person can see it too. That is dramatic art. If you have ever heard a person who has been in a railway accident tell what happened, you have had a dramatic story. If you have heard the account from some one who has it second-hand, you have probably missed much of the dramatic interest.

Pause in the telling of the story just before some important happening and you will arrest attention. A question often helps too; as, "Where could he go then?" or, "What do you think he did?" After children have become familiar with a story, they like to supply a missing word; as, "The Duck family lived in the . . ."; "Mother Duck said to her baby ducks: 'My children, now you must . . .' " Good phrasing and inflection add to the interest and value of the story.

Little David loved to hear stories told or read. A new helper came into the family who was not a fluent reader. David asked for a story, but said, "I don't want *her* to read to me."

Do not hesitate to tell the same old stories over and over. Children love twice-told tales. They love them better as they grow more familiar with the scenes and the personages. They love the oft-repeated form of

words. For this reason a story with much repetition is desirable, as "The Little Red Hen," "The House that Jack Built," "The Pig and the Stile" and "The Tree and the Nest."

Mothers should know many stories. They should love their stories and live with them.

Would that all mothers were like Barrie's mother, who made him see the town in which he lived through her eyes by the charming stories she told him of its past and the people who used to live there! Your best story begins: "When I was a little girl."

Stories are the beginning of literature. Mothers who tell stories are the first teachers of literature. They give their children the key to the great realm where dwell the great and mighty of all times.

XIV

THE DREAMER

"Why William on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why William sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

WORDSWORTH

ONCE there were two boys who lived in the same home. One was quick, alert, and ready to help. He had "gumption." He knew what to do with his hands. He helped his father in the barn and in the shed, and did his work well. He was never in the way of his mother. He did his task and then ran out to play. He could run fast. He could make high jumps. He could hit a mark with an arrow or a ball. "A fine lad," said his father. "He will make a man." And he did. He became a good business man, energetic in his work, prosperous and respected by his fellow townsmen.

And the other boy? The other boy was a dreamer. He worried his mother because he "sat around" so much. He did not care to run and jump and climb trees. He could not do any of these things well. He was clumsy when he tried to do jobs, and did not see things to do. He was sometimes found in the attic, lying on the floor, leaning on his elbow reading an old book. Sometimes he fled to the deep woods to lie on the ground and watch the clouds sailing in the sky. He loved flowers and birds and spent hours watching them. Sometimes he scribbled

something on odd sheets of paper which he would hide away when any one looked.

He was slow at school and the teacher thought he would never "get on." "A dull lad," said his father. "What will become of him?"

But the mother loved this dull lad. She bought him books and gave him a desk and a quiet corner to keep by himself.

This lad became a singer of sweet songs and his words were sung around the world.

The Bible story of Joseph tells us of such a dreamer. His brothers were good workmen, who bound their sheaves and did not trouble themselves about dreams. "But Joseph dreamed a dream and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he dreamed yet another dream, and he told it to his father and his brethren. And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying."

The father loved the dreamer more than all his children; but his hard-working brethren scorned him. "Behold the dreamer cometh," they said in derision, and they cast him into a pit, thinking to be rid of him and his troublesome dreams forever.

But Joseph's dreams became the means of saving his own life and the lives of all his brethren. Because he dreamed dreams and thought upon them, he was able to interpret the dreams of the chief butler and of King Pharaoh himself.

The boy who dreamed and who learned to interpret dreams found that they all came true. He became ruler of Egypt. He remembered his dreams and stored food

against the time of famine. When his brethren came to him for food, he remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them. They bowed to him even as he dreamed and the dreamer had the power to rule over them and to help them.

The dreaming child is often difficult to understand and difficult to manage.

"I don't wish to go to kindergarten to-day," said little Paul one morning.

"Why not?" asked his mother. "You have always liked to go."

"Oh, she disturbs me," said Paul. "She says, 'Paul, Paul, why don't you attend to me?' I don't wish to attend to her. I am making plans."

All Pauls are trying, no doubt. Is it wise sometimes to try to find out what their plans are rather than to force ours upon them?

REMEMBERING OUR CHILDHOOD

If we recall our own childish feelings of wonder and delight over many things we saw and heard, it will help us to understand the wondering child. Agnes Edwards writes sympathetically of the feelings of the child who is sensitive to the world of wonders. She says:

"It is curious that grown people forget so soon the delights and griefs of childhood. They forget the vague feeling of bewilderment that creeps up from all sides when one is beginning to get acquainted with the world. They forget the utter bliss of swinging in an old hammock under the trees, and gazing up into the

sky and crooning some song with a long monotonous refrain.

"They forget the feeling of isolation and self-completeness of living with one's fancies — during that mystical time when the real things are the things that grown-up people never see, and when common events, like washing one's face and coming in on time to meals, are quite unimportant and uninteresting. And they forget that sense of complete trust and faith with which a child puts her sleepy arms around her mother's neck and is carried upstairs and slipped into bed in a dozy haze of comfort.

"Surely grown people must forget all these things or they would never break so rudely in upon the reveries of their children, suggesting the moving-picture show to replace the visions that float by the eyes of every child — offering fancy creams and college ices to one who is quite content with the sprinkle of sugar on a rose leaf.

"I saw a child the other evening who is everything we mean when we say 'a lovely child.' She has lived all of her five years in the country with her mother as a companion and gentle guide. This little girl has for toys her flower-bed and her own watering-pot; she knows every tree for acres around, and each soft baby leaf is welcomed with a ripple of delight, or with the gentlest touch of tiny fingers. The soft grass is caressingly loved, and each wee green thing that pushes its head up through the earth is anxiously waited for and tenderly guarded.

"Can you think of anything more exquisite than a

little child who feels a kinship with everything in Nature? Can you think of a better school in gentleness than the garden, or a wiser teacher of observation than Nature herself in pasture or in wood?"

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

We should be less impatient with the dreaming child if we realized to what his dreaming may lead.

Thomas Aquinas was called a cow by his teachers because he seemed so dull and far away. He was really thinking the long thoughts which led to his later meditations. These have become a world possession.

I suppose Watt's grandmother was a good deal disturbed when the boy fussed around the kitchen stove with her tea-kettle.

Was any one disturbed by the dreams of little Christopher as he sat on the sands looking far across the sea, dreaming of the lands beyond?

Annie E. Allen, in "St. Nicholas," has pictured him thus:

"O little lad of Genoa,
Did you not dream when still a child
Of ships that onward sailed and sailed —
Of gleaming pearls — of forests wild?

"Did splendid lands no eye had seen,
As fair as morning, bless your view?
Did you not often dream and dream
Until it seemed your dream came true?

"O little lad of Genoa,
Of what avail skill, compass, chart?
Steadfast, could you have found your goal
Without the dream that filled your heart?"

THE DREAMER

Hans Andersen was a dreamy, awkward boy. His sufferings are hinted in "The Ugly Duckling":

"And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and it was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"'What are you thinking of?' cried the Hen. 'You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Purr or lay eggs, and they will pass over.'

"'But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling; 'so refreshing to let it close above one's head, and to dive down to the bottom.'

"'Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure truly,' quoth the Hen. 'I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it — he's the cleverest animal I know — ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down: I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close above her head?'

"'You don't understand me,' said the Duckling.

"'We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Tom Cat and the old woman — I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and be grateful for all the kindness that you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for

your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's friends. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!'

"'I think I will go out into the wide world,' said the Duckling.

"'Yes, do go,' replied the Hen."

THE CHILD WHO WONDERS

In Dickens's "Child's Dream of a Star" he describes the child who dreams of what is beyond the world of sense:

"There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

"They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

The child who wonders and questions has started on the road that leads to a vision of the divine.

Beware lest we hinder this quest by neglect or by foolish answers to the wonder questions!

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky."

Froebel says: "As the child looks out into the new and strange world he seeks explanations of all he sees. He accepts what is told him whether true or false. It is important for his understanding that the truth should be told him. It makes a difference whether he looks for the man in the moon, or whether he looks upon the moon as a beautiful, swimming ball of light, whether the stars are golden pins or lamps, or whether they are distant, glowing suns. The first explanation is dead, although it seems to connect with life; the latter has within it the seed of truth and further development. Truth never does harm, but error does even if later it leads to truth. As far as they can comprehend, children should have the truth."

THE GARDEN OF BLUEBELLS

By Isa L. Wright

ONCE in the days of Long Ago, there lived a wee man in a wee house. The house was old and the wee man was old, but his heart was as young as the springtime, and as glad as the bluebells growing in his garden. Such wonderful bluebells they were, deeply blue, like the springtime skies, and a touch of gold at their

hearts like the sunbeams that shone upon them. From far and wide people flocked to see them, and whenever they entered the garden, the bluebells seemed to ring a welcome as they swayed in the morning breeze, and folks did declare they could hear them sing, "Come, joy with us, for it is springtime! It is springtime!"

And springtime it seemed to be for them always. Summer and winter alike they blossomed on. Although snow covered the ground elsewhere, it always melted on the garden plot where the bluebells were growing. All the year round they looked up at the blue sky or nodded to the merry country folks who came to walk among them. "They are bewitched!" said one and all; "but it is a sweet witchery that keeps us all glad."

And now it chanced one morning that a certain rich man passed by and heard the happy voices of those who made merry among the flowers. He stamped the snow from his feet as he came up the garden path and it melted into wee drops of water that glistened in the sun.

"Bluebells! and growing in the winter-time?" he asked; "and how is that?"

"I know not how it be," smiled the wee man, "but it seems to be their way to bloom always and to sing."

And from every little bluebell cup a wee voice sang to the rich man, "Come, joy with us, for it is spring! It is spring!"

"Hear them!" said the wee man, and his face was covered with the sunniest of smiles.

"I hear nothing," said the rich man, "but the soil must be wonderful to grow flowers summer and winter.

A pity it be not planted to some more useful thing than bluebells."

"Nay!" said the wee man, "but they keep all the country folk glad with their blooming."

"And what matters that?" The rich man frowned. "Let the country folk seek elsewhere for their gladness. I shall speak to the King about it. Magic ground should be planted to better advantage. A wonderful crop of useful things could this ground yield, summer and winter."

"An it please you," smiled the wee man again, "what better could a garden yield than happiness?"

"Many things," asserted the rich man as he turned to go.

And it came to pass just as the rich man had said, for when he returned, days afterward, he carried with him huge bags of money. "The King sends you much gold in exchange for your garden plot," he cried. "You can have now all that heart could desire, and the garden will grow useful crops for the King."

So the gardeners went to work with plough and spade and they uprooted all the bluebells, and in their place they planted cabbages and beets and turnips. And the wee man stayed in the house and lighted his little stove and sat down beside it. And when the country folks came to walk again in the garden, they were sad, "Ah, me!" they cried, "'t is spring no more, but winter." And they shivered and went home.

And the next morning the snow fell thicker and faster. It covered the beets and cabbages and the turnips with a white mantle and it froze them stiff. And the rich man came running quickly when he heard of it.

"There is a bluebell somewhere in the garden," he told the wee man. "And it has bewitched the ground. We must search for it."

And over the garden plot went the rich man and his workers. They dug up the frozen cabbages and beets and turnips and they spaded the hard ground, and just as they were about to give up, a small voice sang out, "Come, joy with me, for it is springtime! It is springtime!"

"Ah! My little bluebell!" cried the wee man, as he bent down to it. But the rich man pulled it up and tore the blossom from the stem and threw it out into the street.

"Now the garden will grow useful things!" he said.

That night, when none were looking, the wee man crept out to the street and picked up the bluebell root and planted it in a little box. And it grew and blossomed for him in the little wee house.

And once again in the garden plot they planted the cabbages and beets and turnips. And no sooner were they planted than there came a swarm of locusts. No other garden did the locusts touch, but they ate all the cabbages and the beets and the turnips, leaf and stem and stalk, and left the ground bare and brown.

"Now, by my word!" vowed the rich man when he heard of it, "'t is the wee man himself who has bewitched the ground. He must be taken away that the garden may grow its wonderful crop of useful things for the King."

So again he came to the wee man with bags of money. "The King sends you more gold," he said, "and he asks

that you journey to the castle court and there abide that the garden may the better grow and yield wonderful crops of useful things."

"An it please the King," answered the wee man, "I will go." And underneath his coat he slipped the bluebell plant.

And again they planted the garden with cabbages and beets and turnips, but no sooner were they planted than a fierce and blazing sun scorched the leaves and withered them. It crackled the stems till they snapped, and once again the ground was bare and brown.

"Somewhere there still lives one of the bluebells!" shouted the rich man; "an it take the half of my fortune, I will find it. Who knows but what the wee man himself is keeping it alive. I, myself, will journey to the King's castle, and see the last bluebell torn root from flower."

Even as he spoke, he prepared to journey forth.

And while he journeyed, strange things were happening in the King's castle. In a wee hut in the outer courtyard dwelt the wee man, and though no one knew it, there dwelt with him the little bluebell. Every morning it sang to him, and the wee man laughed as he joyed with it. And as it sang one morning, the King's little lame daughter passed by on her crutches, and, hearing it, the little Princess came up the step and pushed the door open, saying, "Please sing the song again, wee man."

And the wee man helped her in as he said, "Nay, Princess, 't is not I who sing, but the bluebell." And he put it in her hand.

"Sing to me, little flower!" cried the King's daughter;

and the bluebell sang again, "Come, joy with me, for it is springtime! It is springtime!"

And the little Princess laughed and clapped her hands and, forgetting all about her crutch, she danced around the room as a happy little girl should do. And the wee man danced with her. And when they were tired of dancing, they sat down by the bluebell and the wee man told her wonderful stories of the spring. And those without, of the King's household, were searching for the little Princess in every place where a King's daughter was ever known to go, but they found her not.

And while they searched, the rich man came to the King from out of his journeying, and many a complaint had he to make of the bluebells and the wee man.

"Bother me not with your foolish bluebells!" cried the King. "Mine own little daughter is lost and none can find her."

Then the rich man came closer to the King. "If the wee man," he said, "can bewitch a garden, may it not be that he has bewitched the Princess as well? Let us seek him."

So the King hastened to the hut where dwelt the wee man, and boldly he pushed open the door. It was his little daughter who danced to meet him. "Come, joy with me!" she sang, "for it is springtime! It is springtime!"

"Your crutch, my child!" cried the King.

But the Princess laughed. "I had forgotten it, Father," she said as she ran to the bluebell. "See the wee man's flower! And it sings of the spring!"

"Ah!" spoke the rich man, "said I not so? The wee

man's bluebell has bewitched the garden and now would bewitch the Princess, too. Let us rend it bloom from stem!"

But the Princess stood up straight and tall and her eyes flashed. "You shall not touch the wee man's bluebell!" she said.

Then the King spoke. "Tell us, wee man, how can a flower work such strange miracles?"

"That I know not, O King," answered the wee man. "It is but a flower from my garden, with leaf and stem and root like any other. Must it be destroyed because it sings only of the springtime?"

But the King's little daughter shook her head. "It shall live, wee man," she said, "and you and I together will plant a garden full of bluebells. And they will sing to us, and the King, my father, will walk among them and they will sing to him. Where shall we plant it, wee man?"

The wee man smiled. "An it please the King to grant it, I should like mine own garden back. Though all lands are fair, yet is there no place so dear as home."

"And you shall have your own back again," quoth the King, "and a shame on me that I ever made you sell it."

And so it all came to pass as the Princess and the King had said. Bluebells once more filled the wee man's garden and the country folk from near and far came back with smiles on their faces and joy in their hearts. Summer and winter they blossom and sing to all who enter the garden, "Come, joy with us, for it is springtime! It is springtime!"

And the King and the little Princess walk often with the wee man among the bluebells, for where better could a King and his royal little daughter walk than with those who sing ever of the springtime?

XV

THE CHILD AND HIS BOOK

"My Book and Heart
Shall never part."

New England Primer

THE listening child naturally becomes the reading child. Stories are the beginning of literature. The interest aroused by the fireside tale carries over into the enjoyment of books. Do you know that you hold the key to the kingdom of books? The reading interest is not often acquired in the school if it has not been awakened in the home. My experience of a quarter of a century in dealing with young women has proved to me that the friendship with books must be formed in the family circle. The joy in books is a joy which cannot be taken away. The enrichment of life which comes from wide reading is better than any other wealth. The meager vocabulary of many young men and women is due to meager reading. Facility in expression and correctness in language come from the assimilation of style and thought of good authors.

"Reading maketh a full man, writing an exact man," says Lord Bacon. Both are necessary for a good education. Both should be acquired in the home circle. The early joy in a story becomes a permanent source of happiness when the child can read. A new door is opened to a realm wide as the world "peopled with the great and mighty of every realm and clime." The love

of books is contagious. Father and mother communicate it to children.

Professor Selah Howell, a teacher in the Boston Latin School, read with his children every evening for an hour. In his will is the following clause: "To my three children, Fred Bardwell, Fanny Edna, and William Westcott, the following books as souvenirs of the happy days of their childhood when we read them together — the books to be apportioned as they may agree: 'Volume of the Nursery,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'Little Women,' 'Little Men,' 'Joe's Boys,' 'Jack and Jill,' 'Tom Brown's School Days.' 'The Rollo Books' I give to the one of my children who has the most children. If none of them have children, which God forbid, the 'Rollo Books' are to be divided equally among the joys of my life, the said Fred, Fanny, and Will." Could any father leave any richer inheritance to his children?

The home library may be small; perhaps better so, because the books will be read and re-read. Abraham Lincoln formed his thought and his style, which has never been surpassed, from much reading of these books: "The Bible," "Æsop," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," a book of history, and Weems's "Life of Washington" — a limited list! But these books gave great thoughts to a boy's soul and made a great man. Another great American, Theodore Roosevelt, owed much to the companionship of books. Books accompanied him on his long exploring trip when baggage was reduced to a minimun. His "pigskin library"

which he took on his African expedition has become famous. Many of the books are beyond the interest of the average boy or man. We are glad, however, to find some of our favorite titles, "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," Shakespeare, Homer's "Iliad," "Odyssey," Longfellow, Tennyson, Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," Scott's "Guy Mannering" and "Waverley," "Rob Roy" and "Antiquary," Dickens's "Mutual Friend" and "Pickwick." Roosevelt says of his books: "They were for use, not for ornament. I almost always had some volume with me, either in my saddle-pocket or in the cartridge-bag which one of my gun-bearers carried to hold odds and ends. Often my reading would be done while resting under a tree at noon." Such a love of books was the result of a boyhood of reading.

A settlement worker in a crowded quarter of a great city was so successful in his book-club that soap-boxes were in great request for home libraries. One little girl begged the club leader to come and see her library. With joy she showed a clean soap-box with one shelf inserted on which was one paper book. It was a good beginning of a library because the desire for collecting was there. The instinct for collecting should be utilized in acquiring picture-books and other books. A shelf in the sitting-room or a box made into a bookcase is the stimulus to the making of a library. The library grows slowly by the addition of birthday books and Christmas books, but these books are prized more because they are few and gradually acquired. Time is necessary for the assimilation of mental food as it is for

bodily food. You mothers must aid in a wise selection. The appetite for tales must be fed. If neither home nor school does anything to satisfy this appetite, the boy feeds himself. He spends a dime on the "Adventures of Old Sleuth" or "Deadwood Dick."

The home should begin the reading habit which the school fosters and develops into a love of literature and an appreciation of the best books.

In November 1919, Children's Book Week was celebrated throughout the United States. A national campaign was undertaken to stimulate a love of reading among children and young people, and to direct the attention of parents to the importance of choosing the right books. Books were displayed in bookshops and in libraries to attract the attention of readers to the best books.

READING ALOUD TO THE CHILD

By Hamlin Garland

THE value of reading aloud to a child cannot be overstated. In the first place, it establishes a delightful comradeship between parent and child. It builds a lasting foundation of common interest and mutual understanding. The child associates with the face and the voice of his sire much of the dignity and poetry of the book he has heard read. He infers that his father has something of the quality of the author, and he carries with him a grateful memory of the busy man who laid aside his large affairs in order to give pleasure to a small boy.

A father's voice can vitalize the printed page to his

son even before the son can comprehend the written words. I commenced reading aloud to my daughters before they could understand the spoken words for the reason that the very music of the ballad or the drift of the story enthralled them. It was good to see them strive to comprehend. It developed their imagination. They are growing toward womanhood now and they are able to tell me that they remember those nights when I read to them, with an emotion which they find hard fittingly to express. I gave them both, in this way, a feeling for glorious verse, and a love for choice words which has been of the highest value to them up to this time, and which will increase in value as the years pass.

The father should remember that his child's mind is like a phonographic cylinder of most tenacious adhesiveness, and in this understanding he should exercise the greatest care in choosing the impressions which he is about to lay upon it. The younger the child the more lasting the record. To prove this the father has but to recall his own boyhood and the words which caused indelible scars or laid equally indelibly beautiful pictures upon his own mind.

My father did not read to me, but he told me stories, and these stories were of the greatest value to me in my fictional work in after life. I am grateful for all his tales, and it is a special source of satisfaction to me that I have no recollection of ever hearing from his lips an unworthy or ribald jest.

G. W. Tuttle in *Child Welfare Magazine* tells how another parent directs the book interest in the home:

"Our little girl is now nearly two and a half years old, and she has never tired of her scrap-books. Through them she has become acquainted with the different animals and the sound made by each, and is able to connect the animals and their calls.

"The number of books of this kind which would be of great educational value to the child is almost limitless. Birds, flowers, vegetables, trades, farming, and history might all be presented to the child in this form. As our little girl grows older we have planned books of harvesting pictures showing the various stages in the growth of wheat from the preparation of the soil, planting of the seed, and so on, until it passes through the hands of the miller and baker and finally reaches the child in the form of her daily bread.

"Another interesting process is the building of the home from the trees to the finished product. This book will contain pictures of the forest where the trees grow, the man felling the great trees, the horses and wagons which haul the trees to the sawmill, the cutting and planing of the boards, the train which transports them to the lumber-yard, the boards piled high in the lumber-yard, the carpenter at work putting the boards together, the house in the process of construction, and lastly the finished home and the family who lives in it. From these process books, the child can be led to realize that it takes rain, sunshine, and warmth to make the trees and the grains grow, and that there are many people to thank for providing our simplest food, and that above all, God is the great source of everything."

XVI

THE LITTLE ACTOR

"A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral:
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will be fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife.
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part:
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her Equipage:
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

WORDSWORTH

I AM a queen. These are my ladies in waiting." Jane swept past in truly regal style, attired in an old silk waist, a long kitchen apron for a court train, and a gold crown made of yellow tissue paper. The ladies in waiting were equally elegant with long apron trains. Jane walked as if every inch a queen. Did she possibly gain an added sense of power and dignity from her queenly rôle?

Down the street a group of boys were playing soldier with General Pershing in command. Brown sticks were used for rifles and the flag-bearer marched in front while a band discoursed martial strains on a tin pan and a toy whistle. Did some feeling of a soldier's part in stand-

ing firm and true and obeying orders come from this play? Another week these same boys were organizing a parade to welcome returning soldiers with bands playing and banners flying.

I remember well a store kept in our front yard during a part of a summer. We made articles for the store, leaf-garlands, burr-baskets, pincushions stuffed with milkweed, glasses of lemonade, dust-cloths, and many other articles, useful and otherwise. Pins were currency at first, but later a box of toy money enabled us to make change and to gain daily lessons in arithmetic.

A little boy was taken to church for the first time and was especially impressed by the minister's manner. In the afternoon he arranged the chairs of the sitting-room in rows. Mounting an armchair he announced that he would preach a sermon. "Be good," he exhorted the empty chairs. "Do what your fathers tell you. Do what your mothers tell you. Be good all the time. Amen."

Instances such as these could be multiplied to show the tireless interest of children in "make-believe." From the time the small child begins to play milk-man, grocery-man, ice-man, or peddler, one rôle succeeds another without any break in interest. This is the natural method of beginning to share in the world's work.

Housekeeping plays are continued over long periods of time with dramatic rendering of the home activities, cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing, calling, gossiping, and dealing with refractory children.

"You naughty child — I must punish you! You must be undressed and go right to bed!" says the play mother to the incorrigible doll. The tender mother is re-

produced if examples of tenderness have been supplied. A mother may recognize her own tones, when she hears, "Now, darling, it is bedtime. You must have your bath. Here is your nice white bed ready for you." "Yes, darling, I will sing to you. You like mother's lullaby, my precious."

Playing school is a favorite dramatization. Teachers might often be edified to see themselves as children see them. Mannerisms are copied; tones of voice imitated, and lessons read which might well make the real teacher covet the same zeal in learning for the real schoolroom. We are beginning to recognize the educational value of dramatic play. The dramatization of stories, playing of dramatic games, make a part of the curriculum of the modern school. Froebel was the first to give definite form and guidance to the dramatic instinct in his series of representative plays. He believed that to be a thing is not only to understand it, but to grow into its likeness. Therefore he chose for his plays desirable activities and representations.

Acting out in play the life of the mother bird and the father bird, the building of a nest, feeding the young, teaching the young to fly, makes children watchful of birds' ways. It also creates the feeling which made Saint Francis call all living creatures brothers and friends. A boy newly received into a kindergarten circle was about to take an egg from a bird's nest hidden in the tall grass in the field near the school-building. He was stopped by the cry of protest from the group. "You must not touch an egg! The mother bird would miss it. There's a little bird in it."

The kindergarten games give a wide range of representation. We have flying birds, butterflies, prancing steeds, hopping frogs, jumping hares, and swift-running squirrels. Blacksmiths hammer, carpenters saw and plane, farmers plough and sow, millers grind, and bakers bake. In joyful reproduction the working world passes in panorama before the eyes of the little actors who take part in the drama. The "make-believe" tendency helps children to learn for themselves lessons prescribed in the great school of life. It helps to understanding of activities and processes and releases powers of self-expression.

Mrs. Alice Minnie Herts Heniger, in her book called "The Kingdom of the Child," declares that the child enters into his true kingdom through the imagination. The dramatic instinct is the means of entrance. She says, "The child and the adolescent can learn best how to know himself by being for a time some one else. This sounds like a paradox, and it is true, for any one who has studied the dramatic instinct and its relation to the life of childhood knows that this game of 'make-believe' is youth's natural means of trying to gain experience in life. Thus we see that the child who refuses to have his dramatic instinct constantly repressed does learn in spite of us: but the same child will learn far more surely, more quickly, and more genially if we coöperate with the instinct in him."

Mrs. Heniger cites many instances of the effect on character of studying and enacting certain parts in a play or story.

Especially suggestive is her chapter on the value of the dramatic method in inspiring immigrant children

with American ideals through plays and speeches which present our national heroes and preserve our national spirit. A Russian lad who knew no English grammar caught the spirit of Abraham Lincoln from reciting the "Gettysburg Speech." "I'll take off Abraham Lincoln and say the speech like as if I was him," he said — and so he did. When February 12th came, the lad was ready to declare to himself and his audience of foreign-born that "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In the home circle, mothers have a constant opportunity to utilize the dramatic instinct for good ends. The telling of a story is usually an incentive to play it. A very slight interest or participation on the part of elders fosters the desire to dramatize.

A six-year-old boy had heard the thrilling story of David and Goliath. "Let's play it," he said. "I'll be David. I'll get a stone for my sling. What will you be? You can be Goliath. No, you're not big enough. We'll wait for Uncle Charles to come home. You can be the Philistines." I know a good grandmother who devotes Sunday afternoons to playing Bible stories with her grandchildren. Probably more knowledge of the Bible is secured in these hours than in the Sunday-School lessons.

Dr. Colin Scott was among the first of educators in this country to advocate the value of dramatization. In a chapter in his "Social Education" he describes the natural way in which a family group granted only a room with opportunity will create a series of plays. I quote his description of one scene:

"A number of children, from eight to ten years old, were accustomed to meet on Saturdays and rainy days in the attic of the house of one of their number. Here they continued from week to week a play based on their readings of Sunday-School books and other sources which had appealed to them. One of the tables in the attic represented Africa. Here were sand and palm trees made of grass and matches. Doors were cut out of paper and painted black. In another place were the South Sea Islands, with tattooed savages and canoes: in still another, China. The dolls here were ornately dressed, and tea and rice obtained from the mothers lent reality to the scene. London was represented, from which the missionaries, dressed in long black coats, started on their journey in paper ships. Sermons were delivered to the natives, but to no purpose: the missionaries were duly killed and eaten up. During the development of this play they 'bothered the life' out of their parents to find out more about Africa and such places, but never thought of asking their teacher, who at this time was drilling them on the boundaries of the states and their capitals."

A play of "Little Travelers" may be the means of gaining much information about the countries or cities visited. The textbook in history may be dull, but it is never dull to play the landing of the Pilgrims, or the storming of Quebec. Little girls like to play Mary, Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth. There may be a trunk in the attic which holds old-fashioned gowns. These make all the costumes necessary.

I know a happy family where a special trunk is kept

for all properties which may be used for tableaux and home plays. The children in this family would rather stay at home and give a play than go to any party. These children do not need to go to a moving-picture show for entertainment. They find it in their own home. By speaking the words of a fine character they enter into the motives and spirit of that character. By playing many rôles they begin to understand life better.

The "movie" actor or actress has no opportunity to reveal motives, nor to interpret vital human experience. The quickly passing scenes of the "movie" stage give no time for thinking of what is seen. Too frequent attendance at the "movies" weakens power of attention and prevents appreciation of the best in dramatic art. The "movie" play can give only a temporary gratification. It is a passive enjoyment. Often it gives a wrong and painful view of life.

Good educational films, on the other hand, show other worlds than ours, and add to the stock of a child's knowledge. Cities, mountains, rivers and seas, the wonders of the starry heavens, fine cathedrals and grand palaces, delight the eye and cultivate a love of the beautiful in scenery and architecture. The events of the day may be shown upon the screen and children see history in the making. Such films are very desirable and make a valuable part of education.

The spoken word, however, is necessary to truly interpret a character or a story. The eyes see and the ears hear and the mind begins to connect cause and effect and to understand life's experiences. The actor puts

himself in another's place. The little actor widens his sympathies by the parts he plays.

A child is truly a part of all that he has seen. He desires to act that part. He desires also to travel the path of the untried and unknown, led by the imagination which pictures forth the forms of the unknown.

XVII

THE LITTLE ARTIST

"Even the little child may be an artist. What the child makes may seem small and worthless, but out of the small beginning comes something great. . . .

"All that you see about you, even the greatest things, arose from small beginnings. . . .

"The stream whose song you hear came from a tiny source. Out of nothing God created all you see. . . .

"Will you not see the possibilities in your child? It is your most important task to nurture all his latent powers."

FROEBEL

DAVID'S pocket always holds a bit of string, a piece of chalk, and stray pencils. David is an artist. He likes to have his tools handy. A smooth board on a fence may be chosen for his picture, or the wall of the house. More often he chooses the doorstep or the sidewalk, if it is made of stone or boards. We often find his pictures there. Sometimes, if it is a rainy day, and David cannot go out to play, he draws with his finger on the window-pane. We do not like that because it leaves bad marks on the window. Neither do we approve of the mirror as a drawing-board, nor the polished tea-tray. We rightly object to pencil scratches on the table-cloth or on the wall-paper or on book margins. What shall we do? Shall we empty David's pocket and take away the chalk and pencils? No, indeed; we should then despoil an artist of his means of representation. We should rejoice that David has the creative impulse.

It may mean artistic taste and point to a special line of development. It may be only the desire of expression common to all children. In any case, it should not be checked or suppressed. It should be gratified and encouraged. We should supply proper materials and say, "Draw all you wish. Show me your pretty pictures."

What can we supply for our little artist? A small blackboard is best with plenty of broad crayons. If the blackboard cannot be secured, father can make a good substitute by tacking blackboard cloth over any common board. This cloth can be ordered from a kindergarten supply store. A large, old-fashioned slate with chalk for drawing is also a very good medium for picture-making. In addition to the blackboard we should furnish freely large sheets of brown paper, such as come around packages, to be used for drawing with brush and pencil.

David's choicest Christmas gift was a box of colored crayons. With these he makes pictures for grandma and birthday cards for sisters and cousins. Flower and leaf patterns can be found to color, or he can draw his own. For large brush work on large sheets of paper nothing is better than the fresco paints used for tinting kitchen and pantry walls. These are easily secured from a house painter, and with them David can make charming scenes. Sometimes he makes a mountain with trees and a red farmhouse nestling at the foot of the mountain. At one time all his pictures were of trains and engines, and during the war he painted constantly warships and submarines. Houses and trees are easily sketched and call for bright colors. Gardens and orchards are also favorite subjects.

For finer work liquid dyes and boxes of paints should be supplied the artist that he may improve in his work.

The string in David's pocket is very useful for drawing purposes. He can wet it in a cup of water and use it for outlining forms, on any smooth, moist surface, such as a slate or a bread-board. He will make first, maybe, a moon, then a three-leaved clover, a four-leaved clover, and a rose of five petals. A burnt match serves to guide the pliable string into place.

Burnt matches are good material for picture-making. They stand in line for a row of soldiers marching. A change of position shows the soldiers asleep. Square yards for them to march in may be made, beds for them to sleep upon, and a row of tents for their camp.

"It is his impulse to create
Should gladden thee."

The wish to draw grows out of the instinctive desire for self-expression. A child wishes to tell what he sees. One language is not enough for him. He chooses drawing as another language. He tells by his drawings what he sees. He tries to tell *all* he sees. He will show in the same picture the inside as well as the outside of the house. He knows there are chairs and tables within. Why not show them?

At the age of four or five or six he does not hesitate to draw anything. The child was perfectly honest who said to his teacher that he could draw a picture of God. "But we cannot see God," said the teacher. "You will," answered the boy, "when I show you the picture."

The little artist represents what seems to him most important and interesting. He draws a front view of a

man with large eyes and mouth, because those features impress him most. Hair is usually much in evidence and long rows of buttons down the front of a coat. Buttons are charming, shiny things, very ornamental. Of course we like to see them. Notice the time when David changes his method of drawing. Some day he will draw a face in profile. Why has he changed his plan? He has begun to observe more carefully and wishes to tell things as they really are. Now he is ready to correct and criticize his own work. How can mother help?

MOTHER'S PART

A CHILD grows by what he does. He clears his own ideas by trying to express them. He begins to think as he begins to express. He gains knowledge of things about him by his effort to show how they look. He holds in his hands, and in their ability to represent, one of the keys to the world of knowledge. The cave man who lived in the childhood of the world told his stories of the life about him in scribbles and pictures on the walls of his cave. We are finding those pictures to-day.

Mrs. Wharton, in "French Ways and Their Meaning," tells of the discovery of painted caves in southern France. She says:

"Proofs of the consummate skill of these men of the dawn have been found on the walls of caves and grottoes all over central and southern France throughout the very region where our American soldiers have been camping." These pictures show us that thousands of years ago there were men in France who told of the fish they saw swimming in the river and of the stags

they were hunting by the pictures they painted on their cave walls.

The baby's scribbles show the same desire that the cave men had — the desire to represent. At first the scribbles mean nothing. You may call them a letter to father; but there is no likeness to anything on earth or under the earth. One day, however, the little one draws his line in a curve and lo, he has an apple or a moon. Then he keeps on making apples and moons. He changes into leaves and flowers and clouds and stars and he has become an artist.

Your part is to preserve and cherish these scribbles. Put them away as a record of the baby's growth. If there is any really artistic tendency, foster it as a precious possession. Your part is encouragement. You must furnish materials and a place to draw.

A teacher in New York has protested against an advertisement of a certain biscuit company. The advertisement in question shows a boy on the way to school with his books and a package of the biscuit under his arm. He is writing on the sidewalk, "Eat ——— biscuit." This teacher says that the schools have great difficulty in keeping boys and girls from defacing buildings and sidewalks. The schools recognize the desire of children to sketch and write on any available surface. They see how strong a suggestion such a picture is. The picture should show the boy writing in some legitimate place. He should write. He should draw. He should paint. But give him the right means. Schools furnish blackboards and drawing-paper. Homes should supply the same need.

A CHILD'S INTERESTS

DAVID shows his interests by what he draws. His interests vary. Conversation, stories, pictures, moving things outside, suggest points of interest to him. The effect of a story may be tested by the child's desire to illustrate it. If the story has been dramatic and well told, several scenes will be pictured. You may discover the high points in interest by what the hearer draws.

Professor Earl Barnes told a group of children the thrilling tale of "Johnny Look-in-the-air." Johnny failed to "watch his step" and fell into the river. He was fished out by a passer-by, however, and ran home in his wet clothes. Mr. Barnes wished to see what situation made the strongest appeal to the children. The drawings revealed the interest in Johnny's rescue.

The impression of a story is deepened by giving the hearers a chance to illustrate it. A busy mother need not stop to retell the story. She may say, "Make some pictures for the little Eskimo sister, or for the Dutch Twins, or for Heidi who lived in the Swiss mountains."

The son of a college professor became so absorbed in the pictures suggested by the Book of Revelation that he drew scene after scene on a roll of paper. He added to this roll from day to day till it grew so large he had to keep it under his bed. The white throne, the tree of life, the white horse, and the four and forty thousand of the redeemed were all pictured. Did he gain something of the beauty and poetry of the book from his drawings? "We are so made that we love things first when we see them painted." When we paint them ourselves, we love them better.

XVIII

THE SINGING CHILD

"ALL THEIR LIVES TO MUSIC SET"

IT must have been a wonderful day when men first talked together! In the earliest days of creation there was no need for spoken words. Life was so simple that there was nothing to be said about it, or so they thought. Then, those wild men of old woke up to the fact that the world was interesting and that they must in some way make their neighbors know it. So they spoke; and then came song, for of course for a long time there were too few words for all occasions. They raised their voices in song when they were joyful, and also when they were filled with fear and trouble. The singing voice carried the part of what they wished to say that their few words could not express.

Babies begin their days in that same way. Before they can speak they cry and make little sounds with their voices. They add their noises to the noises of a noisy world. But many noises are soothing, or delightful, when we come to understand them.

Not long ago I walked through a beautiful field with a friend who is also a friend of the birds. Suddenly she stopped and said, "There! did you hear that grasshopper sparrow?" But alas! I was tuned to the jar and rattle of city noises. I was as confused as a little child in a new world of sounds. I heard the scraping and

buzzing of insects, the wind in the tall grasses, and bird songs, but I could not separate the song of the grasshopper sparrow from the other sounds. My friend helped me to listen, and out of the confusion came the strange little song.

"All the music that we hear,
Listening with the outward ear,
Would be powerless to win us
If there lived not deep within us
Its innate idea."

Many of the sounds that come in this confusing way to the baby he needs to have his mother help him to understand. There is rhythm and order in many of the noises that we hear. Froebel, the great, tender-hearted teacher, tells us this. He says:

"Oh, teach your child that those who live
By Order's kindly law
Find all their lives to music set;
While those who this same law forget
Find only fret and jar."

One of the sounds that Froebel has in mind, when he speaks of "Order's kindly law," is the tick of the clock. A baby loves to put a watch close to his ear and say, "Tick, tick!" He has found that the watch speaks to him in a little rhyme that he loves. It no longer adds its beat to the general noise and rumble of life. The train says to him, "Going home, going home," or something he is equally glad to hear. The waves on the beach, the patter of the rain, the kitten's cry, even the pounding of his own fist and the bobbing of his little head, make rhymes. Many sounds come to him (if his mother sets him in tune to hear them) in a rhyming beat, one, two,

three, one, two, three, that rests him and sets his thoughts in order.

"BYE LOW, MY BABY"

THE baby loves to hear his mother sing. It does not matter that she has an untaught voice, if she sings to him his own songs. First among the baby's own songs are the lullabies. He soon begins to croon a little, as his mother sings. Lullabies comfort and calm him, and the gentle measure repeated again and again, puts him to sleep. It is sad that so many babies are never sung to sleep!

There are the little sleepy songs, composed as you sing; your very own songs. You hum them repeatedly: "Rock, rock, rock," goes the chair, "Tap, tap, tap," lightly goes the foot, "One, two, three, one, two, three." Any one who loves a baby will sing lullabies in that way. There are, of course, the wonderful lullabies, so beautiful that great singers sing them at concerts, and mothers everywhere know and love them. "Sweet and low," and "All through the night," are of this sort. "Bye low, my baby," comes to us out of the past. Songs that remind us of early love and teaching are very valuable. Our children must have such songs stored away in their minds, for a time may come when they will be needed. A mother once reaped a great reward for the songs she sang to her child. Here is her story, and it is true:

A MOTHER'S SONG

THEY were pioneers, taking up a claim in Pennsylvania in the early days of the eighteenth century. The mother

and the little child spent many a long day and night together. Often they could not even hear the sound of the axe, so far did the man's work of clearing take him from the little cabin home. The woman often sang, to start the echoes, and for the sake of the child. One hymn she loved, and she sang it often:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though round me spreads the wilderness,
I know my Saviour 's ever by
Ready to comfort and to bless."

She sang it again and again. The little child joined her, and they sang together.

One day Indians rushed upon them, and carried away the little girl, now three years old. For twelve years the child lived with the Indians. She spoke their language and forgot what she knew of her own. She grew tall and lean and brown, and her thoughts were Indian thoughts. She knew nothing else. Many other children were stolen in the same way.

And then the Government raided the Indian settlements and took away the stolen children. The children were taken to a certain court-house, and the people whose children had been taken from them were asked to come for them. How the poor, sad mothers must have rejoiced! The singing mother went to the court-house, a long journey on horseback. When she saw the stolen children, her heart sank. How could she know which of these tall, brown Indian maidens was the little child who sang with her in those lonely days? They did not understand when she spoke to them. They were afraid, and huddled miserably, not knowing why they were there.

The mother turned to go, discouraged, and then she remembered the song the child and she had loved. She turned back, when she reached the door, and sang,

"Alone, yet not alone am I."

One of the stolen children rushed into her arms.

"SO SHALL THEIR LIVES BRING PEACE AND JOY"

Our minds are so fashioned that there is a place where many of the things we learn in childhood are stored. We seem to have forgotten these things, until, when they have been tucked away for a long time, some sight or sound sets them free. A man who seemed to have forgotten the things that came to him when he was a little child, playing in his mother's kitchen, was walking down a dirty, crowded street. He was desperate and on his way to commit a crime. Suddenly he stopped and listened. The children in a mission school were singing, "Jesus loves me, this I know." It came to him through the open windows, and he went in. They *said* that he was suddenly converted, but *he* knew better. He blessed his mother for having taught him to sing the little hymn, and for putting the truth that it tells into his heart. The song that the child sang, playing at his mother's side, saved the man. Froebel had this thought in mind when he said, "Let us live with our children; so shall their lives bring peace and joy to us."

"THE PLANT THAT IS NOT WATERED, DIES"

The little baby loves his mother because she does so many delightful, comfortable things for him. Froebel

charges mothers to hold the love of their children through every means that can be devised. He likens love to a delicate plant, and reminds us that "the plant that is not watered, dies." When the apron string has been partly untied, and the child goes from his mother, to kindergarten or Sunday School, or out to play with other children, the need for music at home is greater than before. We must devise mutual interests that we may continue to be intimate with the children and hold their love and confidence. There is never a time when we do not need to water the plant of love. We will *sing* more than ever. We will learn of the child the kindergarten songs or little street games that he likes. We will teach him little nature songs and soldier songs, full of the things that interest him the most. We will play as we sing, for now the play spirit is keenly alive in him, and we must meet its needs. Singing must be a natural way for him to express joy, worship, love, and enthusiasm. If the child has heard the older members of the family sing ever since he can remember anything, and has himself sung all his life, singing will be as natural to him as speaking. Song and the play spirit work together, and love of home, of family, and of God is strengthened.

"GLAD OUTGOING, SWEET HOMECOMING"

A MOTHER who believes in these things plays a little singing game with her children as they start for kindergarten or play. She has often told them the story of the pigeons. "A family of pigeons once lived in a pigeon-house," she says. "Every morning when the sun began

to shine, the little pigeons opened their bright eyes and wanted to fly. Then the boy, whose pigeons these were, opened the door of the pigeon-house, and *out* they flew. How glad they were to go! The little pigeons flew about in the sunshine all day, and saw a great many things with their bright little eyes. When the sun began to go down, their wings were tired, and the pigeons flew back to the pigeon-house. How glad they were to be home! How glad they were to see their mother! They told her about the things they had seen. They told her about the things they had found to eat. 'Coo! Coo!' they said. That is pigeon talk, so of course the pigeon mother understood every word. Then they went to sleep and the boy closed the door of the pigeon-house. The pigeons were safe." That is the story, and you can see how it will make a lovely game. When the mother opens the door to let the children go, she sometimes says, "Good-bye, pigeons!" and then she sings:

"I'll open wide my pigeon-house,
And set all my pigeons free
To fly east and west on every side
And light on the nearest tree."

And lo, the children are pigeons! Immediately they flutter, with arms outspread, and away they go, with the mother's cheery, dear little song in their ears.

When bedtime comes, they finish the game. "My pigeons have come back to the nest," the mother says; and then she sings:

"And when they return from their merry, merry flight,
We'll shut the door, and say good-night.
Coo, Coo, Coo.

"I'm glad the mother pigeon understands pigeon talk. She must be so glad to hear about the things the little pigeons saw as they flew about all day. I understand *my* pigeons, too, and I want to hear about the things *they* saw, and what they played, all day."

A little talk, with confidences, confessions, and glad announcements, follows. Sleep comes, and the game is finished.

"With the years, the larger knowledge
Of life's wholeness then will come,
And its twilight hour will find them
With themselves, and God, at home."

"LOVE, THE MELODY OF THE HEART"

THERE are play songs and work songs that give joy. They lend, even to rainy days and housework, a charm that increases the love of home. In singing such songs, "love, the melody of the heart, is revealed in the melody of the voice." We can sing *festivity* into the things we do. Can you imagine playing "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows." without singing? To *say* the words, would spoil the game.

To sing as you sweep, suiting the action of the broom to the time and tune of your song, takes away half the work. That is the meaning of such singing, as the "Heave-ho!" sung by the sons of toil who load and unload the steamers. The swing of the music helps the men to work together, and they are so in tune that the work is forgotten and the pleasure of singing together remembered. Work songs that suggest the fairy side of life rouse the imagination and relieve the strain of work:

"Fairies of the dust, beware!
We are searching everywhere,
We will find you, though you hide,
And will sweep you all, outside."

"FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA"

How can we "crown" our country "with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea"? It is what we need most, in this great country of ours, everywhere, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Love of country begins at home. It begins when little children find happiness and music and concord in their homes. It continues when they go out and wish that the rest of the world was more like home and desire to make it so. One love grows out of another. On national holidays let the flags be unfurled! Let our country's songs be sung. "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!" That is a fine slogan, for fathers, mothers, and children. A parade around about the house, bearing the flag, and singing as you go, the making of paper soldier caps, tents, forts, and gardens (because father is home, and he knows how), make a splendid celebration, and the children make a discovery! Father is just as enthusiastic about these things as are the children. Another mutual interest to tie people together in sympathy and love!

"With smiles and with singing
Our gifts we are bringing."

SONG has many a lovely mission. A mother, far from stores and with only money enough for necessary things, heard that her husband's mother was coming to pay them a visit. She longed to make the beloved guest feel

the welcome that was hers, and yet there was no time, no money, and little strength with which to honor her. But the mother knew the value of song, and hers were singing children. When she led the way to the guest-room and threw open the door, there in the center of the room stood three tiny children. As the door opened they held out gifts of wild flowers and sang:

"We are glad to see you, a welcome to you,
A welcome, dear Grandma, to you."

That was all, but it was perfect.

A song learned to surprise father on his birthday, and carols to sing around the Christmas tree; a grace to sing, together, on Thanksgiving Day, at dinner-time; these things are very simple, but they count tremendously. A woman claims that she cannot do these things. She says, "I have no piano, no voice, and no desire to sing." There is no pity for her, only congratulations. She has the occasions for singing, and a mother's voice. Songs are plenty, and her children are full of the "desire to sing."

"For 't is thus your love you 'll show
To the God who loves you so."

We all know that songs that are especially suited to Sunday singing are dear to many a grown-up heart. To hear little children sing "Little drops of water," "Jesus, tender shepherd," or "I think when I read," causes many of us to look back over the years with tearful pleasure. Many newer songs, as well as many of the grandest hymns, should be learned "by heart" on the Sundays at home, for children memorize easily.

THE SINGING CHILD

A young giant in khaki, just returned from France, sat one Sunday evening in the old home holding his mother's hand. The brothers and sisters had gathered to welcome him, and they sang as they had when they were children and Sunday evening came. *These had been singing children*, so, although night was falling and they could not see to read, they sang every word of one grand old hymn after another. Then the young giant in khaki told of the camps and hospitals abroad. "The boys wanted hymns," he said, "and when they found I knew all the words, they kept me singing most of the time. Lots of them knew, maybe the first verse, but they wanted the hymns, clear through."

"We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams!"

ONE of our dreams is of multiplying an hundredfold the joy in the lives of children. We do not always recognize joy, just as we do not understand the electricity that all about us goes to waste. We do not know how to lay hold of it and make it add to our happiness in light and warmth. But do let us capture all we can of joy, by tuning ourselves and the children to make and to hear music.

"A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well,"

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

XIX

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN

"Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a heaven-born music still."

EMERSON

LITTLE girl loved to hear the sound of the wind among the trees. She lived in a deep valley encircled by hills. At night she would lie awake to listen to the song of the wind as it swept over the hillside. Sometimes it was a loud, triumphant song. Sometimes it was soft and low like a lullaby. Sometimes it shrieked and called from hill to hill. Then little girl shivered with a thrill of fearful admiration. When autumn winds blew she thought the song was to comfort the trees for the lost leaves. And very splendid it was to listen to the crisp, rustling notes of the answering leaves as they were swept along the sidewalk.

Little girl had not then read the lines of Longfellow in which he says:

"I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument."

She had the same kind of feeling, however, about the music. She loved also to listen to the whispering of the wind-swept field of wheat or to watch the rhythmic waves of motion. She fancied the field was rejoicing that so many loaves of bread were hidden away in the yellow,

nodding heads of wheat, for, of course, mother had told her how our bread comes from the kernels of wheat.

There was a brook hidden in the woods near her home, and little girl would sit for an hour at a time on the mossy bank listening to the song of the brook.

She could hear it chattering as it went to join the shining river. She did not know what it chattered about, but sometimes she thought a little song about it. At twilight she would play these songs on the piano. Father listened in the next room. He liked them better than any other pieces she played, better than the "Shepherd Boy" or "Annie Laurie." So she made more of them and played more. They were not great songs, but they brought happiness to the player and other listeners. Maybe they helped her in later life to listen for the "heaven-born music" where'er she went, and to find it.

Do you know a little musician in your home or in a neighbor's? What can we do to satisfy the longings of such a child? We are not a musical people. We do not love song nor cultivate it, as do our friends who have come from sunny Italy. Italian children grow up loving music, because they are born with a musical environment. We could have more songs in our homes. We should have more community singing.

The sense of rhythm is one of the fundamental instincts. Any instrument which keeps time fosters the rhythmic feeling. A drum, a triangle, a flute, and a pipe will make a home band.

Whistles and pipes are noisy, and the sound of the piano jars sometimes on tired nerves. Is it worth while, however, to give all children the chance for musical

expression? It is well worth while to give the little musician his opportunity for a possible musical career.

It may be we have more musical talent in our homes than we ever discover. In the "Boston Herald," Miss Mary Caldwell Howard, a supervisor of music, says this regarding the musical ability of children:

"There are various degrees of musical ability, but no child is wholly without musical appreciation.

"One case in particular was passed on to me as a hopeless monotone, classified as such by some one fascinated by the term, or the ease of so shifting a burden met with in the day's work. It was delicious to see his joy during the music lesson, but a little exciting to hear the whole scale sung heartily on one pitch. I praised him for his one good quality — enthusiasm — and because I accepted it the children did.

"My interest was quickened when I discovered him to be the drummer for the school marching. Music is twofold, time and tune, and this boy had a wonderful feeling for rhythm. Sometimes when his voice in singing was becoming a little strenuous, I would have him sing alone and ask the others to keep time. His songs were always in good time. Because his efforts were acceptable to me, and because he received praise rather than censure, self-consciousness disappeared. He kept up his efforts, and in the third grade had achieved everything but tonality. He woke up to graduations of tone in the fourth and in the eighth grade was a dependable bass.

"No one has the right to judge, tabulate, or condemn a child's ability. I have discovered no monotone, taken

in the first grade, who could not be brought out of it, if sensibly treated, by the fourth grade.

"I met a Leland Stanford man recently who attended all the concerts he had time for on a Western tour. He could not express himself in any musical way, but I was amazed to learn that he was deep in the study of harmony, because he hoped it would help him to understand the music he loved. There you are! Suppressed as a child, I suppose, and at college age still trying to get hold of his musical self."

Here are some stories of the childhood of great musicians which show us how early the musical feeling awakens.

HANDEL, THE WONDER CHILD

Told by Barbara Bingham

When George Frederick Handel was a small lad his parents realized that he was passionately fond of music, for among his playthings those that made a noise were his favorites. His friends therefore gave him many drums and horns, and he also acquired the accomplishment of playing both the jew's-harp and the flute. His father ridiculed his son's early musical attempts, and finally, as he observed that the little fellow was wholly absorbed in that art, forbade him the privilege of playing in the house or visiting where he would hear music. George's father was very desirous that his son should become an eminent lawyer. These strenuous rules developed a greater love of music; the little boy listened more intently for sweet sounds; he heard the sacred church music several times a week, and the tower chimes glad-

dened his childish heart. He was given a spinet, which, with a wire covering to deaden the sound, he could play undisturbed in the attic. It was here that he spent some of the time he should have been in Slumberland. Many nights, when all was still in the house, he crept up the stairs to practice.

One bright, sunshiny morning the father planned a few days' visit to the castle to see the Duke, and when the coach made the first stop he observed his little boy. "My son, I thought I told you to remain at home. Why are you here?" he said.

"Please, father, I want to see the castle; do let me go with you," Handel replied. As the child promised to be good, he climbed up beside the older man, and they soon arrived at their destination. The members of the Duke's household became attached to the lovable child and often took him to church where they allowed him to play the organ.

One Sunday afternoon when he was playing the Duke and his friends came into the chapel. The child continued and the Duke said, "Who is playing so sweetly?" He saw it was seven-year-old Handel. The Duke soon won the child's entire confidence, and talked with his father so that Herr Handel gave his consent for his son to have musical instruction. The boy always worked earnestly and faithfully, and when he was ten years old he could play, in addition to the organ, the violin and the harpsichord. He substituted at the organ for his teacher who soon told him that he could give him no further instruction. Then Handel began his self-study by copying selections from the old masters, and by compositions.

Eleven years later Handel went to Berlin where he was invited to play at court. Every one was surprised, delighted, but incredulous when they heard he had studied for only three years. The Prince offered to send him to Italy at his own expense, where he could work with the best teachers. Handel was loyal to his father, and devoted himself to the study of law at the university until he was seventeen years old.

Afterwards in Hamburg he became a member of an orchestra. His salary was very meager and his mates were ignorant of his talent and ability. One day when the leader was absent, Handel was jokingly told to conduct in his stead. "Now we shall have some fun," the rude fellows said, one to the other. But Handel excelled even the leader, and his fellows were chagrined. While he was in this city he wrote four operas.

From Hamburg he traveled to Italy where he did operatic work for three years. The Venetians called him the "dear Saxon," because his home was in Saxony. One evening he was invited to a masquerade. He revealed his identity, because he sat down before the harpsichord and commenced to play. Some one exclaimed, "No one but the noble Saxon could give us such music as that. It is Handel." Frequently when his operas were given, shouts were heard of "Long live the Good Saxon!"

When he was twenty-five years old, Handel journeyed to England and played for King George at a concert which was given on the boats on the Thames River. The King appointed Handel as teacher for the princes and provided him with a salary of two hundred pounds

sterling yearly, a sum of money which was very unusual for a poet or a musician to receive.

George Handel is remembered as a composer, not of operas, but of oratorios. His masterpiece is "The Messiah," which was written at the age of fifty-six years. The later years of the noble musician's life were saddened by blindness, but Handel still remained happy, cheerful, and uncomplaining. In Westminster Abbey there is a statue of this great man. He is standing with his eyes lifted heavenward. Upon the table at his side is carved a sheet of music from "The Messiah," and one may read these words:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

MOZART

Told by Myla Cavis

PICTURE to yourself a city of the olden times when ladies and gentlemen rode about in sedan chairs attired in costly silks and velvets and adorned with jewels and laces.

On a warm summer evening in the year 1766 such a company assembled in a concert hall in London to attend the performance of the famous child musicians who were announced as "Miss Mozart, aged thirteen, and Master Mozart, eight years of age, both prodigies of nature." Every one was eager to see these young entertainers who, though they were mere children, it was said had remarkable talent, and the boy particularly aroused great interest because of the fact that he had composed much of his own music.

The large, well-lighted room was filled with people in

costly dress, and there was the customary confusion and murmur of voices, when suddenly a silence fell upon the company. All turned toward the raised platform upon which stood several instruments and a harpsichord and where now appeared two children attired in the quaint costume of the day.

The audience was enthusiastic, and when he had completed a performance which included the rendering of his own composition, the success of young Mozart was assured.

From this time on he was fêted and petted to an extent that would have turned the head of any child but one brought up under the careful training of "Papa Mozart," and he soon built up the foundation of a fame which has lasted to the present day.

JENNY LIND

Told by Mary N. Hyde

JENNY LIND was a famous Swedish singer. When a little girl she sang most of the time about her work and about her play. She sang with every step she took and with every jump of her little feet. Often she would sit in the window and sing most beautiful music to her cat. She loved this pet very much and kept a pretty blue ribbon around its neck.

One day it happened that a passer-by heard her singing to her cat and thought it so wonderful that she called Jenny to the attention of Croelius, the singing-master of the Royal Opera. Though she was only nine years old, Jenny sang a selection from an opera by Winter to Croelius, and he was moved to tears. The director of the

opera refused to hear her at first, because she was so young and unattractive; but when he finally did hear her he also was moved to tears. Friends at once took steps to arrange for her education and training which was broad and complete. When she was only ten years old she made her appearance on the boards and showed wonderful theatrical ability.

As a little child she was said to have been small, ugly, broad-nosed, and shy, with apparently little hope for development into the charming, graceful, self-possessed, and intelligent woman which she became. She was always fond of sewing and made her stitches so they would "never come out." This characterizes everything she did. Her aims were high and from her early childhood she was persevering and conscientious.

Jenny had a gentle and true nature and was much beloved and admired by all.

ETHELBERT NEVIN

Told by Mabel C. Taggart

INTO the very texture, into the very fiber of the life of Ethelbert Nevin, music was woven. His namesake was his uncle, who had died on the battle-field a few months before the child was born — a death which was such a tragedy and shock to Mrs. Nevin that her only consolation as she lay in her chamber was to hear music played softly in an outer room. She herself was a trained musician, so it was into a world of music the little son came, who was to give the world some beautiful compositions.

The mother-love was always expressed in music and it is said that his was a happy boyhood, for there was

music in the river and in the trees, and music in the boy's heart! It was his colored nurse who taught him his first songs and at a very early age she would push him into a room filled with guests and insist on his showing off his accomplishments.

"Now, Moses, don't touch it:
Now, Moses, you'll catch it;
Now, Moses, don't you hear what I say?"

This was the first song he rendered on such an occasion, and as he sang it in a very funny way, he was continually called upon to sing it. At the age of three he sang very sweetly the Civil War songs, and when five would sit at the piano and play his own accompaniments. Seeing his cousins start off for their music lessons, he, too, would roll some music under his arm and pretend to go off for a lesson.

Ethelbert did not care much for sports and games, and more than once he was known to drop the baseball bat at a most unexpected moment, when he really seemed most interested, and rush into the house to the piano, saying, when questioned, "Oh, I just thought of something I wanted to play." His soul was filled with music.

This musical knowledge, until he was eight, was merely absorbed from his parents, and when he began instruction he was still so small that he had to be helped onto the piano stool. In less than a year he was composing little melodies, and at ten his first musical production, the "Lilian Polka," written for his sister, was published, the cover of which bore the words, "By Bertie Nevin, aged eleven." That same year he played the Wagner-Liszt "Tannhäuser March" at a public concert.

At fourteen, the family being in Dresden, he had the fortune to be able to take lessons from Boehm, and his mother says that many happy hours these two seemed to spend in each other's company, playing and talking together.

Although given the opportunity to take a college course, and to become a business man with the prospect of possessing material wealth, it is little to be wondered at that a boy whose second language was music, to whom music was life and his whole life, should beg to be released from such uncongenial work and should come to his father with the words, "Let me be poor all my life and be a musician." Is it to be wondered at that the father granted the plea?

XX

THE QUESTIONING CHILD

"I know a person small —
She keeps ten million serving men
Who get no rest at all!
She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs
From the second she opens her eyes —
One million Hows, two million Wheres,
And seven million Whys!"

KIPLING

CURIOSITY is an instinct that shows itself long before a child can speak, and it seems to last through life. Calling it a spirit of investigation, which it really is, we see that it is a fine thing, rightly guided, and the curious child forges ahead, acquiring valuable knowledge every day. The baby wishes to know all about the things that he takes into his hands. After looking the article over very carefully, he puts it into his mouth for further study. In that way he learns its taste and consistency. The next step is to throw the subject of his interest down, that he may know how much noise it will make and whether or not it will break.

We all know the "small person" of Kipling's lines.

The reason for all of her "Whys," "Hows," and "Wheres" is quite plain; she is feeling about for the good things of heaven and earth. We can make her questions, even the idle ones a means of education, by regarding them as helps toward intimacy, and suggestions for topics of conversation.

"WHAT DOES THE CROCODILE HAVE FOR DINNER?"

IF you have not laughed with the "Elephant's Child," you must do so at once. The "Elephant's Child" is one of Kipling's "Just So Stories," and the little elephant, so full of insatiable curiosity, is a very acceptable companion for a leisure half-hour. The Elephant's Child questions all of his relations, and in reply he is soundly spanked: not with the trunk, however, as up to the time of the story elephant's trunks were unknown. Any patience his relations may have had with his questions gave way completely when he asked, "What does the crocodile have for dinner?" A fine new question that he had never asked before. His relations all fall to spanking him, and when it is over, he being "a little warm, but not at all astonished," starts out to find out about the crocodile's diet for himself. He has a great experience, for he not only finds the answer to his question, but returns from his expedition, having acquired a trunk. The story is the fanciful answer to the question, "How did the elephant get his trunk?" We learn many things as we read this story, and we have a good laugh as well.

> "In children a great curiousness is well
> Who have themselves to learn, and all the world"
>
> TENNYSON

EVERY question, no matter how thoughtless, can be answered in a way that will help the questioner to learn something about himself and his world. It is difficult to prepare for the task of answering, as one never knows the day or the hour when the next tax will be placed upon his fund of knowledge, nor does one know what in

the world the nature of it will be. One or two suggestions may help. Pay serious attention to all questions if you wish to be loved by the "seeker after truth." If the question is not a good one, your answer may improve the quality of future questions, by showing the lack of thought back of the question just asked. Then (and this is hard) learn to say, "I do not know." Here is a chance to develop the research method — if turning to the dictionary for help, can be called by such a name. "I do not know" — with "What do *you* think?" added — shows a flattering deference to opinion, and this may help the "small person" to understand deferring to *your* opinion with ease and grace.

Let us think of your child's education as a ladder which he slowly climbs round by round. The first round of this ladder is curiosity. The child asks questions because he wishes to know. Some one has said that children and wise men ask questions. Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation because he asked questions. He saw an apple fall to the ground. Many other men had seen apples fall to the ground and nothing had happened. Sir Isaac Newton asked, "Why does the apple fall?" He set himself to watch and study. He found the answer in the law which makes all falling bodies seek the center of the earth.

Active, intelligent children ask *why* questions all day long — it is their means of gaining knowledge. Mothers can help or hinder children in their search for knowledge.

A little boy taken by his mother to a store saw for the first time a cash ball sent along its channel to the cashier's window. "Why does the ball roll there?" asked

the little boy. "To make little boys ask questions, I suppose," said the mother impatiently. Will that child ask his mother many more questions? Will he stop asking questions? Or will he ask some one else? If he should stop asking, it would hinder his gain in intelligence.

Foolish, untruthful answers are very harmful. Many questions are beyond your power to answer. Many are foolish. Silence is a wise method of dealing with a foolish question. Silence is the best reproof and the best way to make the child think. Froebel advises parents to walk out with their children to see what there is in the world. He says,[1] "Father, mother, be not afraid: do not say, 'I myself know nothing; how can I teach my child?' That you know nothing may well be; that is not the greatest ill, if only you are willing to learn: if you know nothing, do as the child does: . . . be a child with your child, a scholar with your scholar; and with him let yourself be taught by Mother Nature, and by the Father, God's spirit in Nature: God's Spirit and Nature herself will lead and teach you, if you will let yourself be taught. Say not, 'I have not studied; I have not learned.' Who taught the first man. Go like him to the fountain-head! One great aim of the university, indeed, is to give sight, to open the inward eye, for what is within and without; but it would be sad for the race of man if none could see but those who have studied at the university! And if you, parents and teachers, train your children and pupils as early as possible to see and to think, then universities will become what they ought and aim to be — schools for learning the highest spirit

[1] *Students' Froebel.*

ual truths. . . . Follow, then, quietly and thoughtfully, children's questions; these will teach you and them; for these questions come from the human spirit, still child-like, and what a child as a boy asks a parent, this a grown man will be able to answer. But you say: 'Children and boys ask more than parents, than grown men, can answer,' and it is so. When you cannot give the knowledge they ask for, you stand either at the frontier of the earthly, or the gate of the divine; if so, then speak out simply ('I do not know, for it cannot be known'), and the mind and heart of child and boy will be satisfied; or you stand only at the limit of your own knowledge; then be not afraid to say so ('I know not; others may; you will, sometime')."

A mother took her four-year-old boy to a kindergarten, saying to the teacher: "I have brought Percy here because I can't answer any more *why* questions. Yesterday I said, 'Percy, I can't answer any more *why* questions,' and he said at once, '*Why* can't you answer any more why questions?' I hope you can help to answer some of his questions." "I will try," said the kindergartener, "to help him to answer his own questions." This was a wise response.

"I WANT TO SEE THE WHEELS GO ROUND"

You remember the famous story of "Helen's Babies," who always wanted to see the wheels go round. All babies are like Helen's babies. The ticking watch, the swinging pendulum, the swaying branches of trees, the whirling leaves, the sailing kite, the noisy pile-driver, and the long train of cars — all of these moving objects

arouse the interest of little children. The moving things seem to have life, their movement is fascinating. The curious child must explore, he must see the inside of the watch to find out the source of its life. The little girl punches out the eyes of her doll to see what makes them open and shut. The boy destroys his toy windmill to discover what makes it turn. Kind grandpa and sometimes a kind father will take baby on his knee and show him the inside of the watch or hold the watch close to baby's ear that he may better hear the ticking.

Richard had been told that steam confined was a very strong force. He wanted to find out if this was true. He tied the lid on the tea-kettle and put it over a hot fire. The lid was blown off and Richard was burned. This was a dangerous experiment, because there was no older person to direct; but the desire to find out was a good one. Watt discovered how to make the steam engine by watching his grandmother's tea-kettle.

Jacob Abbott, in his "Gentle Measures for the Young," gives an incident which mothers may well ponder. Several children were playing in the back yard. They decided that they would like to dig a well. They went in to ask mother's permission. "Yes," said the mother. "Put on long aprons so you will keep your clothes clean and dry, and go to work. How will you make it?" "We dig a deep hole with our shovels and then fill it with water." "Very well," said the mother, "try it." She might have said, "Nonsense, how foolish! Of course water will not stay in the well — it will soak into the soil." But this mother was wise; she let her children discover for themselves. They poured in many pails

of water and found out that they could not make a well that way. They began to look and to inquire how wells are made. Every new discovery leads a child to try more and to seek farther.

Garrets, back yards and deep woods are charming places for discovery and exploration. Give the children room and opportunity and materials and they will find the answers to many questions.

Froebel named his kindergarten playthings "Gifts" [1] because they give something to a child that he needs. They give him material to explore and to use.

There are many simple experiments which children can make in their own homes. They watch the little rills of water on a rainy day running down the window-panes and making streams of water in the sidewalks and in the gutters. They watch to see where the brooks run away. They begin to see how brooks are formed.

They see the steps and walks grow wet and dripping. The sun comes out and the wet disappears. Where has it gone? Let your children fill a saucer with water, and place it where they can watch it, to see the gradual disappearance. You can tell them that the water is taken up by the air or evaporates. They will watch to see how slowly the clothes dry on a cloudy day and how quickly on a sunny or windy day.

A group of children in a kindergarten had made a dye of cochineal to color some sticks for play use. The dye was kept in a tumbler on a shelf. The children noticed that the liquid grew less day by day. They saw the red rim on the tumbler where the dye had been. At last

[1] See Nora Atwood's *Kindergarten Theory and Practice*, chap. IV.

only the minute insect bodies were left in the bottom of the glass. "I suppose the bugs were too heavy to go into the air," was the explanation given by an intelligent boy.

A wise man asks questions because he is wise and knows that he needs to learn many things. A child asks questions because he wishes to become wise. In "Talks to Children," in vol. III of this series, you will find answers to many of the questions your children ask. Some day they will read it for themselves. Now it is your privilege to be the source of wisdom. It is a great tribute to a father or mother when a child says, "I know it is so because my mother said so," or "My father said so."

The origin of young animals, including himself, sooner or later interests the little questioner. But too often his simple questions are sternly, and with horror, set aside. Then, of course, he has to make a story, and legends have developed in this way, giving us the stork, and the babies that hide in pond-lilies, waiting for their mothers. Legends are all very well in their way, but we should see that all important questions are faithfully answered, and such are the wonderments about human creation. Edward Porter St. John in *Child Nature and Child Nurture* says: "The child's natural curiosity opens the opportunity to give such instruction in a healthful way. The invariable questions as to his own origin, and as to where his baby brother or sister came from, and his observation of pets, domestic animals, and wild creatures about the home, introduce the subject in the ideal way. Thus the essential facts about the origin of life can be clearly given at a time and in a way that cannot possibly offer any suggestion of impurity. A child who is

so taught feels as he grows older that he has always known these things; Nature's ways seem natural to him. There is no shock of revelation at a time when it is unfortunate that his thought should be strongly directed to these things. If the information has been wisely given, his ideas have been pure from the first and they are not easily perverted.

Curiosity sometimes takes a bad form. "Paul Pry" is often held up to children as a warning against looking into things which are forbidden and interfering with the property of others. Curiosity like every other instinct must be curbed and directed. If a child is allowed to ask about other people's affairs and to pry into things which do not concern him, he becomes a nuisance. He may develop into the adult who always "wants to know" about all the neighbors, and who rejoices in scandal and gossip.

There are two old myths which warn us against misdirected curiosity. It is well to tell those to children who are over-curious. Do you know the story of "Pandora's Box" and "Odysseus and the Bag of Winds"? Both teach a good lesson.[1]

THE SECRET

By Isa L. Wright

PATTIE was very fond of fairy stories. If she had n't been, the lovely thing that came to her could never have come in the delightfully happy way it did. And this is the way it all began:

[1] See appendix for "Thinking and Answering," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

Mother was reading a story about the fairy wishing gate, and the story said, "A wishing gate, as every one knows, is made of two straight sticks. Just cross your fingers and you will see what a wishing gate looks like."

So, of course, Pattie crossed her finger. "Here's my wishing gate," she laughed.

Mother read on. "And to find the wishing gate, you must walk and walk till you come to it. Then if you climb upon it, and wish your wish, in the fairies' own good time it will come true. But if you never find the wishing gate, you will know that wishing wishes on a fairy wishing gate is not for you."

Then the story went on to tell of a little girl who did find it, wished her wish, and in the fairies' own good time found it coming true.

"I am so glad she got her wish," Pattie said. "Only I should have wished for something much nicer than a doll."

"What?" asked mother.

Pattie thought a minute. "There are so many things, mother," she began. "If I could only have one wish, it would have to be something for daddy and you and me all together. I should have to think a long time before I decided."

And right that very minute, mother leaned over and whispered something — something that made Pattie dance up and down. "That is exactly what I should wish for, mother!" she cried.

And, of course, the next morning, she walked and walked. Mother knew why she was walking and walking, and Bobs, the dog, was with her. Pattie crossed

her fingers. "That is the way it will look," she said to herself. And she walked and walked and walked some more. Then Bobs gave a funny little bark. I do not know what he was barking at, but Pattie said she knew, for just when she looked up, she saw something that made her catch her breath and run fast. Folks called it a stile, but Pattie smiled and she climbed right up and wished her wish. It was a delightful wish, the happiest one you could imagine. If you know something that would make your mother and father and you the happiest people imaginable, then maybe you have guessed Pattie's wish. I can't tell you now what it was, but I can tell you that Pattie was too happy for words all the way home, and Bobs wagged his tail and barked as though he understood, too. Pattie ran into the house and told mother all about it, and they decided, then and there, that it was a secret and must be told to no one.

"We will tell daddy everything except the wish," smiled Pattie. And mother agreed.

Daddy looked very much surprised when he heard about it. "H-m-m," he said, smoothing Pattie's hair, "so it is something nice for mother and father and little Pattie. Well, I hope it will hurry up and come true."

"Of course we all do," laughed Pattie, "but it is lots of fun thinking about it, too."

Now the little, cuddly, yellow chickens down by the barn began to notice how very, VERY happy Pattie was. "She dances all the time," they told their mother, "and she keeps singing to herself."

Bobs, the dog, smiled. "She has a secret," he told them all. "It is a wish that is coming true."

"How does she know that it is coming true?" asked the chicks.

"She wished it on the wishing gate. I was there when she did it," said Bobs, very proudly.

"Oh, then you know what she wished." All the little chickens pattered close to him. "Tell us!"

"Indeed, I do not know the wish." Bobs held his head up high. "Pattie is a girl who can keep a secret. She has n't even told her daddy."

"Why, what can it be?" All the baby chicks twisted their little heads curiously. "Maybe she wished for a new doll buggy. We heard her say the old one was broken."

"Indeed she did not. She wished for something for her mother and father and herself all together," Bobs told them.

"What can it be?" the baby chicks said again. "Can you imagine, mother?"

Mrs. Hen opened her eyes wide. "I am not going to try," she answered. "It is Pattie's secret." And she shut her bill tight.

"I wonder — " said one yellow chick to himself again.

And he was not the only one that was wondering. The roly-poly kittens in the barn noticed Pattie the first day they opened their eyes. "She is a very happy little child, mother," they all said.

"She has reason to be," their mother told them. "She has a very happy secret that is coming true."

"Does she know that it is coming true?" they asked.

"Of course!" Mrs. Pussy was quite positive. "She wished it on the fairies' wishing gate, and in the fairies' own good time, it will come true."

"Did she wish for a new tea-set or a box of paints? She was playing with broken ones this morning."

"Indeed not! She wished for something that her mother and father and herself could enjoy all together," Mrs. Pussy told them, as she washed their faces.

"What do you suppose it is, mother?" they asked.

"I don't suppose at all," said Mother Cat. "It is Pattie's secret."

But the little kittens kept on wondering.

Something else was wondering, too. The little waddling ducklings by the pond were talking about Pattie. "Her eyes grow brighter every day," they said one morning.

"No wonder," quacked Mrs. Duck. "Her secret is coming true."

All the little bills opened wide. "When?" they asked.

"In the fairies' own good time," said Mother Duck.

"Maybe she wished for a story-book," they ventured. "She likes fairy stories."

"No, children," smiled Mrs. Duck. "She wished for something that her mother and father and she could enjoy together, but I do not know what the wish was."

"Can't you guess?" they inquired.

"I shall not try," she told them. "It is Pattie's secret. Come on now and have your swim."

It was while they were paddling around in the pond

that Pattie came out wearing her little blue coat and her little blue hat and her very happiest smile.

"Good-bye, little ducks! Good-bye, little chicks! Good-bye, little kittens!" she called. "I am going to the city to visit Aunt Mary and my wish is coming true." And off she danced.

"Now we know! Now we know the wish!" cheeped all the little swimmers in the pond.

"Do you?" asked Mrs. Duck, with a smile, and she shook her wise head.

"Mother, did you hear?" peeped the baby chicks. "We have found out the secret."

"Have you?" inquired their mother, smiling. And she, too, shook her head.

Even Mrs. Pussy was smiling when her children called to her, "Mother, Pattie told us her secret!"

"Did she?" Mother Pussy asked it in a very funny way. Then she laughed.

"Well, if that is n't the secret, then what is it?" asked all the little chicks and all the little ducks and all the little kittens of their mothers.

"You will find out," smiled the three mothers.

It was three days after that when Pattie came back, wearing the same little blue hat and the same little blue coat and the same happy smile. She ran right into the house as fast as she could go.

"Oh! oh! oh!" they heard her say, and then they heard her laugh and then they heard her sing. And last of all, they heard her say, "I am so happy!"

"The wish has come true," said everybody. "What can it be?"

"I know," Bobs told them. "They let me in the house this morning. But it is Pattie's secret so I will let her tell it."

"I know what it is," said a little chick; "it's a doll buggy!"

Bobs just stretched himself.

"I think it is a new dress," guessed a little black kitten.

"She wanted one," added a baby duckling.

"Be still, children!" the three mothers said. "You can't guess it. You will have to wait and Pattie will tell you."

And of course she did. In fact Pattie brought it out to show them, with the help of daddy, for it was too heavy for a little girl to carry. And when it was right there before their very eyes, Pattie said, "Look, Mother Hen and Mother Pussy and Mother Duck! We have a baby of our own, mother and daddy and I."

And you may very well believe that all the three mothers and all their many children did look at the wee-est little baby with eyes as blue as the sky and cheeks as soft as a rose petal.

"What a lovely secret!" said all the little ducks and all the little chicks and all the little kittens.

"The happiest secret in all the world!" said their mothers.

XXI

THE LIGHT-BIRD

"We most do own what we own not,
But what is free to all:
A sunset light upon the sea,
A passing strain of melody
Are ours beyond recall!"

Mother Play

LITTLE EDWIN is just a year old. He crawls all over the floor, picking up anything he sees. He tries to pick up the spot of sunlight which lies upon the floor where the sun shines through the windows. Yesterday he was charmed by a picture on a magazine cover. He patted the child in the picture repeatedly. Then he tried to pick up the stick and ball the child was carrying.

His older brother delights in shining bits of tin, or pieces of a broken mirror. With these he flashes spots of light upon the floor or wall. He loves to watch their dancing motion. In the kindergarten, we make this into a play and call it the "Light-Bird." The children run and spring to catch the flitting sun spots. They also love to watch the rainbow made on the table or floor by the prism hung in the window where it may catch the sun's rays.

Why is it that children wish to hold in their hands whatever attracts them? They know no other form of possession. Their little hands reach out for all they desire. The bright and beautiful they wish to keep and

hold, and they know no other way than by grasping. Sometimes the desire to touch and to hold in the hands persists into more advanced years, as witness the signs in museums and picture galleries: "Don't touch." We do not see a fine vase or a painted dish any better for holding it. But many persons do not know this truth, else we should not see "Hands off" on tables in china shops.

There are some things which children should not handle. A butterfly loses its beauty when it is caught. A fish dies if it is taken out of water. A wild bird dies when caged. Flowers perish with handling. A field of buttercups and daisies is a sight to gladden the eyes. It is not necessary to pull them up nor to gather them by handfuls to enjoy them. Can we not take memory pictures of them? "Look well at them," we may say; "then shut your eyes and think how pretty they are."

I was once driving with a friend along the shore of a lovely lake set in a circle of hills. It was a summer afternoon. The sun was low and the hills were clothed in gray and amethyst. "I am going to shut my eyes," said my friend, "and get this picture in my mind, then some dark winter's day I can see it again."

At the end of a summer vacation I wrote to a friend: "I am returning to the city. I am leaving behind the green fields, the road winding by the shining river, and the sunset glow upon the hills." My friend replied: "You cannot leave behind anything which you have once enjoyed. All the sunsets you have ever seen, you carry with you forever. On any cold and dreary day you can escape to the green fields and shining river. You can

never lose the pictures hung in the mansions of the mind."

The wife of a country minister with a poor and scattered parish had much work to do for her seven children. There was washing and baking and cleaning and dressing the children, and making their clothes and getting them ready for school and church.

"Often when I am very tired," she said, "I just sit down a minute by myself and listen to hear the larks sing in Ireland, as they sang in my childhood."

MAKING MIND PICTURES

KINDERGARTEN children play a quiet game sometimes. They close their eyes and think lovely pictures. They see again the fish in the brook as their eyes saw them in the last walk. Or they see mother or baby at home.

An Italian mother came to a kindergartner and asked: "What is it you do to Niccolini that she does such queer things? Sometimes she just sits quiet and shuts her eyes. I say, 'What are you doing, Niccolini?' and she say: 'I am making Light-Bird and I see Miss Blandy's smile.'"

Little Eddie Foster said to this same teacher, "I wanted to bring an Easter card for you; but I could n't bring it."

"Never mind," said Miss Blandy; "I shall be happy to think that you wished to bring it."

"I knew you 'd make a Light-Bird out of it, and here 's your Light-Bird," said Eddie, as he took a bit of broken glass out of his pocket.

The "Mother Play" book has a picture for the Light-

Bird. A mother and several children are shown. They are all trying to catch something. One brother has a little looking-glass in his hand. He is flashing a bright spot on the wall to amuse the baby. This is a part of the conversation about the picture:

"'Mother what are the children doing?'

"'They wish to catch butterflies.'

"Two little girls have a net, one tries with her hand and another with her handkerchief.

"'What is the little girl doing who stands so still by the wall? Look, she is trying to get over the wall to help the others catch the butterflies, but the wall is too high.'

"'But the little boy can get over the wall. I could do it. Why does n't he try? He is looking at his brother who is trying to get the swallows under the roof, but the swallows fly away.'

"'But those two children sitting so still on the hilltop. They are not trying to catch anything.'

"'Yes, my child, they are trying to get something. Guess what?'

"'I do not know.'

"'Yonder over the sea the sun is setting. They would like to hold its golden rays. Do you think they can?'

"'How can you think so, mother? The sun is far away behind the hills and the rays are only shine.'

"'And yet the children can hold them.'

"'No, mother, that cannot be true.'

"'Yes, my child, they catch them through their eyes and hold them in their hearts.

"'Do you remember father's loving eyes when he said good-bye to you as he went away, and have you not

just told me that you thought of it when you asked, "Will not dear father soon come?" '

"'Yes, mother, I see him all the time, dear father.'

"'You see you can keep father's love even when you cannot see him.'

"'Yes, indeed, I can, mother.'"

TRUE OWNERSHIP

"All lovely things belong to me.
The sun is shining on the sea,
The wind is whispering to the tree,
The lark is singing in the sky,
The fleecy clouds are sailing by;
I am as rich as I can be,
For all these things belong to me.
No one can take these joys away,
For in my heart they ever stay."

Is it not worth while to give children this idea of true possession? Will it not give them a source of wealth which cannot be destroyed? In "Prue and I," George William Curtis describes the Sunday walk of an old bookkeeper, who is confined to his desk all the week. Old Titbottom says to his friend:

"'I am glad I own this landscape.'

"'You?' returned I.

"'Certainly,' said he.

"'Why,' I answered, 'I thought this was part of Bourne's property?'

"Titbottom smiled.

"'Does Bourne own the sun and sky? Does Bourne own that sailing cloud, yonder? Does Bourne own the golden luster of the grain, or the motion of the wood,

or those ghosts of hills that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain?'

"That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever."

Jenny Wren, Dickens's dolls' dressmaker, has a supply of treasures not known to all. She says to her friend, Lizzie:

"'Talking of ideas, my Lizzie' (they were sitting side by side as they had sat at first), 'I wonder how it happens that when I am work, work, working here, all alone in the summer-time, I smell flowers.'

"'As a commonplace individual, I should say,' Eugene suggested languidly, — for he was growing weary of the person of the house, — 'that you smell flowers because you *do* smell flowers.'

"'No, I don't,' said the little creature, resting one arm upon the elbow of her chair, resting her chin upon that hand, and looking vacantly before her; 'this is not a flowery neighborhood. It's anything but that. And yet, as I sit at work, I smell miles of flowers. I smell roses till I think I see the rose-leaves lying in heaps, bushels, on the floor. I smell fallen leaves till I put down my hand, so, and expect to make them rustle. I smell the white and the pink May in the hedges, and all sorts of flowers that I never was among. For I have seen very few flowers, indeed, in my life.'

"'Pleasant fancies to have, Jenny, dear!' said her friend: with a glance toward Eugene as if she would

have asked him whether they were given the child in compensation for her losses.

"'So I think, Lizzie, when they come to me. And the birds I hear — Oh!' cried the little creature, holding out her hand and looking upward, 'How they sing!'"

So much misery in life comes from broken hopes and vain desires, from lost wealth and disappointed struggles, that I cannot conceive of any better lesson that children may learn than this of the Light-Bird. In its highest form it points us to the treasures which endure, when moth and rust corrupt earthly treasures and thieves break through and steal.

King Midas thought that gold would make him happy. He longed for the touch which would turn everything to gold. He found that his golden touch destroyed his happiness. It turned his loved daughter to a golden image and deprived him of all the joy of loving affection. The gold was not worth that price, and King Midas was glad to lose the golden touch in order to regain his child and his flowers and singing birds and the true joys of life. Goods and gold may be lost; but what we hold in our hearts is ours forever. So let our children sing:

"But eyes may catch
And hearts may hold
The Light-Bird on the wall."

XXII

THE SOCIAL CHILD

"Up and down, and in and out,
Toss the little limbs about,
By and by in work and play,
They'll be busy all the day."

FROEBEL

FROEBEL tells us that if little babies are to grow properly, in mind and body, they must have play and companionship. He arranged for the baby's play-time, and the mothers who follow his play suggestions have happy babies, and so are happy themselves. The first simple little plays are not more than gentle exercise, as the verse just quoted implies. But the baby is interested if his mother plays with him. Babies need mothering. We are told that hundreds of babies, cared for well and scientifically in large institutions, die for lack of it. Play and companionship are worth living to enjoy. A delicate baby, with no joy in life, which is nothing more than the right amount of cuddling, often slips away to Heaven where perhaps his mother is. The matrons of large institutions tell us that this is true.

Too much rocking, too much jumping and singing are bad for a baby, of course. Why should it be assumed that unless a child is being shaken violently every minute, he will cry? The years of life that lie before the baby depend largely, for their peace and calm, upon the way in which his first years are spent.

"More closely bound,
By love, than if by iron girded round."

FROEBEL

THE home — and Froebel thought it more important than the school or the church — holds all of the social side of life needed by the little child. His mother is his first best playmate, and when he comes to play with toys he still lacks interest in other children. He will take his favorite plaything and indifferently leave a little guest, retiring to a corner to play alone. Later he longs for a playmate, and if he has no brothers and sisters, he will imagine a companion. These imaginary ones are very real. A little child was going into the house, and the screen door closed with a slam behind her. She looked out and said politely, "Excuse me, for slamming the door in your face." She once talked of this invisible playmate with her aunt, but as a rule she was very sensitive about her. "You need somebody *little* to play with when you live with aunts," she said; and then in a lower tone, "but she's very queer-looking." The aunts had been told to watch any playmates the child might have with great care. This invisible intruder presented difficulties, but "the queer-looking," imaginary one taught them of the child's social need, and although she came and went for several years the invisible playfellow was no longer the child's only companion.

Character forms as children play together. The friction resulting from the fact that two or three are interested in the same play and the same toys is very refining if lawlessness and ill-feeling are not allowed to enter in. Certain qualities, such as justice, stability, and self-

control, come through group play, as children need to "give up" and consider the interests of others. At play-time they learn the meaning of the Golden Rule, and it serves them through life. It is true that mothers need to know their children's friends. If she can survive being the mother at whose house it is the most fun to play, she will have every advantage. To sew or read within sound, and perhaps sight, of the children as they play, will give many an opportunity for training. A mother's merry laugh or friendly comment will often turn an affair with a serious aspect into a joke. A little sympathetic help in the matter of costumes, and "dressing up" or readiness in the providing of refreshments, will win for her many a laurel. It is an honor to be told a secret, and of course as many good times are surprises, secrets are plenty. The beauty of being told such secrets is that one confidence paves the way for another, and they grow more and more important as times goes on.

When happy brothers and sisters play together there is not such great need for inviting the neighbor's children. But, obviously, except in the case of twins, brothers and sisters play with those older or younger than themselves. Think of the joy there is in the presence of a chosen, intimate friend exactly one's own age!

"And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come."

JOHN MASEFIELD

IN a real home meal-time is happy. Our grandmothers believed that children should be seen and not heard at table. Yet there is no time so favorable for training in

courtesy as dinner-time, and children do not look with disfavor upon lessons happily learned as they rejoice the inner man. It is true that the seen-and-not-heard children of long ago were less rude than are the children of to-day. Are the mothers too tired to bother? Are the fathers absorbed in the workaday aspect of life, forgetting all else?

A story is told of a New England farmer, hailed by a stranger who asked him to be set on the right road. The stranger observed the stones and other signs of poor crops, and with a note of scorn in his voice, he asked, "And what, may I ask, do you raise in a place like this?" The farmer replied without hesitation, "Men." Lack of material comforts is a great advantage many times in the raising of men.

No matter how simple the meal, life lessons can be learned, and there is not the feeling that lessons have been left around in a child's way, as fly-paper is placed to catch flies. At table nobody should be laughed at, but every one should laugh *with* everybody. In one large family the members take turns at playing that they are company. The company child is restrained and well-mannered as beseems a guest, and they all wear their company manners so much, while being, or entertaining, a guest, that they become everyday wear. This is good training and great fun. So is the asking of riddles, and the telling of good stories. In such ways the standard of table talk is placed high, but it takes watchful care.

A little family, where the table talk was carefully guided, entertained a stranger one day at dinner. The guest was a business acquaintance of the father, and

pride and hospitality prompted the invitation. Before many minutes had passed, the family was horrified by the guest's profanity. Even the little ones felt that something was wrong, and the baby, who was nearing his fourth birthday, finally said, looking sternly at the offender, "*We* talk about pretty things here." There are enough pretty things to last a lifetime, too.

"He who gives a child a treat
Makes joy bells ring in Heaven's street."

JOHN MASEFIELD

THERE are many real treats, to be enjoyed without preparation and among the members of a family. Reading aloud and story-telling are among the number. It is a wise plan to lay aside a good story suited to the ages and interests of the children, to be brought out and enjoyed on a stormy evening or a Sunday afternoon. Children love to act and to give little plays or charades inviting a neighbor or two to increase the size of the audience.

Parties and picnics are good experiences and the right sort of moving pictures are also, especially when enjoyed because father wants everybody to have a good time.

The atmosphere that surrounds the preparation for the "good time" has a great deal to do with the amount of pleasure one finds when the good time comes. An exasperated mother hurried aboard an excursion boat, one morning, just at sailing time, piloting five small children. She seated them side by side, and standing before them she gazed upon their scared little faces, shining with soap and rubbing. "Now enjoy yourselves!"

she commanded fiercely. But it is not easy to begin to enjoy one's self at once after a season of terrible preparation. The fun should begin when some one suggests, "Suppose you get out our best hats and choose a book to take with us, while I make the sandwiches." Yes, the fun begins then and there, and never ends so long as memory lasts.

Little girls adore real parties, and boys, made to attend them, adjust things to taste by turning them into groups. Simple parties are good for both boys and girls now and then if plenty of activity is planned. Formality seems to lead to affectation, and to the discussion of party clothes. One little girl was heard to say scornfully to another about a third, "She's home-made, through and through." We have so many grown people of that turn of mind at present that they clog the wheels of progress. This is a needy world, and the children of to-day must grow up able to help and not to clog.

"Merry have we met, merry have we been;
Merry let us part, and merry meet again."

For little children parties should always be in the afternoon, and out of doors when the weather permits. Even when children are old enough to feel that evening is the most festive time, let everything be simple and the hours early. The children at whose house the party is to be given should have some part of the preparation assigned them. If the duty is not properly performed, the child's idea for the party will suffer, and the need for greater effort in future will be evident.

If the affair takes the form of a picnic, of course the

boys will carry the baskets. Then give them the fun of cooking potatoes and bacon over a camp-fire. Of potatoes, Mr. E. V. Lucas says quite truly, from the *boy* point of view:

"But if you wish to taste them,
As Nature meant you should,
Why, cook them at a rubbish fire,
And eat them in a wood."

It is good training to insist upon leaving the spot chosen for the picnic in good order. A few dainties, as a treat for birds and squirrels, may be left, but nothing else.

In the minds of some children ice-cream is indispensable at a real party. There are so many pretty ways of serving junkets, jellies, cakes and candies, that where it is difficult to serve ice-cream there are delightful substitutes. Flowers, crêpe paper, and processions of animal crackers make very good table decorations. The animal crackers can be made to stand on oblong wafers or crackers by dipping their feet in icing and holding them for a few seconds in an upright position. But memory and ingenuity, together with current magazines and books on the subject, are all one needs, where there is a will.

"In all earth's happy ways, through peaceful nights and happy days,
His life may forecast Heaven."

FROEBEL

THE mission of all forms of happy play is to provide the right social intercourse, and a wholesome amount of work and training. Wrong thoughts and wrong activi-

ties can be prevented, or completely routed, by filling a child's cup of pleasure to the brim. It is a wonderful privilege to arrange a home in such a way that it will "forecast Heaven."

"Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray —
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;'
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the best way.'"

HENRY VAN DYKE

XXIII

HABITS

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

A MAN going to his office one morning discovered a low-hanging branch of a tree over his path. He lifted his cane and hit the branch as he passed. The next morning he noticed the branch and again hit it with his cane. The third morning he did the same, also the fourth and the fifth. Finally he could not pass the spot without repeating the act of hitting the branch. He resolved *not* to do it; but the impulse was too strong for him, and each day the branch was struck. He became alarmed over this propensity and consulted a physician. The physician promised to cure him. The next day he found that the branch had been cut off. How did the physician reason in the matter? The man had formed a habit by repeated acts. The habit had become so firmly fixed that the sight of the tree prompted the same physical movement. The only treatment was to remove the suggestion to the action. The habit was broken by cutting off the stimulus to the action.

A sailor who comes ashore rolls along the sidewalk with the same gait necessary on shipboard. He has become so used to the rolling deck that his way of walking is fixed in his muscles. He cannot walk in any other way.

Boys who were drilled in our army camps came home with an erect posture and a military bearing gained by long weeks of setting-up exercises. The boy who slouched lost his bad posture and learned to stand up straight and tall like a soldier.

The great benefit of physical or gymnastic training is to give good habits of standing, sitting, and walking. These make for health as well as for good poise and movement. The muscular habit is fixed in the right way.

The stooping shoulders of the minister or the teacher are due to long hours of desk work in a wrong position. The bent back of the woman may be the result of bending over sewing or over a low table as she cooks or washes dishes. The muscles get a certain set by repeated movements and by continued posture. It is hard to change them when they are once fixed.

All our ways of doing are established by repetition. We hold our knives and forks as we held them in childhood unless we make a great effort to change. We sit erect at table or we slouch as we were trained to sit in childhood.

We enter a room easily and gracefully or awkwardly according to our early training. Our habits of speech become fixed very early. We modulate our voices or we pitch them high as we were accustomed to do in childhood.

MIND HABITS

THERE are habits of mind as well as of body. We dispute and argue if we were formed along that line. We are violent and irritable or calm and reasonable as our early influences determined.

Habits have much to do with the learning process.

Children may form habits of quick and careful observation which are of great help in learning to read and write and in gaining knowledge of what is about them. It is well to train children to observe when and how the buds form on the trees, to watch the birds, to learn of

"The wild wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his wall of clay."

The child in the country has a chance to observe the signs of the winds and the weather, the planting and growth of the crops, and the habits of the creatures of the farm and the woods. All this gives him valuable information, fosters the habit of looking carefully and of basing judgments on what has been seen.

The habit of attention should be acquired early in the home. Children should be trained to listen to what is said and to hear the first time. They should put their whole attention on what they are doing at the time. Listless and divided attention forms a very bad habit and one difficult to break. The habit of attention makes easy the work of the school. How many of us wish we had formed it when we listen to a lecture or a sermon!

HEALTH

HABITS have much to do with health. I have already spoken of posture and of physical training. Our habits of eating and sleeping and working are all important in keeping a good health standard. We "get in the way" of late hours at night. We do not feel like going to bed, so we sit up later and later. By and by we find we cannot sleep until a late hour. Why? We have formed a habit. We rise betimes if we form that habit and it is no hard-

ship. What we eat and how we eat are regulated by our custom which soon becomes hard to vary. Habits make us slaves. When we cannot do otherwise, when we *must* eat or drink this or that, then we are no longer free. Alcohol enslaves, because the man yields again and again to his desire to drink until he is the victim of his habit. Alcohol is especially dangerous in its habit-forming power because it affects the will-power of its slaves.

Professor James says this of habit:

"Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. . . . The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well! he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific, spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work."

EARLY HABITS

I HAVE spoken of habit in general. We may form new habits and break old ones at any period of life; but

childhood is the time when habits are most easily formed. It is the important time to fix right habits and so discourage bad ones. Two of my students have written helpful discussions of habit which I share with you.

Rhoda Case writes:

"The habits of a child are of the utmost importance. There are two main reasons for this. The first is because one's habits really determine or express one's character. A very large part of life is habit. Each individual eats, thinks, talks, dresses, and acts as he is in the habit of doing. A child who is habitually careless always has disheveled hair, unbuttoned blouse, untied ribbons and shoestrings, and is continually losing his handkerchiefs and mittens. In contrast, the child with particular habits, looks neatly and carefully dressed and does not lose his articles of clothing. We see the same children when they come to their meals, the one hastily gobbling his food, spilling it and getting it all over his face and hands; the other eating quietly and politely. Thus each act in the daily routine of life becomes subject to our habits.

"Should we begin with the very little child to form his life habits? By all means; it is the only time to begin. Those habits formed and practiced in childhood remain all through life, and it is therefore most important that great care be taken in guiding the tendencies of the child into good and useful habits. If a child seems averse to cleanliness, just so much more particular we must be to supervise and encourage his daily attempts at washing himself. And in training these habits it is of vital importance that we do not make any exceptions. We might think, perhaps, 'To-night he is so tired, I'll let him jump

into bed without a bath.' But very certainly the next night he will be even more tired, and so it will go until the exception becomes the habit, which is a bad one. Another habit is that of placing clothes neatly on a chair for the night. Perhaps you think it hard for a small child and too much to expect of him. But a little later, even though he is older, it is going to be a great deal harder to begin hanging them up nicely instead of throwing them on the floor. To break a habit and establish a new one is twice as hard for the child as to form a good one originally.

"So we must all give the greatest care and thought to the forming of our children's habits because our habits are so much a part of our lives and also because childhood is the time for forming good habits."

Elizabeth Fitch says:

"The thousand things that you do during a single day, from the time you dress yourself to the time you brush your teeth at night, are mostly acts of habit. If each act were not habitual, just think of the thought and attention they would require. Habits enable us to do the necessary, everyday things without conscious effort, thus leaving the mind free to do the new things, to attend to the really interesting things, to solve the new problems that constantly arise.

"The importance of habit is so very great that we cannot afford to neglect the habits that children are acquiring, both at home and at school. If mothers could realize how the habits of their children depend upon themselves, they would be saved from much future trouble.

"Most of the habits that have to do with everyday things are fixed in childhood. It is therefore the first duty of a mother to see that her child acquires the fundamental habits that are necessary for his welfare. A child forms new habits much more easily than an older person, and there is the greatest danger of the formation of undesirable habits. On the other hand, the child is for the same reason all the more teachable and can more easily learn good habits.

"It is possible to begin the training of the child's habits much earlier than most people believe. When a few days old children can be trained in regular hours of feeding. Far too many mothers are unaware of the importance of forming good habits. For instance, as babies sleep most of the time at first, the habit of going to sleep does not concern the mother. But in a few weeks it may be observed that the child's going to sleep at fixed hours can be controlled by putting him in the right position and darkening the room.

"Every habit is the result of repetition. If we wish a child to acquire any particular habit, we must make sure that he repeats the desired act a sufficient number of times, and the habit will be there. The problem which now confronts the mother is, 'How shall I provide suitable inducements for repeating the act?' Well, there are various ways. This does not mean that one must offer children some reward for practicing or for doing things in the right way. For example, let us take the child who mispronounces words. He needs only to hear a word pronounced properly, and through imitation he will repeat the correct sounds until they become habitual.

"When we are trying to fix habits in a young child we should introduce the desired actions into the child's routine, and insist upon their performance on every occasion. Until the habit is absolutely fixed, allow no exceptions to occur. Every exception has its dangers, because it may introduce new interests, new satisfactions, tempting or leading to a repetition of the exception and thus making this the new habit. The same principle applies to the breaking of rules or habits. Whatever it is that must be stopped, must be stopped the instant the action is noticed. 'Just this once' is the greatest possible enemy to the development of good habits, and mothers should learn this and keep it ever in mind."

There is an old saying, "Let a child run until he is six and you will never catch him!" Do you see what this means? Does it not mean the same as the proverb of the wise Solomon? —

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

XXIV

THE OBEDIENT CHILD

"Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger."

"Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm: not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, a helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral action as the law of gravity in leaping. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given: nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true."

RUSKIN

WHAT shall I do with my child? He won't do anything I say! How shall I make my boy mind? He never pays any attention to my desires." These are frequent questions of mothers. Such mothers do not know that obedience is a habit and must be formed early. As soon as a baby understands the meaning of "No! No!" then is the time to begin the habit. A young woman who belonged to a Mothers' Club once asked advice of the others regarding her five-year-old boy. He delighted in dropping china and glass in order to enjoy the crash of the breaking. She told him not to touch things: but her commands were of no avail. That morning he had climbed to the mantel-shelf and thrown down an expensive vase, one of her wedding presents. What should she do? An older woman explained to her

the difficulty of beginning too late in forming a habit. She advised her to do certain things now.

First. Never give a needless command, nor an idle request.

Second. Never forget a command once given.

"You forgot once," said a small boy, when his mother said to him, "John go wash your hands. Have n't I always told you never to come to meals without washing your hands?"

It is easy to say, "Don't do this," "You must n't touch that," and then forget about it or ignore a violation of the command even when it is remembered. Many needless orders are given to children which only irritate them and invite disobedience. The oft-repeated tale of the boy who thought his name was "Willy Don't" is a warning to all mothers. *Do* is always better than *don't* — too many *don'ts* prevent a habit of obedience, for no child can remember them all.

Third. Be constant as the northern star. Capricious mothers make disobedient children. A mother who is tender and indulgent one hour, and stern and impatient the next, will never control her child. She lacks self-control, and her example contradicts her words. Nagging, scolding mothers lose all influence with their children. Angry words and angry commands will be evaded, as far as possible, and the atmosphere of friendly, loving relationship, where obedience is a joy, is lost.

Fourth. Authority must not be arbitrary. Obedience is a prime virtue of childhood, as obedience to a moral law is a fundamental virtue in later life. The Garden of Eden is pictured to us as a place of happy delight. It was

spoiled by disobedience. Law is necessary to protect us in the State and in the community; law must reign in the household if there is to be a happy family and good training.

"A child rarely fails to see whether what parent and teacher order or forbid comes from themselves, personally, arbitrarily, or is the expression of universal and necessary truth speaking through them."

Where such an atmosphere pervades a home, children readily obey, because all commands are reasonable and rooted in the nature of things. "The family," says Froebel, "is more than church or school or state, for he who is reared in a family unhallowed by the presence of justice and law tends to become a scoffer of one and a rebel against the other."

Fifth. Do not use threats or bribes. "Say good-night to all the ladies," said a mother to her little girl. The child ran away behind the stairs and said nothing. "Come," said the mother, "there's a good little girl! Say good-night like a lady." Still the child hid. "Let me tell you something," said the mother. This call succeeded. The mother whispered, "Say good-night and I'll give you some candy upstairs." The little girl said, "Good-night," and ran upstairs to receive her reward. Where was the harm in this? Would that little girl wait the next time to be offered some inducement before obeying? The habit formed was delay and disobedience. Dr. Montessori is wise in offering no reward for good conduct. Children should learn to do the right thing because it is right and get their satisfaction in the doing. Little pleasures and treats should come as a part of the

happy home life, not as rewards for doing what ought to be done. A special pleasure like a picnic or an excursion may sometimes come as the legitimate end of a well-performed duty where special effort has been required. We may go nutting when the leaves have been raked in the dooryard or the potatoes sorted.

A bully uses a threat. It is an unworthy means of appeal to children. "If you do that again, I'll tell father"; "Just you try that again and see what happens": these are some of the threats one sometimes hears. What is the result? If the child obeys, it is through fear of consequences. No real element of obedience exists. The obedience is seeming, not real. The appeal to fear weakens the child's moral sense; gradually he becomes either timid and cringing or hardened and impertinent. If the child does not obey and the mother forgets to tell the father, and nothing happens, a premium is put on disobedience. Threats mean nothing and authority is discounted.

Sixth. Obedience should be happy and willing. When we are in a good home where peace reigns and children are good all the time, it seems the normal atmosphere and easily attained. The secret lies in making obedience and a cheerful response to the parents the constant practice of the family. The baby is taught that "No, No!" "Don't touch," mean something. The habit of obedience becomes fixed.

I was once privileged to be a guest in a home where four lively, active, happy children had the blessing of wise and good parents and constant training in law and order. "Ruth, go and get me to-day's paper from the

sitting-room," said the father one night at the supper table. Ruth hesitated an instant. The table was bright, the company pleasant, the food inviting. It was hard to leave the cheerful scene even for a moment. "Ruth!" said the father firmly. That was all, but Ruth went. There was no scene of discipline, no friction, no unhappiness. The paper was brought, the item found and read, and every one was happy. Such a home atmosphere is created by the sympathetic coöperation of father and mother and the constant and early practice of the habit of obedience.

Seventh. Obedience leads to self-control. Little Louise was at a child's party where candy was passed several times, but Louise took none. "She is on a diet," the older sister explained, "and candy is forbidden." Through obedience Louise was learning to master her desires.

How many wrecked lives might be saved if all children learned early to say, "No!" Do not think you make your children happy by indulging them and letting them have all they desire. Happiness is won by content. Contentment comes only when one learns to subdue desire.

The obedient child can be trusted away from home. He does the right thing because he has learned to control himself.

It is the custom in many kindergartens to require a short period of quiet after some active exercise. The rest is desirable, and gives opportunity for quiet self-control. No matter what Mary wishes to say or do, she must wait until the signal is given to "wake up." Then all "wake up" together and work or play reigns again. The

noisy home where loud commands are given and shrill, high tones prevail affords no chance for children to think and decide for themselves and use training in self-determination.

TEACHING DISOBEDIENCE

"I'LL teach you to strike your little sister!" says an angry mother as she gives a blow to the offending child. And she does. She does not really mean to teach her child to strike: but she is doing so. "I'll teach you to disobey me again!" says another mother when a child has neglected some duty. And she does. The child is made sullen and obstinate by such harshness and has no desire to conform to the mother's desires.

Do not repeat a command if you wish obedience. Too much repetition weakens the effect of the words.

"How many times must I tell you?" says a mother in despair. The trouble is she has told too many times. When children know a direction is likely to be repeated, they do not take the trouble to attend the first time. Many directions given at the same time confuse a child and make obedience difficult. If you say, "Mary, stop playing a minute and run upstairs and get my handkerchief from the right-hand corner of the top drawer of my bureau, and mind you don't touch anything on the bureau," you are suggesting too much for a child to follow. Mary will probably stop on the stairs and ask, "What did you want?" or, "Where is it?" Do not be impatient with her. She could not possibly have grasped all your directions.

A weak or doubtful tone of voice is another fruitful

source of disobedience. "The reason why men do not obey us," says Emerson, "is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye." Children do not obey us because they see that we have no firm belief that the desired deed will be done.

HOW TO GAIN OBEDIENCE

EXPECT your children to do as you desire. Believe that they will do so. Show this in your eyes and in the tones of your voice. A teacher in a school or a mother in a home who hesitates or speaks with a doubtful or pleading tone, is lost. No control is possible if one doubts herself. Speak in a low voice and firmly. One is not heard anywhere for much speaking nor for loud speaking.

And most of all gain the confidence of your children, so that what you desire will be their desire also. What you ask will always seem good and right. "Perfect trust casts out fear." It casts out disobedience also.

XXV

THE HONEST CHILD

"See-saw, Marjory Daw!
Johnnie shall have a new master!
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster!"

Mother Goose

MOTHER GOOSE is a wise old mother. She puts her lessons in the form of nonsense rhymes. She does not preach nor teach; but she gives us many wholesome truths. Johnnie must seek a new master. He cannot earn what the old master pays, because he cannot work any faster. He is worth only a penny a day. I suppose this rhyme was made to fit the case of a slow child who dawdled at his tasks. It also fits the case of the child who expects to be paid for errands and little jobs, regardless of the value of the service. Honesty is shown in work as well as in money matters. Perhaps children gain the best idea of honesty through honest, exact work. An honest man is an exact man. He is true to his contracts. He renders due value in his work. You are helping your child to be honest and true when you insist on good, thorough work and well-finished work.

A seam sewn up with a loose edge, here and there, is a dishonest seam.

A box made with a cover which does not fit is a dishonest box.

A boy who scants his task and runs off to play before

the job is finished is doing dishonest work. One reason for the manual training of our schools is the practice it gives in doing exact and careful work. Any imperfection is seen at once. A stool with four uneven legs refuses to stand. The error in making is evident at once.

A sleeve which does not fit is a poor sleeve. No concealment is possible. Words may sometimes gloss over bad deeds; but poor hand-work cannot be explained away. The work is good or it is bad.

The use of tools is a good means of teaching boys to be careful and exact and honest.

In England there is a school for boys who have been taken up in court for stealing and various other offenses. At this school boys are put to work at once. Each day is so filled that there is no time for idleness. Satan gets no chance at idle hands. The boys do all the farm work and all the dairy work. They raise grain and vegetables and make hay to fill the barns. When a boy first comes to this school, he naturally desires to run away. He finds that the only walls are green hedges, and he decides to stay until he finds out why boys are left free to go as they please. He discovers that the work and life are so interesting that no boy wishes to leave.

TINY TOWN

SOME years ago the boys undertook the construction of a miniature village in an old gravel pit on the farm. A writer in *The Outlook* gave this account of the little town:

"The boys set to work with a will to build Tiny Town.

"And wonderfully well they did their work. This is no cardboard and paper affair, but a collection of solid iron and wood buildings, carefully designed, well and truly put together, weather-resisting, enduring. The church is the pride of the place. It is an exact model of a church,-built scrupulously to scale, as are all the houses. The roof lifts off, so that, when a giant comes along in the shape of a human boy, woman, girl, or man, he or she may conveniently peer within. Inside are bells, clocks, seats, and choir-stalls. There will be seen an organ, a font, an altar, a pulpit, and stained-glass windows. Creepers climb over the white outer walls. In the churchyard are neat gravel paths, gravestones, and trees that reach to one's knees.

"The farm is a model farm in every sense, with cattle-shed, brickyard, and all that a model farm should have. Then the village boasts a fine recreation ground, with a band-stand, but the music must be imagined. There is a squire's mansion, with a fine billiard-room and a billiard-table. A river flows through the town, with locks for control — real little locks that actually work. As you stand in the station — or over the station — you see trains, a tunnel, a signal-box, platforms, cranes, a ticket office, a water-tank, and a number of ornamental trees. The temptation is strong to ask for a ticket to some haunts of Gulliver's, say, Blefuscu. The vicarage is an exact model of Canon Vine's own residence. On the hill is a fine mansion. Away in the distance you see the ruins of Fountains Abbey, in exact miniature."

The building of this town taught many lessons. The boys learned to construct. They learned how to find and

to use material; but best of all they learned the need of good, honest, exact work.

Paper-folding is one of the occupations of the kindergarten. Boats, windmills, stars, frames, and countless other things are made from the little squares of paper. The best result of the work, however, is not what is made; but what is gained by the making. A wrong or crooked crease makes a one-sided boat, or a crooked frame. There is no way to conceal this bad bit of work. Is it the best Mary can do?

At any rate, the poor lop-sided boat is an object lesson. It shows the need of a straight fold from the very start.

HOME LESSONS

One path to honesty is by honest work.

Every home may teach this lesson.

How do your children do their daily work?

Does Jane leave dust under the rugs or a little heap in the corner?

Are the glasses made to shine when they are wiped?

George Herbert says:

> "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine."

Are the boys anxious to finish their jobs to the last stroke? Or do they hurry the work in order to run off to play? Would they like to hear what Adam Bede says about good work? —

"'Look there, now! I can't abide to see men throw away their tools that way the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and were afraid of doing a stroke too much.'

"Seth looked a little conscious, and began to be slower in his preparations for going, but Mum Taft broke silence, and said:

"'Ay, ay, Adam lad, ye talk like a young un. When y' are six-an'-forty like me, istid o' six-an'-twenty, ye wonna be so flush o' workin' for nought.'

"'Nonsense,' said Adam, still wrathful; 'what's age got to do with it, I wonder? Ye arena getting stiff yet I reckon. I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock 's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in 's work. The very grindston 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it.'"

JUST PAY

JUST pay for good work is a law of the world of trade. In one of Froebel's plays a child wishes to buy a toy.

"What costs it?" he asks.

"Three pennies," is the answer.

> "Oh that is much too dear,
> For only two pennies have I here."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Three pennies is just enough,
> One for the work and two for the stuff.
> Three pennies the buyer must pay;
> Who cannot pay it, must run away."

Such a play and dialogue between buyer and seller will make a more lasting impression than many maxims.

It is well for children to see not only that they are not cheated; but that they do not cheat any one.

How would it affect our industrial conditions if every home all over the land should zealously teach and practice the principle of just pay for good work, and the

corresponding principle of good work rendered for the wage received?

Does this kind of teaching begin in your home? Christina G. Rossetti has put this principle in a child's form in her rhyme:

PAY A PENNY

"Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman do."
"If you've a penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."
"I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue.
So ferry me across the waves,
Do, boatman, do."

"Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse,
I'll ferry you."

HONEST ABE

Among the many good qualities of our great President Abraham Lincoln was honesty. It is well for all growing boys to know some of the anecdotes of Lincoln. Here are three incidents taken from "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," by E. A. Horton:

"While tending store, Lincoln once sold to a woman goods to the amount of two dollars, six and a quarter cents. He discovered later that a mistake had been made, and that the store owed the customer the six and a quarter cents. He closed the store, and walked several miles that night to return the amount.

"At another time a woman bought half a pound of

tea. Lincoln discovered the next morning that a four-ounce weight was on the scales. He at once weighed out the remainder, and walked some distance before breakfast to return it.

"He was once a postmaster in New Salem; but the office was finally discontinued. Several years after the agent called at his law office, and presented a claim of about seventeen dollars in the settlement of the New Salem affairs. Mr. Lincoln took out a little trunk, and produced the exact sum, wrapped in a linen rag. It had lain there untouched through years of the greatest hardship and self-denial. As he said, 'I never use any one's money but my own.'"

Can you point out to your child some of the ways in which dishonest work is detected?

"A man builds of stone that has a fair outside, but is full of inward flaws. Sooner or later his structure must give way. An architect makes a slight error of calculation. No one would notice it, but a great building falls and lives are lost. A merchant is deceitful at a trade — mixes sand with his sugar. A milkman waters his milk. Sooner or later both are known as sharpers before the world."

"Square" and "fair" are words which boys often use. They admire the teacher who is fair, and the man who is square. "A square deal" is an admirable thing. Can we help to carry over this natural admiration for what is fair and square into daily life and practice? A good man once said that the only tribute he desired on his tombstone was: "Here lies a white man, who gave every one a square deal." Is this not a good ideal for any boy?

TEACHING CHILDREN TRUE VALUES

By Emma Gary Wallace

It is not to be expected that children will be especially discriminating in their tastes, nor that they will understand true and proportionate values. Why should they? They live so much in the present that it is not to be expected they will appreciate anything which cannot be eaten, or worn, or enjoyed right *now*, nor revel in the beneficial influences of discipline and the results of self-denial and thrift.

Many a mother has been disappointed because her child does not seem to distinguish between the useful and the useless, the durable and the perishable, the tawdry and the genuine, and yet it is little to be wondered at. Children come into the world without any experience. The brain is often described as "virgin soil." This is expressive but trite. If we will stop to remember that the brain of the little child is smooth and absolutely without convolutions, the "virgin soil" illustration will become more striking. The convolutions gradually appear as experiences cause mental development. Why should a child understand values when it has little experience in selection, usefulness, or durability? Is it not reasonable to take the ground that children should have a reasonable training in material and ethical values?

When the very little one begins to realize the difference in weight and texture of cotton, silk, and wool, it does not require much time or knowledge on the part of the mother to say:

"Cotton grows in great fields in the warm South.

A piece of land the size of our garden or the park across the way will grow a great many baskets of cotton. It is picked, spun into thread, and made into cloth, and I was able to get this for ten cents a yard.

"But this piece of silk costs a whole dollar a yard, and it is narrower, too, because the silkworms work more slowly and it is expensive to raise and feed them. Then, all the people who handle the silk have to be paid — the ones who color it, and the ones who ship it and bring it to us, and much of it is raised much farther away than the cotton.

"The wool in your winter coat costs two dollars a yard, because it is heavy and thick and warm, but after all, the cotton and the wool will last longer than the silk, although one is dearer and one is cheaper, because the fibers are so strong."

This information may be supplemented by talks and bedtime stories on the good sheep that gave the wool, and the busy little silkworms, and the pickaninnies who play in the cotton fields down South. In the course of time, the child can be brought face to face with the natural deduction that an imitation product is cheaper than the real one and not worth as much, and that only worthwhile things are imitated.

One little boy had this brought home to him by noticing that one suit case was much lighter than another. When it was explained to him that the pressed paper one was cheaper because it was made of cheap material, and that leather costs more because it takes years to grow the animals to produce the leather, he saw the point at once.

This same little lad was driving through the country before he was five years old, and looking at the farmhouses, he said thoughtfully:

"How do these people make their money to live on?"

His father carefully explained about the raising of the grain, the selling of milk and raising of sheep and chickens and other things.

"Why," he returned promptly, "they don't have to go to the grocery store as often as we do, do they, because they have so much right at home?"

His sense of proportionate values had been steadily developed.

In the same way, this little boy's parents were exceptionally careful to always give each person of whom they spoke credit for some worthy motive, so that he developed into a child who steadily emulated the good, and recognized it wherever he met it.

When a little cousin came to visit him from a near-by city, he looked at the little fellow's rather showy outfit with surprised eyes. The long streamers of red ribbon which hung behind his hat seemed to him to be superfluous, and the ruffle about his collar, girlish. He was even more astonished when he heard the little fellow talking of "getting even" with a neighbor child at home, of "swiping an apple from a push-cart man," and "getting an occasional ride on the swan boat in the park free."

That evening when the little-boy-who-was-at-home went to bed, he said to his mother:

"I like my little cousin Johnny, but he does n't dress like a man, does he? Men don't wear showy things like

that. And, mamma, is it right to take things which do not belong to us? Even if it is a ride, it costs somebody money, does n't it?"

"Yes, dear," his mother said gravely. "You are right. I am afraid Johnny does n't understand. One always pays for everything. I would rather my little boy would pay money for what he has than to pay in loss of his own self-respect. You see, Johnny's mother is away at work all day when they are home, and she has not time to train him very carefully. We must be particular not to hurt his or her feelings, but perhaps we can show him gently that we look at things differently."

If the child is to learn that the genuine is of greater worth than the imitation, that self-respect is more important than show, and that the gratification of the moment may defeat a greater pleasure a little later, our children must be trained in a knowledge of true and accurate values, so that they can make wise and discriminating choice in the expenditure of their time, effort and money.

Two little boys were standing beside a counter of exceedingly cheap, showy toys prepared to sell for a dime.

"I'd like this, and this, and this," pointed out the first child.

The second one picked up the toys indicated and looked at the way they were made.

"None of them will last very long," he said. "They're only glued, and the least little bang will knock them apart. I'd rather take the thirty cents and get some wood and make a little wagon that would last. After

you spend your money for those things, you would n't have anything in two or three days!"

The on-looker smiled, reflecting that one of the children had certainly received definite training in true values.

It is not infrequent to discover grown-ups whose houses are filled with an assortment of articles which are not worthy of respect. Usually such people wear clothing of cheap material, much trimmed with inferior ornamentation, and they fail to realize that the neighbor across the street, whose home is designed for comfort, and whose furnishings are chosen with a view to beauty of lines and quality, and whose garments are of good material but plainly made, is exercising better taste and saving money at the same time.

In cultivating an idea of true and proportionate values, care should be taken that the amount of income is always kept in mind. If the little child has an allowance of ten cents a week, it will be excellent training to help him to get the greatest value for this, even if it means sacrifice. A training in a knowledge of true values presupposes the cultivation of a discriminating taste, the exercise of the will, and the development of poise and discernment. Worth-while surely!

XXVI

THE ANGRY CHILD

"Govern the lips
As they were palace doors, the king within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win."

EDWIN ARNOLD

A WOMAN of my acquaintance recalls various fits of gusty anger in her childhood. She thinks she remembers what caused these outbursts. A rankling sense of injustice drove her to hasty and passionate remonstrance. A jeer or a taunt from her sister brought an angry retort. An undeserved reproof drove her to furious words.

A quiet talk by grandmother at another time, when the waves of anger had subsided, made her see how foolish she had been. Grandmother told her of tigers and wolves and other fierce creatures who snarl and growl and scratch and even kill other creatures. Grandmother had a picture of a wolf in the deep woods crouching over the skeleton of another wild creature. The wolf did not seem at all attractive. "Wild creatures know no better," said grandmother. "They have no one to tell them what to do. They have no sense of right. They kill and destroy because they are wild creatures. Children, and men and women, know better. They *know* what is right. They must learn to *do* it. When you say cross words, it is like the tiger's growl. You don't wish to be like a tiger." No, little girl did not. She decided to try not to be a wild

creature. Grandma did not say, "Let the ape and tiger die," because she did not know that Tennyson had said it so well for her. But somehow she had said the right thing.

Frances Weld Danielson in "The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher" writes sympathetically of

THE CHILD WITH A TEMPER [1]

"The Child with a Temper does not need anybody to diagnose her case, but she sadly needs treatment.

"We all know the symptoms — red face, flashing eyes, frowns and clenched fists. Furthermore, we all know the cause — lack of self-control. But the cure we are not so certain of. The world at large seems to regard the Person with a Temper as belonging to a special species, which must be endured, but can by no possibility be cured. Outbursts that would not be tolerated in most people are winked at because, 'He has a temper, you know.' Shall we save the Child with a Temper from such a fate? For it is not an enviable position to be made allowance for, which means that one is also dreaded and usually disliked.

"Now, as the antidote for temper is self-control, our problem is to get self-control in the saddle before temper has the reins in hand. Temper is quick, mounts hastily and dashes off, while self-control usually arrives only by the time temper is disastrously thrown.

"Child with a Temper, we intend to give you something quicker than your temper. Your mother began well

[1] From *The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher*. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press.

with you, during your first tantrums. She either shut you in a room by yourself or put you to bed. She never whipped you then, or scolded you till the outburst was over. Then she explained how unhappy it had made everybody. Then she meted out your punishment. For every outburst of temper was as certain to be followed by punishment as day by night. Your mother believed that the more remote natural punishment — lack of popularity, slavery to anger — must be anticipated by other punishments imposed by herself. Sometimes you went without a favorite dessert. Sometimes you were denied a pleasure. If your fit of temper had made any particular person unhappy, you did what you could to make it up to him.

"Your mother made these tasks rather arduous. It was not enjoyable to stick together the bits of glass of the vase you broke in anger. Your fingers got sticky and the pieces were hard to fit. When you had done it, the vase would not hold water, and you were obliged to save up your pennies to buy your aunt a new one. You did not want to part with your doll's new hat, but you had torn your playmate's doll's hat, in a fit of temper, and of course you had to replace it. There was no real way of making up to your grandmother for spoiling her visit by a tantrum, but you did give her joy by the scrapbook it took you many hours to make.

"So gradually you have become imbued with the idea that temper brings unpleasant results, and you desire to master it. Your chief reason, frankly, is because these results affect you unpleasantly, but you are beginning to have a feeling that people will hate you if you

show temper, and there is dawning a wish not to hurt others.

"Your mother has also helped you to ward off approaching ill-temper. She speaks your name when she sees the red flag of danger flying in your cheeks. 'Count ten before you speak,' she cautions, and by ten counts self-control is in the saddle. 'Sing first, *quick!*' she cries, and the song makes you forget your anger. You are learning to employ some of these devices by yourself. Self-control is growing quicker. Temper is less rapid.

"Ah! my dear, we who teach you and love you rejoice in all this. It means the saving of a great many people's feelings. It means the saving of yourself from slavery and dislike. We will join in the effort to give self-control the start over temper, but we shall hope never to tame you down to such an extent that your temper will not rise at injustice or unkindness to others!"

One of the great lessons which we all have to learn is self-control. This lesson must be learned in childhood, if it is ever gained.

You can do nothing better for your children than to make them know that "He who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." How many human lives are wrecked on the rocks of ungoverned impulse!

Some one has said that there would be fewer murders if every child in the land were obliged to sit quietly and meditate for ten minutes a day. What is gained by a period of quiet daily? What would your child gain if, after an outburst of passion, you said: "Mary, you are not yourself now. Sit in this quiet room for five minutes

and think about it. Look out of the window and find something pleasant to think about."

An adult with a bad temper makes every one uncomfortable. Those who work for and with him dread his outbursts.

"Oh, I am used to it," said a clerk of such an employer. "When it rains, I go and sit under my umbrella." Every one who could fled from the room when a fit of rage was coming on.

This man and other men excuse themselves because they are made with a quick temper. Is this an excuse? Should any mother allow a boy to grow up without gaining self-control?

Tattycoram is one of the characters in Dickens's "Little Dorrit." She has a terrible temper. She says of herself: "Go away from me, go away from me! When my temper comes upon me I am mad. I know I might keep it off if I only tried hard enough, and sometimes I do try hard enough, and at other times I don't and won't. What have I said! I knew when I said it, it was all lies."

Good Mr. Meagles has a prescription for her case: "Count five and twenty, Tattycoram." This usually succeeded in warding off the ugly display of temper.

If one stops long enough to count five and twenty, one's anger has had time to cool off.

George Eliot pictures a passionate child in Maggie Tulliver. Maggie wisely goes to the attic alone to work off her evil moods on her fetish. The fetish is an old, headless doll upon which Maggie vents her rage. Poor Maggie is not helped or guided by her mother.

Passionate children need calm control. They gain self-control through the strong, steady, quiet control of parents. In "The Education of Henry Adams," we have a fine instance of such control: "Henry Adams never knew a boy of his generation to like a master, and the task of remaining on friendly terms with one's own family, in such relation, was never easy. All the more singular it seemed afterwards to him that his first serious contact with the President should have been a struggle of will in which the old man almost necessarily defeated the boy; but instead of leaving, as usual in such defeats, a lifelong sting, left rather an impression of as fair treatment as could be expected of a natural enemy. The boy met seldom with such restraint. He could not have been much more than six years old at the time — seven at the utmost — and his mother had taken him to Quincy for a long stay with the President during the summer. What became of the rest of the family he quite forgot; but he distinctly remembered standing at the house door one summer morning in a passionate outburst of rebellion against going to school. Naturally his mother was the immediate victim of his rage; that is what mothers are for and boys also; but in this case the boy had his mother at an unfair advantage, for she was a guest and had no means of enforcing obedience. Henry showed a certain tactical ability by refusing to start, and he met all efforts at compulsion by successful, though too vehement, protest. He was in a fair way to win and was holding his own with sufficient energy at the bottom of a long staircase, which led up to the door of the President's library, when the door

opened and the old man slowly came down. Putting on his hat he took the boy's hand without a word, and walked with him, paralyzed by awe, up the road to the town. After the first moments of consternation, the boy reflected that an old gentleman close on eighty would never trouble himself to walk near a mile on a hot summer morning over a shadeless road to take a boy to school, and that it would be strange if a lad, imbued with a passion for freedom, could not find a corner to dodge around somewhere before reaching the schoolroom door. Then and always the boy insisted this reasoning justified his apparent submission: but the boy saw all his strategical points turned one after another until he found himself seated in the school. Not till then did the President release his hand and depart. He had shown no temper, no irritation, and had made no display of personal force. Above all he had held his tongue. During the long walk he had said nothing; he had uttered no syllable of revolting cant about the wickedness of resistance to law and the duty of obedience."

XXVII

THE CARELESS CHILD

"The greatest achievement of the human is the ability to assume a responsibility."

HENRY RYAN

IN one of his pictures Froebel shows the results of carelessness. A little girl has opened the door of her bird cage to put in water. She has often been told not to leave the door open. She forgets and the bird flies away. She loses the bird. Another little girl has a slice of bread and butter in her hand. Her brother holds up an empty cup before her and turns it upside down to show that there is no more in it. The girl is so absorbed in the cup that she forgets the bread in her hand. The cat steals up behind her and takes the bread. Some careless child has overturned the salt-cellar on the table. The salt is wasted. Somebody has knocked off the plaster from the wall, leaving an unsightly spot. Little brother is so sorry for the loss of his sister's bird that he climbs a tree to get a bird from the nest. He does not know that he has no right to take the baby bird from the mother. He does not know how the mother bird will mourn. Another boy has left his hat on the ground while he runs off to get some raspberries. He forgets that the wind may blow his hat away.

Are these children to be scolded and blamed? Do you reprove your children for carelessness? How are they to be taught to be careful? Childhood is the time

for freedom from care. A child should be care-free. He lacks experience and does not foresee consequences. But he must learn how to avoid losses and errors that come from carelessness. How may he learn this? You can help him by talks, pictures, and stories which show the results of carelessness. You can also help in the gaining of the wisdom that comes by experience. You can require certain duties and acts which demand attention and care.

For instance, the garden gate must be shut or the cows will come in and trample down the flowers. John leaves the gate open. You say, "John, why did you leave the gate open?" "Open! Oh, I forgot," is the answer. What can be done? John must work in the garden to tie up the plants and repair the damage as far as he is able. Heedless Harry and Johnny Look-in-the-Air are familiar figures. Heedless Harry forgets to say "Thank you," and "If you please." He forgot his bicycle and left it out of doors all night. A rainstorm came and the bicycle had to be taken to the repair shop before it could be used again. Harry had to use his own pocket money to pay for it and he lost his rides for three days. Harry forgot his knife and left it in the grass for a week. When he found it, the blade was too rusty to use.

Johnny Look-in-the-Air was sent on an errand by his mother. He watched the clouds sailing in the sky. He watched a bird in a tree; but he did not watch his step. He did not see that he was approaching a river. Still looking in the air, Johnny walked over the edge of the bank. He fell into the water. Some passers-by fished him out. He ran home to get dry clothes. Maybe

he said to himself that next time he would take care and keep in the straight path.

Do you think it will help your children to point out to them through such stories what happens when boys and girls forget?

The story of the three little kittens who lost their mittens was probably written to fit the case of some child who had a bad habit of losing things.

"I DID N'T THINK"

"WIPE your feet on the mat." "Close the door after you." "Come home at five o'clock." "Start for school at eight." These are among the many things children must remember. How can we help them? By insisting that they repair as far as possible the results of their forgetfulness and by holding them responsible for keeping track of time. Faults due to inexperience should be treated with sympathy. Froebel says, "Gray heads do not grow on green shoulders." Do you see what he means? He says further: "Another source of boyish faults is carelessness — in one word, thoughtlessness. This often means acting from an impulse, in itself harmless, even praiseworthy, which captures all the boy's activity of senses and body. Then experience has not yet provided him with a knowledge of consequences in the particular case; and it never enters his head to consider what these may be. Thus a boy, by no means a bad one, powdered the wig of an uncle whom he was very fond of with plaster-of-Paris; taking the greatest delight in his work, without the smallest idea of doing anything blameworthy. . . . Another boy found some deep round

china basins in a large water-vessel, and observed that these basins when they fell open-side downwards in the smooth, still water made a sharp sound. This experiment gave him pleasure, and he tried it repeatedly, saying to himself that the basin would not get broken in deep, yielding water. . . . Once, however, he let the basin fall from so great a height, and so plumb upon the flat surface, that the air enclosed within the vessel could not escape, and the basin split into two almost exactly equal halves; and the young self-instructing natural philosopher stood astonished and pained by this unexpected catastrophe. In many other ways the boy seems incredibly short-sighted in following his life-impulse. A boy throws stones, perseveringly, at a small window in a neighboring house, meaning to hit it, yet never dreaming, still less saying to himself, that if the stone strikes the window the glass will be broken. The stone hits, the glass shatters, and the boy stands rooted to the spot." [1]

I once saw a small boy in an agony of tears because he thought he had killed a bird. He threw a stone at the bird, to be sure, but he did not mean to hit it. He thought it would make the bird fly where he could see it. He did not know that a blow to a young creature may be fatal. When the bird fell at his feet he was filled with remorse. A motherly woman, living near, heard the boy's cries. She took the bird to her house and gave it water. The bird revived and great was the joy of the boy. He had learned through a bitter lesson the danger of throwing stones.

[1] *Student's Froebel.*

"Look out!" "Take care!" "Look ahead!"

"Look before you leap!"

How often do you use these commands with your children! You expect them gradually to take care and to look out and to learn the lessons of experience.

Your children become tender by tending something. Your children become careful by taking care of something.

The care of babies and young children is often given to the older brothers and sisters. This may be too grave a responsibility. There is a society in New York founded for the purpose of bringing proper recreation and little glimpses of joy into the lives of the "little mothers." These little girls are often stunted in their growth and sometimes crippled by carrying babies too heavy for them. They do not get the right chance to play because family cares are thrust upon them.

The great-hearted Dickens had special compassion for children too early burdened with the cares of the family. In "Little Dorrit" he draws a pathetic picture of a child grown into a little woman before her time. Little Dorrit bore the burden of inefficient parents and a wayward sister. She is prematurely old because she has to think and act for the foolish father in a debtor's prison. "At thirteen she could read and keep accounts — that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessaries that they wanted would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening school outside, and got her sister and brothers sent to day-schools by desultory starts, during three or four years.

There was no instruction for any of them at home; but she knew well — no one better — that a man so broken as to be the Father of Marshalsea, could be no father to his own children."

Jenny Wren, the dolls' dressmaker, is another of Dickens's characters who has charge of a worthless father. She calls him her "bad child" and upbraids him when he has been drinking too much. "You see," says this strange little creature, "it is so hard to bring up a child well, when I work, work, work, all day. When he was out of employment, I could n't always keep him near me. He got fractious and nervous, and I was obliged to let him go into the streets. And he never did well in the streets, he never did well out of sight. How often it happens with children!"

Both of these characters are beautiful in their loving devotion. We are saddened by their story because they fail to enjoy the happy, care-free childhood which is the birthright of all children.

"I DON'T CARE"

THE boy who takes risks in doing reckless deeds is in the way of danger. He says bravely, "I don't care," and off he goes. Maybe he skates on thin ice in spite of warnings. He says, "I'm all right I know how to take care of myself." But he does not. He has not looked beyond the edge of the pond to see the dark spaces in the center where there is no ice. He has not learned to take care, and an accident is the result.

Another boy wishes to slide down a steep hill. He may be told it is dangerous. He may hear the warning voice:

"Look out for the tree." "Oh, I know how," he answers. But he does not look out. He does not watch his direction, or he suddenly becomes afraid and loses control of his sled. He runs into a tree and is bruised and injured. Perhaps another time he will take care. Perhaps he needs many lessons in order to become careful. Every day in our towns and cities lives are lost and people maimed for life by automobile accidents due to reckless driving. Boys and men with insufficient experience try to drive cars. They do not care for the risk to human life. They have not gained the sense of responsibility which makes one look out for others. The mania for speeding is the cause of countless accidents. This mad desire for speed comes of a lack of thought, and a disregard for the rights of any one else. Do you realize that the training which prevents such disregard of law and such carelessness begins in your home and in your neighbors? Do you ever think that day by day you are giving your children an opportunity to gain a sense of responsibility for the welfare of others or you are confirming in them a habit of "I don't care"? It is a wise plan to set every child some household task for which he is responsible. I know of one family in which a task is given each child; boys as well as girls. These tasks are changed from time to time so there is an opportunity to learn to do many things. The boys take turns in caring for the horse. They take pride in seeing which one will make Dobbin look best. One boy wheels the baby, for there is always a baby in that family. The little girls clean the silver, make the beds, and wash the dishes. What are they learning? They are learning how to do the household

tasks; but more than all they are learning to take care of things.

Every child should have his fair chance to play. He should also learn to take the little responsibilities which family life requires of each member. The mother's part in this kind of education is to arrange and prescribe the duties which a child's strength and experience permit him to perform.

A young woman told me that when she was four years old she wished to wash the dishes. She was not tall enough to reach the sink, so a stool was provided. Washing the cups and spoons became a kind of game. She enjoyed the feeling of the warm water and making of pretty foam with the soap. She loved to dry the china and make it shine and she learned to handle it carefully. An adult friend once asked me to carry a valuable plate across the room for her. She said she did not trust her hands. She was afraid she would drop it. She was the victim of weak distrust of herself. She had not learned to take care. I know a three-year-old boy who gets endless amusement in cutting paper dolls, paper-houses, and various other things. He has blunt scissors which he uses with skill. He has learned to be careful by using the proper tools.

Let us follow the careful child through an average day of his life and see how he contrasts with the careless child. He crawls out of bed, remembering to pull the covers back if he is well trained, while his careless brother will leave the bed exactly as he jumps out of it. In dressing he will hang up his night-clothes, whereas his careless brother throws his on the floor. At breakfast the care-

less one knocks over a glass of water and spills milk on his blouse, while the careful one eats more daintily, not forgetting to wipe his lips. On the way to school the careful child looks where he is going and picks his way, while the careless one, rushing headlong, stumbles and falls. In school they build towers with blocks. The careless brother places his blocks hit or miss, and his unbalanced tower falls. The careful child places his blocks with exactness and precision and has a splendid tall tower. In the cutting lesson the careless child spoils his work with heedless cutting, while the other follows the lines with care.

HOW TO DEAL WITH CARELESSNESS

CARELESSNESS in a child should not be regarded as a fault, to be scolded out of him, but as a bad tendency to be overcome as quickly as possible.

Two great antidotes for carelessness are reverence and appreciation. They are two great fundamental kindergarten principles. We teach reverence for the beautiful. The little child learns that flowers are to look at, and to smell, but how soon they fade if they are handled! We teach him appreciation by being appreciative ourselves. We exclaim about and admire the picture he has pasted himself, and we show him how we appreciate the results of his first painting lesson. Every mother knows how her child treasures the things he makes.

You know how futile it is after the child has upset his box of beads to say, "Oh, do be careful!" We must go deeper than that and instil the principles that underlie carefulness.

Self-control plays a large rôle in making a careful child. The careless child is uncontrolled. He does not co-ordinate properly. Practical aid is given by rhythms, prompt, precise, coördinated movement. Special sense-development aids to a certain extent. Responsibility and self-reliance make a child more careful. Let him do the thing for himself. Let him pass the plates at the table and fill the glasses of water. Help him to self-control in every way you know, seizing every opportunity. Let him do for himself and for others, so that he may learn carefulness, and always encourage him. This is the method that gets results.

NATURE'S LESSONS

NATURE is the great teacher of foresight and care. We plant a seed in the spring, but we must wait many days to see the orange nasturtium or the purple pansy.

A bulb is hidden in the ground. No one can see it. Is it lost? In the spring we find it again in a red tulip, or in a golden daffodil. The farmer sows his seed in faith that in due season, he will reap a harvest.

Can you help your children to read these lessons of watchful waiting, which old Mother Nature teaches? Maybe the story of the little acorn, which was hidden deep in the ground to rise again in the oak tree, will help to give the long look which provides for the future.[1]

[1] See vol. 1 of this series.

XXVIII

THE TRUTHFUL CHILD

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully."

WHEN I was a child an old clergyman came to spend a few days in my home. He was on a missionary tour and was collecting money for foreign missions. One day he was counting the money taken in the afternoon collection. He had rolls of bills and heaps of silver spread out on the table. I stood by open-eyed, amazed to see so much wealth on one small table. The old man looked at me and said impressively: "It is a great deal of money; but I would rather lose all this money — I would rather cut off my right hand — than tell a lie." Then he solemnly repeated the words of the psalm: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Who shall stand in his holy place?" His emphasis on the answer, "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully," made a deep impression on me. It seemed a truly awful thing to tell a lie, and I drew a mind picture of a long line of white-robed persons climbing the hill of the Lord. I kept this picture of those who were climbing the hill of the Lord for a long time. I believe I really wished to join such a splendid procession.

I fear there are not many visiting ministers left to-

day, and those who *do* visit, do not feel called on to repeat psalms or to instruct children. Parents are, however, as anxious as of old that children should speak the truth and nothing but the truth. How shall we secure a truthful child?

There are several important things for parents to remember.

MAKE IT EASY FOR A CHILD TO TELL THE TRUTH

CHILDREN are often betrayed into denying what has been done for fear of the consequences. The little boy was right who said that anybody could be as truthful as George Washington, if he had that kind of a father. A little girl breaks a plate and hides the pieces. She does not tell, because she fears a blow or some punishment for her carelessness.

A mother who says in a stern or angry tone, "Now, tell me exactly what you have done!" invites a falsehood. If, on the contrary, the mother says gently, "Now, tell mother all about it! Nothing will happen to you. Mother is your friend," a full confession may follow.

"If I find out who did this, he'll be sorry," says an angry father who discovers a broken window or a nicked tool. He is not likely to find out, for no boy will volunteer to tell under such a threat.

DO NOT INVITE A DENIAL BY ASKING A CHILD TO CONVICT HIMSELF

"WHO did it?" is not a safe question for a mother nor for a teacher. "What have you been doing in my absence?" is a question which puts a premium on deceit.

THE TRUTHFUL CHILD

A teacher was once called out of the room and left the pupils to take care of themselves. When she returned she said, "Now, all of you do exactly what you were doing while I was gone." One child, a very honest girl, ran up and down the aisle, as she had done in the teacher's absence. All the others who had been equally active sat up properly in their seats. The honest child was punished; the others escaped; but they had taken a lesson in concealment and deceit. No wise mother or teacher will ask a question which invites children to evasion. She understands too well the force of suggestion.

DO NOT TREAT A CHILD'S FANCIFUL TALES AS LIES

Some one has said that a child's life is like the map of the world. Fancy corresponds to the oceans on the map and facts to the land. Three fourths of a child's life is lived in the realm of imagination and one fourth in reality. The newcomer to earth knows little of the facts of life. He has slight information. He is not acquainted with this great "buzzing, booming confusion." It is difficult to tell what is real and what is not real. It is no more difficult to believe that a fairy godmother's wand could transform a pumpkin into a chariot than to believe that a tiny seed buried in the ground can become a vine that will bear several pumpkins. A child walks amid wonders. Everything is new to him. Everything is to be learned. Out of what he sees his imagination forms endless new combinations. It is not strange that sometimes he confuses what he has actually seen with what he has been thinking about. I heard of a man, who, until he was grown, had a recollection of the thrilling experience of

falling into a pail of hot water when he was three years old. In later life his sister informed him that it was a younger brother who had fallen into the pail of water. The tale had made such a vivid impression on him that he believed the accident happened to him.

"I met Mrs. Jones on the corner of Bay Street," a little girl once told her mother, "and she gave me a red rose."

"How kind of Mrs. Jones," said the mother.

"And on the corner of Orchard Street I met Mrs. Fish, and she gave me a rose, too."

"Then," said the mother, "you must have two roses. Show them to me."

"Oh, I just supposened it," was the little girl's quick response.

Her lively imagination had created an agreeable situation; which she easily acknowledged as imaginary when asked a direct question.

Was she not really truthful?

A lie is told with an intent to deceive. When there is no desire to deceive and nothing to be gained by it, a child's tale should be received as a fairy story or a pleasant belief and not as a falsehood. If it is desirable to distinguish between facts and fancy a few wise questions will bring a sense of reality.

BUY THE TRUTH AND SELL IT NOT

Doctor Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," compares truth to a cube and a lie to a sphere. A sphere rolls easily; but it does not stay. You cannot build with it, nor on it. The cube stands. It makes a

good foundation. You can depend on it to keep its place. So a lie or a false excuse may go easily and tide over a situation; but it builds nothing for the future. The teller loses the confidence of others. No one depends on him. No one trusts him. Can you make your child see the need of laying good foundations of truth and honor for his life building? Happy is the mother who succeeds in making her children feel that truth is like a precious possession — to buy and sell not.

How can she do this?

By stories and tales she may help children to see the importance of being trusted. The old fable of the sad fate of the boy who cried "Wolf!" when no wolf was there, is a good one to show the folly of deceiving. No one believed the boy when the wolf really came, because his word could not be trusted.

There is another famous old story of the magic necklace which began to choke the wearer whenever she enlarged upon the truth or varied her account of any happening.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

MANY years ago I heard a wise college professor relate a conversation he had with his little son, when an older brother told him that there was no Santa Claus. The little boy was grieved and went to his father with his trouble.

"Do you believe in Santa Claus?" asked the father.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Why?"

"Because he is so good and brings such nice things."

"Very well," said the father. "If you have such a good reason, keep right on believing."

There is an oft-told tale of a little girl who doubted whether anything her mother told her was true when she discovered that Santa Claus was a myth. I doubt if that child ever existed. If she did, she needed the treatment recommended by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin for a too prosaic child. She says that such a child should be kept in a closet and fed exclusively on fairy tales until some sparks of imagination are discovered. I doubt if the treatment would work.

Can you recall from your own childhood a thrill of delight at finding just before Christmas a bit of bright cloth in the fireplace? You knew Santa Claus had dropped it down the chimney. You treasured it among your hidden possessions until the gray dawn of Christmas brought you the apron or dress of the same bright color.

Does your heart grow warm as you remember how you felt when you looked up the chimney to see if you could find any clue to the way Santa Claus came down? The joyful mystery of Santa's night journeys will always remain as a reminiscence of the years when you were still trailing "clouds of glory."

Will you not give your children the same happiness? Do not let shades of the prison house close too soon around them.

Do you also remember how one day you awoke to the knowledge that Santa Claus was only the embodiment of the spirit of Christmas? Somehow as you grew older you knew the truth. There was no rude shock of dis-

covery; but as you grew in wisdom you placed Santa Claus naturally in the class of Jack Frost, the Brownies, and other good spirits who speed around the world on errands of good-will.

The child of kindergarten age is in the period which corresponds to the myth-making stage of the race. He creates his own explanations of things as did early man. He cannot understand abstract virtues. Goodness, good-will, kindness, and mercy must be embodied in some deed or person. Santa Claus is the messenger of peace and good-will at Christmas time. He is true as fairy tales are true. Fairy tales are true in the sense that they teach eternal truths; those truths on which our lives do rest.

It is forever true that kindness and love unlock doors to human hearts and set free prisoners bound by chains of evil habits. Santa Claus comes every year to give us the true meaning of the Christmas message. He will never grow old nor out of date. We cannot abolish him without losing much joy from childhood and much that is good for life. Children will cease to speak of him and to believe in him when they grow out of the stage in which they speak as a child and understand as a child. A school-teacher of my acquaintance once made a study of her children to see if there was any connection between a love of fairy tales and untruthfulness. She found that the child who enjoyed fairy tales was as exact in dealings, as truthful as others, and as she said, "the most abominable liar in the class" was the boy who had no interest in any stories or in anything outside the actual facts of his daily life.

A BROKEN PROMISE

CHILDREN should be taught the sacredness of a promise. Every promise made to a child should be kept no matter at what sacrifice. A promise of a walk or picnic or visit must always be conditioned by the weather so that the mother need not break faith with her child. A child should be able to say, "I know I can have it, for my mother promised it to me." It is a triumph when he says, "No, I cannot go there; I promised my mother not to go." I have seen a five-year-old child deeply impressed with the story of Regulus. The noble Roman was a captive in Carthage. He was sent to Rome to advise his countrymen to make peace with their enemy in Carthage. He promised to return and he kept his word. He knew he returned to certain death, for he had advised the Romans to continue the war, as Carthage was at the end of her resources. The splendor of such a deed even a young child may appreciate.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

A MOTHER is a living epistle known and read of her children. If she would have truthful and truth-loving children, she must be true to herself and true in mind and deed. She cannot defraud the butcher and baker of a penny now and then, and hope to keep the trust of her observant children. She cannot alter the ages of the boy or girl on the street-cars to avoid paying a fare. She cannot say "Not at home" to callers whom she does not wish to see. She may say, "I cannot see any one today," or, "I am unable to see Mrs. S." Her child will know she speaks the truth.

"One thing, dear mother, presses itself upon our attention. We may not overlook it. The great educational force in the life of your child is what you really are. What you prize and what you condemn: what you care for and what you dislike. This your child knows, even when he is so small that you think he pays no attention to what you are saying. The unconscious influence of your real self is the most potent force in his life. You are all in all to him, as he is to you. Think of what these words mean!"

LISA'S LAMB

THE little village of Altkirch is situated among beautiful green, willow-covered hills, which encircle it completely, except on one side where one can look across to the green Rechberg on whose summit stands another village which, like the mountain, bears the name of Rechberg. Between the two heights rushes the wild Zillerbach. On all the green hills around, no human habitation is to be seen; but near the foot-path is a solitary chapel, which for many long years has looked down upon the rushing stream and the little foot-bridge, which has many a time fallen away and been renewed during these years.

There are many poor people in Altkirch, for there is little work. Most of the men go as day-laborers to the farms in the vicinity. A few possess a little spot of land which they cultivate.

At the time of our story one of the poorest households was that of Joseph of the Willow, who lived in a lonely old house on the way to the chapel, quite by itself. The little house was almost entirely covered by the long,

overhanging boughs of an old willow-tree, which had given to the owner the name of Joseph of the Willow. He had always lived in the little house, which had belonged to his father before him.

Now Joseph was an old man and had only an aged invalid wife and two grandchildren in the old house with him. The grandfather made baskets, which the two grandchildren, Stanzeli and Seppli, took to the dairyman to sell.

One winter's day, they set out as usual with a pair of baskets on each arm. They knew well where they had to go, for every two weeks they were sent on such an errand to the dairyman. He lived quite a distance from the little village. The way led over the hill, past the chapel, up to the forest, where his cottage stood.

The children started out together, and, since Stanzeli kept conscientiously on the way, Seppli had to do the same, although he would have preferred to stand still and look at this or that.

When they came to the chapel, Stanzeli paused for the first time and said: "Lay the baskets here on the ground, Seppli; we must go into the chapel and say '*Our Father.*'"

But Seppli was unwilling to go. "I do not wish to go in; it is too warm," he said, and seated himself on the ground.

"No, Seppli, come, we must do it," said Stanzeli. "Don't you remember that Father Clemens said that every time we pray God sends us something, only we cannot always see it immediately."

At length Seppli suffered himself to be persuaded, and

went into the chapel without further objection. When they came out again a few minutes later they heard the sound of voices coming from the foot-path which leads down to the Zillerbach.

Three heads appeared, one after the other, and at last three children, two boys and a girl, came into full view, who stared at the other two in astonishment.

The largest of these children, who appeared so unexpectedly, was the girl, who might have been eleven years old. One of her brothers was a year younger, perhaps, and the other was much younger and smaller, but very fat and firmly built.

The little girl moved a few steps nearer Stanzeli and Seppli, and asked:

"What are your names?"

The children gave their names.

"Where do you live?" was the next question.

"In Altkirch, there; you can see the church tower from here," answered Stanzeli, pointing to the red tower between the hills.

"So you have your church there. We have such a church, too; but it is closed, and we go into it only on Sunday. But we have no such chapels with us. There is another still higher above us; only look, Kurt, up by the forest."

The little girl pointed with her finger, and her brother nodded to indicate that he saw the designated object. "I should like to know why you have so many chapels here on all the hills."

"So that we can go in and pray when we are passing by," said Stanzeli quickly.

"We can do that without them," responded the other girl, "we can pray everywhere, wherever we are. God hears everywhere; that I know."

"Yes," said Stanzeli gravely; "but though we are not commanded to go in and pray, we are permitted to do so. And then God always sends us something, even if we are not able to see it. Father Clemens has said so."

"Yes; but I would rather have something we can see," interposed the listening Seppli.

"Do you know Father Clemens, too?" asked Lisa, to whom he was well known.

"He lives in Altkirch, up in the old convent, and he comes often to see us," exclaimed Stanzeli. "Yes, and he sometimes brings grandmother a whole loaf of bread," added Seppli, who remembered this good act most vividly.

"I must go now," said Stanzeli, as she took up her baskets. "We have still a long way to go."

"Won't you come some time to Rechberg to see me?" asked Lisa, who wanted to continue the acquaintance.

"I don't know the way. I have never been on the other side of the Zillerbach."

"Oh, it is very easy to find. Just cross the foot-bridge then up and up until you come to the top. That is Rechberg. The large house which stands highest of all is ours. Do come soon. Come early some afternoon, so that we can play till evening."

So the children separated. Stanzeli and Seppli went on up the mountain, and Lisa looked about for her brothers, who had disappeared.

Kurt had climbed up an old pine tree near the chapel,

and was rocking on a bough, which cracked in a most ominous manner. Lisa watched to see him come down, considering that event more amusing than dangerous.

Karl was lying on the ground near the pine tree, sound asleep.

Something came running down the hill, which brought Kurt from his lofty perch, and woke Karl from his sleep at once. It was a flock of sheep, young and old, great and small, all skipping, running, and bleating, while the great dog barked continually. The shepherd was driving them towards Altkirch. The three children looked at the flock as it went by, in silent admiration. As far as they could see, they watched the young lambs skipping along by the sober mothers. When they had all passed, Karl said with a deep sigh, "If only we had a lamb like one of those!"

That was exactly what Kurt and Lisa thought at the same moment, and for once the three agreed perfectly.

Lisa immediately proposed that they should go home, and beg and beg for a lamb until they got it. She pictured to her brothers how they could take the lamb everywhere with them, and play with it in the pasture, until all three became so excited over the prospect, that they finally ran down the mountain and over the footbridge. Lisa went first, followed by Kurt, and they rushed so fast that the bridge swayed under their feet, and the loose boards moved up and down in such a manner that Karl, who was behind them, lost his footing, and almost fell into the rushing Zillerbach. Kurt turned and helped him up, and they finally reached the other side in safety.

It was a long way to Rechberg, and the lights had

been brought into the sitting-room when the children came in sight of the house. Their mother had been anxiously watching for them for more than an hour. She had seen nothing of them since dinner, and they should have been at home for four-o'clock coffee. She had given them permission to spend their afternoon in the grove near by, of which they had availed themselves most joyfully.

Now it was dark; and there was no sight or sound of them. How could they be so late? She conjured up all possible accidents, and ran from window to window, more and more anxious.

But now — ah! there were their voices! They came nearer! She ran out — yes — there they were coming up the mountain-side. As they saw their mother they ran faster, each trying to be the first to tell the story. Little Karl was left behind, but Kurt and Lisa came up breathless, eager to begin their tale at once.

At the same time a strong voice came from the opposite direction, "Supper! supper!"

It was the bailiff's, who had just returned from his business and wished to enforce the strict order of his household. When they were all seated at the supper-table, the children were permitted to give an account of their day's adventures.

It seemed that Lisa had grown tired of the grove, and had proposed to climb up to the old linden, where there was a fine view of the chapel, and the Zillerbach with its narrow bridge. Lisa had had a previous experience of the trembling and swaying of the little bridge, and an irresistible desire had seized her to visit the vicinity again.

Her brothers were very willing to join her, and the walk was begun which proved a much longer one than they had anticipated. They recounted the events of their expedition again and again, the meeting with the two children, seeing the flock of sheep, and crossing the shaky bridge.

The consequence of this last account was that all expeditions to the Zillerbach were strictly forbidden for the future.

In the meantime little Karl had fallen fast asleep in his chair.

"See, Karl is resting after his day's work," said their father, "and it is high time for yours to be at an end."

It was not easy to waken the little sleeper, so the bailiff took him, chair and all, and carried him into the chamber, while the other children followed, laughing and shouting at the funny sight.

From that time, at every meal, morning, noon, and night, one after the other, the children would say:

"Oh, if only we had a lamb!"

One evening, when the mother and children were sitting around the table, and little Karl, who found the school-work of the others rather tiresome, had said for the sixth time, "Oh, if we only had a lamb!" the door opened suddenly and in sprang a real live lamb. The little creature was covered with snow-white curly wool and was prettier than any the children had ever seen.

Such a cry of joy, such a noise arose, that nobody could hear a word.

The lamb darted from one corner to another in fright,

bleating pitifully, while the children rushed after him with shouts of joy.

At last their father called: "Come, that's enough. We must take the lamb to his new quarters, and then I have something to say to you."

The children went out to see where the lamb was put, full of wonder as to the place. A little addition had been made to the stable, and nice, clean straw lay on the floor for the lamb's bed. There was a little manger, too, in which to put grass and hay for him.

When the pretty creature had been carefully placed on his straw bed and was quiet, the father closed the low door and motioned to the children to follow him. When they had returned to the sitting-room, he said seriously: "Now, listen to me, and give heed to what I say. I have taken the lamb away from his mother to give to you. You must take the mother's place and care for him, so he will not die of homesickness. You may take him out with you during your play-time wherever you wish; but you must never leave him alone, and whoever takes him out must take care of him and bring him back to his place. Do you understand, and are you willing to care for him in this way? If not, I will take him back to his mother."

All three, Lisa, Kurt, and Karl, begged their father to leave the lamb with them, and promised faithfully to obey his commands in every respect, and were so full of joy at the prospect of having a real live lamb that they could not easily get to sleep that night. Even little Karl, usually so sleepy, sat up in bed and called out, again and again:

"Papa shall see that the lamb will not die here. I will take care of that."

The next day the great question was what the lamb's name would be.

Lisa proposed calling it "Eulalia," for that was the name of her friend's cat, and it seemed to her an especially fine name. But the boys did not like it. It was too long. Kurt proposed "Nero," as the big dog at the mill was called. But Lisa and Karl were not pleased with this name.

In despair they went to their mother, who suggested he should be called "Curlyhead," and Curlyhead he was from that time forth.

The little creature soon became a great pet for the children. They took him out for a frolic whenever they had a few spare moments. Sometimes they went to the pasture, and Kurt and Karl would search for rich, juicy clover-leaves to bring him, while Lisa sat on a bank with the little creature's head in her lap.

Whenever a child was sent on an errand to the mill, or to the baker's, the lamb must go, and he listened so intelligently to all the conversation his companion addressed to him that it was evident he understood every word. He grew every day more trustful, and thrived so well under this excellent care that he grew round as a ball, and his wool was as white and pretty as if he were always in his Sunday dress.

The beautiful, sunny autumn was drawing to an end, and November came. Christmas was coming, and every child's mind was filled with expectations of that joyful event. Kurt and Karl disclosed all their cherished dreams

to Curlyhead, and assured him he should have his share of holiday presents. Curlyhead listened attentively and seemed to appreciate these confidences.

Lisa had a particular friend, Marie, who lived in the great farmhouse on the way to the Zillerbach. Lisa was very anxious to visit this friend, for she could talk over her prospects for Christmas more fully with her than with her brothers. She had permission to go on her first free afternoon, and when the time came she was so impatient to start that she could hardly hold still long enough for her mother to tie on her warm scarf. Then she ran bounding off, while her mother watched her until she was halfway down the hill; then she turned and went into the house again.

At that moment it came into Lisa's mind that Curlyhead would enliven the long way if her brothers had not already taken him. She quickly turned around, ran back to the barn, and took out Curlyhead. Together they ran down the hard path where the bright autumn leaves were dancing about in the wind. They soon reached the end of their journey, where Lisa and her friend were quickly lost in deep conversation, walking up and down on the sunny plot of ground in front of the house, while Curlyhead nibbled contentedly at the hedge.

The two friends refreshed themselves occasionally with pears, and juicy, red apples, which grew in great abundance on the farm.

Marie's mother had brought out a great basketful, and Lisa was to carry home what were left. When it was time for Lisa to go home, Marie accompanied her a little way, and they still had so much to say, that they were

in sight of Lisa's home before they knew it. Marie quickly took leave of her, and Lisa hurried up the path. It was already dark. Just as she reached the house, the thought flashed through her mind like lightning, "Where is Curlyhead?"

She knew she had taken him with her. She had seen him nibbling the hedge, and then she had entirely forgotten him.

In a most dreadful fright she rushed back down the mountain again, calling: "Curlyhead, Curlyhead, where are you? Oh, come, come!"

But all was still. Curlyhead was nowhere to be seen. Lisa ran back to the farmhouse. There was a light already in the window of the sitting-room, and she could look in from the stone steps by the house. They were all at the supper-table; father, mother, Marie, and her brothers and the servants. The old cat lay on a bench by the stove; but nowhere was there a trace of Curlyhead to be seen, as Lisa peered into all the corners. Then she ran around the house into the garden around the hedge, again into the garden, and along the inside of the hedge, calling, "Curlyhead, come now, oh, come, come!"

All in vain. There was no sight or sound of the lamb. Lisa grew more anxious. It grew darker and the wind howled louder and louder, and almost blew her from the ground.

She must go home. What should she do? She did not dare to say she had lost Curlyhead. If she could see her mother alone, first!

She ran as fast as she could up the mountain. At home supper was ready, and her father was already there. She

burst into the room in such a heated, disordered condition, that her mother said: "You cannot come to the table so, child; go and make yourself ready first." And her father added: "You must not come home so late! Now go, and come soon in a neater condition, or you will have nothing to eat."

Lisa obeyed quietly. As far as supper was concerned, it was all the same to her; she would much rather not come in at all; but that would not do. With a very sad face she returned to her place. She had a fearful anxiety in regard to the remarks and questions sure to follow. But before any one could say anything to her, a new occurrence claimed the attention of the whole family.

Hans put his head in at the door and said: "Excuse me, sir, but Trina says the children are all at home and the lamb is not yet in the barn."

"What?" cried the bailiff. "What can this mean? Who has taken him out?"

"Not I!" "Not I! Certainly not I!" "Nor I," cried out Kurt and Karl so loudly that one could not hear whether Lisa spoke or not.

"Not so fast," said their mother gently. "It certainly was not Lisa, she went alone this afternoon to visit Marie, and has only just come back."

"Then it is one of you boys," cried their father hastily, looking sharply at the two brothers.

A great cry came as answer, "Not I!" "Not I!" and both of them looked so honest that the bailiff said at once: "No! No! It is not you; Hans must have left the door open an instant, and the lamb took the opportunity of running out. I must look into it."

He left the room hastily to make an examination of the barn.

When the first excitement was over, another idea became uppermost. All at once Karl covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed out:

"Now Curlyhead is lost. We shall never see him any more. Perhaps he is already dead."

And Kurt added, weeping aloud: "Yes, it grows colder, and he has nothing to eat and will surely freeze and die in misery."

Lisa began to cry more violently than her brothers. She said nothing, but one could easily see how much deeper her grief was than theirs, and Lisa herself knew why. Long after Kurt and Karl were asleep, dreaming happy dreams of Curlyhead, Lisa lay tossing uneasily, and could not sleep. Besides her grief for the lamb left to wander alone in the cold night, she had to bear the torture of the thought that she was the cause of this, and that she had concealed it when she ought to have confessed it. She had not, it is true, called out, "Not I, not I"; but she had been silent when her mother said, "It certainly cannot be Lisa," and she rightly felt that by her silence she had done the same wrong as if she had told an untruth. She could not rest until she determined to tell her mother the whole story in the morning. Perhaps he would be found.

The next morning was bright and sunny, and at breakfast it was decided that, as soon as school was out, all three children should go out to look for Curlyhead. In the afternoon they would do the same. He must be somewhere, and they would find him. Their mother told

them, too, that their father had already, in the early morning, sent Hans out to search for the little creature everywhere; so there was every hope that he would be found. Lisa was most happy at this prospect, and thought she would not need to say anything now; everything would come right. The whole Rechberg was searched during the day, and inquires made in every house; but Curlyhead seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Nobody had seen him, and nowhere was there any trace of him. The search was continued for several days; but in vain. Then the bailiff said it was of no use: either the poor animal was no longer alive, or it had wandered far away.

A few days after, the first snow fell, and so thick and large were the flakes that in a short time the whole garden lay in deep snow, which came halfway up the hedge. Generally, the children rejoiced greatly in the first snow; and the more the flakes whirled about, the more they shouted and exulted.

Now they were quiet, and one looked here, and one there, at the window, and each one thought in silence of Curlyhead, wondering if he lay under the cold snow or was trying to wade through it and could not, and was calling for help with his well-known voice, and no one was near to hear. When their father came home at night, he said: "It is a bitterly cold night; the snow is already frozen hard. If the poor animal is not already dead, it will certainly perish to-night. Would that I had never brought the poor creature home!" Then Karl broke out in such bitter weeping, and Kurt and Lisa joined in such a heartrending manner, that their

father left the room, and their mother sought to comfort them.

From that time the bailiff never mentioned the lamb again, and when the children grieved for it, their mother talked to them about the Christmas celebration. She told them that the Christ-Child came to make all hearts glad, and that this festival, which would soon come, would make them happy again. And when tender-hearted Karl began, as the cold, dark evenings came on to say despondingly, "Oh, if only Curlyhead were not freezing in the cold outside!" then his mother comforted him, by saying: "See, Karl, the good God takes care of animals, too. It may be that he has prepared a warm bed for Curlyhead elsewhere, and it is well with him; and since we can care no more for him, let us be content and leave him with the good God." Kurt listened attentively as their mother comforted Karl, and so it happened that, gradually, the two brothers became happy again, and rejoiced more every day in the prospect of the pleasant Christmas time. But Lisa did not grow cheerful with them. A heavy burden lay upon her, which crushed her down and kept her always unhappy. At night she dreamed of seeing Curlyhead lying out in the snow, hungry and freezing, looking at her with reproachful eyes which said, "You have done it." Then she would wake up weeping, and afterwards, when she tried to be merry with her brothers, she could not, for she always kept thinking, if they knew what she had done, how they would reproach her! She dared not look straight in the eyes of her parents, for she had concealed from them what she ought to have revealed, and now

she could not bring the words to her lips; she had let them believe so long that she knew nothing about the affair.

So Lisa had no more happy minutes, and every day she appeared more mournful and full of grief; and when Kurt and Karl came to her and said, "Do be happy, Lisa; Christmas is coming, and only think of what may happen," then the tears came to her eyes, and, half weeping, she said, "I can never be happy, no, never, not even at Christmas."

That grieved tender-hearted Karl, and he said comfortingly: "Do you know, Lisa, when we can do nothing more, then we must leave all to God, and then we are happy again if we have done nothing wrong? Mamma said so." Lisa then began to cry in earnest, so that it alarmed Karl, and he ran away, as Kurt had already done. Lisa's altered demeanor had not escaped her mother's notice. She often watched the child in silence, but asked her no questions.

November came to an end. The snow had become deeper, and every day the cold grew more bitter. Stanzeli's grandmother in Altkirch moved her thin coverlet here and there, and could hardly keep warm under it. The room was cold, too, for their supply of wood was very scanty, and with the deep snow there were no sticks to be found.

It had snowed for so long, and the deep snow was so soft, that the old man had been obliged to take his baskets to the dairyman himself, for the children would have been buried. But at last the sky was clear, and the high fields of snow, far and wide, were frozen so hard

that one could go over them as over a firm street; the ice did not crack under the heaviest man.

Now the children could be sent out again. Stanzeli wound a shawl about her, Seppli put on his woolen cap, and they started out. When they came to the stream, Stanzeli laid her baskets down, and taking Seppli by the hand entered the quiet chapel. She was saying her prayer softly and thoughtfully, when all at once a peculiar cry sounded through the stillness. Stanzeli was a little frightened, and turned to Seppli, saying softly, "Don't do so in the chapel; you must be still." Seppli replied just as softly, but indignantly, "I don't do it; it is you."

At that moment the cry sounded again, and louder. Seppli looked carefully at a place in the rear of the church, and suddenly touching Stanzeli's arm, drew her so forcibly from her seat towards the altar, that she could do nothing but follow. Here, at the foot of the altar, half covered by the altar cloth under which it crouched, lay a white lamb, trembling and shaking with the cold, and stretching out its thin legs as if it could move no more from weariness.

"It is a lamb; now we have something given to us that we can see!" cried Seppli in delight.

Stanzeli looked in great astonishment at the little animal. Father Clemens's words had come into her mind also, and she believed nothing else than that God had sent the lamb to them.

"We will take him home with us and give him a potato," said Seppli, who knew no other cause of misery than hunger.

"What are you thinking of, Seppli? We must go to the dairyman's," said faithful Stanzeli; "but we cannot leave the little thing here alone." And the child looked thoughtfully at the poor creature with its troubled breathing.

"I know, now," she continued, after some reflection. "You take care of the lamb, here, and I will run up with the baskets as fast as I can, and come back for you."

Seppli was pleased with the proposition, and Stanzeli ran on immediately. She darted over the fields of snow as nimbly as a deer. Seppli seated himself on the floor and looked at his present. The lamb was covered with such beautiful thick wool, that he took great pleasure in burying his hand in it, and it became at once so beautifully warm that he quickly thrust in the other also. He drew very near to the little creature, and it was like a small stove for him; for although it trembled with the cold itself, yet its woolly covering afforded an excellent means of warmth to Seppli. In less than half an hour Stanzeli came back, and now they wished to take their gift home to their grandparents. But in vain did they try to place the lamb on its feet; it was so feeble that it fell down at once with a mournful cry, when they had raised it a little.

"It must be carried," said Stanzeli; "but it is too heavy for me, you must help me." And she showed Seppli how he must take hold so as not to hurt the lamb, and they carried it away together. Their progress was a little slow, for it was quite inconvenient for the two to go far with their load; but they were so delighted that

they did not give up until they reached their cottage, and could rush in with their new-found treasure.

"We have a sheep; a live sheep with very warm wool!" cried Seppli, as he entered. And when they were inside the room, they laid the lamb on the seat near the stove, by their astonished grandfather. Then Stanzeli told how everything had happened, and how it had come exactly as Father Clemens had said: that God sends something whenever one prays; only it cannot always be seen at once.

"But to-day we can see it," interposed Seppli joyfully.

Joseph looked at his wife to see what she thought, and she looked at him, saying, "you must tell them, Joseph."

After some reflection he said: "Somebody must go up to Father Clemens, and ask him how we are to understand that. I will go myself." With that he rose from his seat, put on his old fur cap, and went out.

Father Clemens came back with him.

When he had greeted the invalid, he sat down and looked carefully at the poor, exhausted lamb. Then he drew the children to him and said kindly: "This is how it is: when we pray, God gives us cheerful and courageous hearts, and that is a beautiful gift on which many others depend. This lamb is lost; it must belong to the large flock which passed through late in the autumn, and the shepherd will certainly inquire for it. It must have been lost a long time, for it is nearly starved and almost dead; perhaps we cannot bring it back to life. First it must have a little warm milk, and then we can see what more it can take."

With the last words the good Father had lifted the lamb a little and laid his hand tenderly under its head.

Joseph said faintly: "We will do what we can. Stanzeli, go and see if there is a drop of milk."

But Father Clemens prevented Stanzeli from going and said: "I do not mean that; if it is agreeable to you, I will take the lamb. I have room and can take care of it."

That was a great relief to the old people, for they did not wish to leave the lamb to die of hunger, and where there was anything to feed it they did not know.

So Father Clemens took the tired animal on his arm, and went with it to the old cloister.

He shook Joseph's hand and went quickly away, for he had other sick ones to comfort who waited longingly for him; for in all Altkirch and far beyond, Father Clemens was the comforter for the poor and sick.

The long-desired Christmas Day had come at last. Kurt and Karl had been in a fever of expectation all day, and wandered restlessly from one room to another, unable to keep still anywhere. They had the feeling that they might bring the evening more quickly by constant motion.

Lisa sat quietly in a corner, and gave no attention to what her brothers were saying. She had never known such a Christmas. A heavy burden lay upon her which stifled every feeling of joy. When she tried to force herself to throw off this weight and to be merry with her brothers, she found it impossible. She fancied all the time she heard some one coming who had found Curly-

head dead, and who would tell her father that it was she who had forgotten and left him.

Towards evening Kurt and Karl found a moment's rest, and sat together in a state of listening expectation, talking in subdued whispers.

"What should you think of a croquet game with colored balls?" whispered Karl. "Do you suppose the Christ-Child thinks of that?"

"Perhaps," answered Kurt; "but do you know, I would much rather have a new sled; for you see Kessler does not run well, and we have only Geiss besides. When Lisa feels like playing again, she will want to coast, and then she will have Geiss and there is not room for us both on Kessler."

"Yes. But then there are the soldiers. Don't you know how many thousand times we have wished for a set of soldiers?" said Karl. "I would almost rather go without the sled than the soldiers."

"Perhaps," said Kurt slowly, for a new thought had already come to him.

"But suppose the Christ-Child should bring a paint-box, then we could paint those pictures of soldiers, and make our own."

"Oh! Oh!" ejaculated Karl, quite taken by the charming prospect.

Just then their mother entered the room, and said: "Children, the candles are lit on the piano and we will go and sing. Where is Lisa?"

In the twilight she had not noticed that Lisa was sitting in the corner of the room; neither had her brothers known she was there. She came out now and went to the

piano with the others. Her mother seated herself and played for them to sing. Kurt and Karl sang lustily and Lisa joined in softly.

When they came to the words in the song: "Jesus is greater, Jesus is greater, He who rejoices our sad hearts," Karl sang them so joyfully and loudly that one could see he did not have a sad heart. But Lisa had known what it was to have a sad heart; she swallowed a lump in her throat, and could not sing any more.

When the song was ended, their mother rose and said, "Now stay here quietly until I come again."

But Lisa ran after her and said mournfully: "Mamma! Mamma! May I ask you something?"

The mother drew the child into her sleeping-room and asked her what she wanted.

"Mamma, can Jesus make all sad hearts happy again?" asked Lisa anxiously.

"Yes, child, all," answered the mother; "all, whatever burdens them. Only one He cannot make happy, and that is one which holds a wrong and will not lay it aside."

Lisa broke out into loud crying. "I will hold it no longer," she sobbed. "I will tell it. I took Curlyhead away with me and forgot him, and lost him, and then I was silent, and I am the cause of his starving and freezing, and I cannot rejoice any more, not over anything."

Her mother drew Lisa lovingly to her, and said comfortingly:

"Now you have experienced, my child, how a wrong deed hidden in our hearts can make us terribly unhappy. You will think of it, and never wish to do it again. But

now you have confessed it repentantly; and the Holy Christ can and will come into your heart, and make it happy again, for to-day He wishes especially to make all hearts glad. Now dry your tears and go to your brothers. I will come soon."

Such a weight had been taken from Lisa's heart, and she felt all at once so light and free, that she could almost have jumped over all the mountains.

Suddenly the thought came to her — to-day is Christmas! Anything may happen to-day! Everything within her rejoiced. There was only one shadow — Curlyhead! Where was he now?

As she went skipping towards her brothers, Karl said gladly, "I knew Lisa would be merry again at Christmas."

While Lisa was talking very fast about what she expected and hoped for, the house-bell sounded, loud and long, and Karl, pale with excitement, cried, "The Christ-Child!"

At that moment their mother opened the door, and a flood of light streamed in from the next room. The children rushed in. There was such a blaze and sparkle and splendor that at first they could distinguish nothing.

Ah! Yes; in the middle of the room was a great pine-tree, gleaming with candles from top to bottom, covered with beautiful angels, brilliant birds, red strawberries and cherries, and golden apples and pears.

The children ran around the tree in speechless admiration. Suddenly, something came running in which almost knocked Lisa down. She uttered a shout of joy. Surely — it was — Curlyhead!

Round as a ball, and pretty as ever, he came and rubbed his head good-naturedly against Lisa's dress, bleating for joy. Kurt and Karl could hardly believe their eyes. Not hungry, not cold — alive and well! It was really Curlyhead. They almost smothered him in their joy. But Karl had seen something else. He made a dive towards the table.

"Kurt! Kurt!" he cried, almost beside himself; "the soldiers! the soldiers!"

But Kurt had already darted to the other side and called back: "Come here! Here is the new sled, a splendid sled!"

As Karl ran towards him he cried again: "Oh, here is the paint-box! Only see how many brushes."

Lisa still hugged Curlyhead. He was her best present. Now she could be perfectly happy again. Everything was right.

Suddenly she saw two great eyes staring in wonder at the splendid tree. They belonged to Seppli, and there was Stanzeli standing near him.

Lisa went to the children.

"So you have come at last to see me?" she said. "Is n't the tree beautiful? Did you know the Christ-Child would come to-day?"

"Oh, no," said Stanzeli shyly. "Your mother brought us here. Father Clemens told us to-day that the lamb belonged to you, and that we might bring it over."

"And you brought Curlyhead? Where from? Where did you find it? How can he look so fat and well?"

"You will know all that some other time, Lisa," said her mother, coming towards the children. "Now you

must lead your little friends to their Christmas table by the window. The Christ-child has remembered them, too."

Stanzeli and Seppli often go to play with Lisa, and her brothers, and Curlyhead.

And Lisa, whenever she looks at Curlyhead, thinks: "How happy I am! I will never again conceal a wrong deed in my heart."

XXIX

THE GOOD CHILD

"The sun is bright, the sky is blue;
You love me and I love you.
At morn and evening falls the dew;
You love me and I love you.
It rains, it rains and wets us through;
You love me and I love you —
It snowed and hard the tempest blew,
But you love me and I love you.
What care we what the weather be
If I love you and you love me!"

SUSAN HALE

IN the days of our grandmothers, children were told to "be good" and that was considered sufficient to lead them into the path of right. There were often vague and misleading ideas of goodness, to be sure, connected with such maxims as, "A child should be seen and not heard"; "Silence is golden"; "Keep still and behave yourself." Keeping still was connected with the idea of goodness, and goodness was consequently abhorrent. A little boy, whose father was an author and demanded complete silence when he was writing, burst into tears one day when he dropped something and said, "I did n't want to be naughty; but I had to be." No cruelty painted by Dickens could surpass the injury inflicted on a tender soul by such unnatural conditions. "If you make virtue desirable," says a wise man, "all is gained. If badness is attractive, all is lost." The real problem is

how to win children to desire the good. Goodness should be like the pearl of great price, worth anything which can be given for it. It is born of a real desire of the heart. No outward compulsion can make children good. You may compel obedience; you may force a child to say he is sorry for a wrong deed; but you cannot make him so.

I was once in a kindergarten where there was a young and inexperienced teacher. A little girl accidentally broke a slender wooden slat by bending it in her fingers. "Oh, Katie!" said the teacher. "See what you have done. Are n't you sorry?"

"No," said Katie.

"But what will Miss A say. No one can play with it any more. Are n't you sorry for that?"

"No," said Katie firmly.

"I shall have to move you away from the table if you are not sorry. Do you wish to go away?"

"No," said Katie, bursting into tears.

"Very well," said the young woman going toward her. "Say you are sorry."

"Yes, I am," said the child in tears; and then resolutely, "No, I ain't."

Katie was honest and could not perjure herself, although she was removed from the group. She had not meant to do any harm and could not convict herself.

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS"

FROEBEL'S "Play of the Knights" deals with the period in a child's development when he becomes conscious that "even a child is known by his doings." He becomes aware of the fact that people are judging him by his

actions and that he must meet this judgment. The time has come when he must say "I ought" and "I must" to himself. The whole secret of moral growth lies in this inner decision and desire to be right and to follow the right. Children are sensitive to the opinion of those about them. They respond readily to praise or blame. If we can lead them to desire the approval of those most to be admired, we are creating right standards. This is why Froebel chooses the knights to seek the good child. Their opinion is of worth. They embody all the qualities of courage, purity, friendliness, helpfulness which we admire.

Froebel's picture and play show them riding through the land in their search for the good child. Their horses prance gayly. Their plumes wave in the air. They are brave and gay. What a fine thing it must be they are seeking! What joy they show in finding the good child! How desirable is goodness! Mother likes the good child! Father likes the good child! The knights rejoice to find him. They offer to take him away for a little ride so excellent is his company.

"Over the world we ride to find
The child that is helpful and good and kind."

THIS little drama is carried out by the five fingers moving on the table to represent the knights riding up to the house and away again with the happy child. Knights are chosen as the judges of the good child. because they embody the ideals of goodness created by the traditions of long generations of men and women seeking to make life good and true and beautiful. They are the figures in the little play because they appeal to

what children love and admire — bravery, courage, and devotion. The dialogue between mother and knights has dramatic interest. Any mother may invent words to fit the scene. Any mother may find such a finger play useful when she wishes to fix in her child's heart the real impulse to good conduct. The knights say:

"Over the world we ride to find
The child that is helpful and good and kind."

And the mother answers proudly:

"This is the child so dear,
Brave knights, you see him here."

The impression of such a play which plants itself in the imagination lingers long after moral injunctions are forgotten. The moral injunction is often unheeded, but the warm glow of joy over the finding of a good child remains as a fond memory of childhood.

The picture of the good child is completed by the song the knights sing. They tell what the good child does: He plays happily. He does not quarrel. He picks up his toys and keeps them in order. He runs to pick up things for his mother. He shares his pleasures with her. At the end of the day he sits on her lap and tells her of his play. He loves her and she sings to him as she puts him to bed and leaves him to sweet sleep, while angels guard the bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson has sketched a similar picture of a good boy:

"I woke before the morning: I was happy all the day.
I never spoke an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play,
And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good."

IMPORTANCE OF EXAMPLE

As children grow older the path of goodness lies in the pursuit of ideals which make the goal of conduct. Says Wordsworth:

> "We live by admiration, faith, and love,
> And e'en as these are well and wisely fixed
> Do we ascend in the scale of being."

The first ideals of children are found in the home circle. These are enlarged by the tales of the lives and deeds of noble men and women. An artist mother has painted on the walls of a little boy's bedroom scenes from Peter Pan, so that when he awakens he may look upon something good and beautiful. Mothers who are not artists may choose pictures which suggest good thoughts for the day, to be hung where the child's eyes first rest. The same artist mother planned once to paint the walls of a story-telling room for me. She wrote thus about it:

"I was reading aloud to the children to-night about Perseus, and it seemed to me that after all there could be nothing better for the story-telling room than the meeting of Perseus and Pallas Athene, and under it, illumined, these words from Kingsley's 'Greek Heroes': 'I am Pallas Athene: and I know the thoughts of all men's hearts, and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away: and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease, like sheep in the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread, like the gourd along the ground: but like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveler: and when they are ripe, death gathers them . . .

and their name vanishes out of the land. But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man's. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of God and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them, and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where: and some of them win noble names, and a fair and green old age: but what will be their latter end I know not, and none, save Zeus, the father of Gods and men. Tell me, now, Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seem to you more blest?'

"Then Perseus answered boldly: 'Better to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep, and die unloved and unrenowned.'"

Might we not hope that the frequent reading of these words under the picture of a brave youth would create the desire to win a noble name even at the cost of toil and sacrifice? Would it make a soul of fire seem better than a soul of clay with a life of ease?

THE INSPIRATION OF STORIES AND PLAYS

In a settlement a group of lawless boys were formed into a hero club. They studied various heroes, and at the end of the season voted that Father Damien was the finest of all, because he gave his life to care for lepers on a lonely and distant island.

A girls' romance club succeeded in supplanting silly

talk of dress and beaux by a real interest in Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Andrew Lang's version of "Cupid and Psyche," and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

A librarian, writing of the library story-hour, says: "Besides guiding his reading, a carefully prepared, well-told story enriches a child's imagination, stores his mind with poetic imagery and literary allusions, develops his powers of concentration, helps in unfolding his ideas of right and wrong, and develops sympathy, all of which by-products have powerful influence in character."

Froebel's "Play of the Knights" has for its motive the awakening of the love of the good in the hearts of little children. Through the interest in action and the appeal to the imagination, this love is fostered. The supreme motive of literature is to awaken and foster the same love of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Barrie said of his mother: "When you looked into my mother's eyes, you knew why God had sent her into the world. It was to make you think beautiful thoughts, and that is the beginning and end of literature."

To inspire beautiful thoughts is the secret of a mother's influence toward goodness.

THE SEARCH FOR A GOOD CHILD

By Maud Lindsay

LONG, long ago there lived, in a kingdom far away, five knights who were so good and so wise that each one was known by a name that meant something beautiful.

The first knight was called Sir Brian the Brave. He had killed the great lion that came out of the forest to

frighten the women and children, had slain a dragon, and had saved a princess from a burning castle; for he was afraid of nothing under the sun.

The second knight was Gerald the Glad, who was so happy himself that he made everybody around him happy too; for his sweet smile and cheery words were so comforting that none could be sad or cross or angry when he was near.

Sir Kenneth the Kind was the third knight, and he won his name by his tender heart. Even the creatures of the wood knew and loved him, for he never hurt anything that God had made.

The fourth knight had a face as beautiful as his name, and he was called Percival the Pure. He thought beautiful thoughts, said beautiful words, and did beautiful deeds, for he kept his whole life as lovely as a garden full of flowers without a single weed.

Tristram the True was the last knight, and he was leader of them all.

The king of the country trusted these five knights; and one morning in the early spring-time he called them to him and said:

"My trusty knights, I am growing old, and I long to see in my kingdom many knights like you to take care of my people; and so I will send you through all my kingdom to choose for me a little boy who may live at my court and learn from you those things which a knight must know. Only a good child can be chosen. A good child is worth more than a kingdom. And when you have found him, bring him, if he will come willingly, to me, and I shall be happy in my old age."

Now the knights were well pleased with the words of the king, and at the first peep of day they were ready for their journey, and rode down the king's highway with waving plumes and shining shields.

No sooner had they started on their journey than the news spread abroad over the country, and many fathers and mothers who were anxious for the favor of the king sent messengers to invite the knights to visit them.

The parents' messages were so full of praises of their children that the knights scarcely knew where to go. Some of the parents said that their sons were beautiful; some said theirs were smart; but as the knights cared nothing for a child who was not good, they did not hurry to see these children.

On the second day, however, as they rode along, they met a company of men in very fine clothes, who bowed down before them; and while the knights drew rein in astonishment, a little man stepped in front of the others to speak to them.

He was a fat little man, with a fat little voice; and he told the knights that he had come to invite them to the castle of the Baron Borribald, whose son Florimond was the most wonderful child in the world.

"Oh! there is nothing he cannot do," cried the fat little man whose name was Puff. "You must hear him talk! You must see him walk!"

So the knights followed him; and when they had reached the castle, Florimond ran to meet them. He was a merry little fellow, with long fair curls and rosy cheeks; and when he saw the fine horses he clapped his hands with delight. The baron and baroness, too, were well

pleased with their visitors, and made a feast in their honor; but early the next morning, the knights were startled by a most awful sound which seemed to come from the hall below.

"Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" It sounded something like the howling of a dog; but as they listened, it grew louder and louder, until it sounded like the roaring of a lion.

The knights seized their swords and rushed down to see what was the matter; and there, in the middle of the hall, stood Florimond, his cheeks puffed up and his eyes swollen, and right out of his open mouth came that terrible noise: "Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

His mamma and papa were begging him to be quiet. The cook had run up with a pie, and the nurse with a toy, but Florimond only opened his mouth and screamed the louder, because the rain was coming down, when he wanted to play out of doors!

Then the knights saw that they were not wanted, and they hurried upstairs to prepare for their journey. The baron and baroness and fat little Puff all begged them to stay, and Florimond cried again when they left him; but the knights did not care to stay with a child who was not good.

The knights began to think that their mission was a difficult one; but they rode on, asking at every house, "Is there a good boy here?" only to be disappointed many times.

North, south, east, and west, they searched; and at last, one afternoon, they halted under an oak tree, to talk, and they decided to part company.

"Let each take his own way," said Tristram the True,

"and to-morrow we will meet, under this same tree, and tell what we have seen; for the time draws near when we must return to the king."

Then they bade each other farewell, and each rode away, except Sir Tristram, who lingered long under the oak tree; for he was the leader, and had many things to think about.

Just as the sun was red in the west, he saw a little boy coming towards him, with a bundle of sticks on his back.

"Greeting to you, little boy," said he.

"Greeting to you, fair sir," said the boy, looking up with eager eyes at the knight on his splendid horse, that stood so still when the knight bade it.

"What is your name?" asked the knight.

"My name is little Gauvain," replied the child.

"And can you prove a trusty guide, little Gauvain, and lead me to a pleasant place where I may rest to-night?" asked the knight.

"Ay, that I can," Gauvain answered gladly, his whole face lighting up with pleasure; but he added quickly, "I can, if you will wait until I carry my sticks to Granny Slowsteps, and bring her water from the spring; for I promised to be there before the setting of the sun."

Now little Gauvain wanted to help the good knight so much that he was sorry to say this; but Sir Tristram told him to run, and promised to wait patiently until his return; and before many moments Gauvain was back, bounding like a fawn through the wood, to lead the way to his own home.

When they came there the little dog ran out to meet

them, and the cat rubbed up against Gauvain, and the mother called from the kitchen:

"Is that my sunbeam coming home to roost?" which made Gauvain and the knight both laugh.

Then the mother came out in haste to welcome the stranger; and she treated him with honor, giving him the best place at the table and the hottest cakes.

She and little Gauvain lived all alone, for the father had gone to the wars when Gauvain was a baby, and had died fighting for the king.

She had cows, horses, and pigs, hens, chickens, and a dog and a cat, and one treasure greater than a kingdom, for she had a good child in her house.

Sir Tristram found this out very soon, for little Gauvain ran when he was called, remembered the cat and dog when he had eaten his own supper, and went to bed when he was told, without fretting, although the knight was telling of lions and bears and battles, and everything that little boys like to hear about.

Sir Tristram was so glad of this that he could scarcely wait for the time to come when he should meet his comrades under the oak tree.

"I have found a child whom you must see," he said, as soon as they came together.

"And so have I," cried Gerald the Glad.

"And I," exclaimed Kenneth the Kind.

"And I," said Brian the Brave.

"And I," said Percival the Pure; and they looked at each other in astonishment.

"I do not know the child's name," continued Gerald the Glad; "but as I was riding in the forest I heard some

one singing the merriest song! And when I looked through the trees I saw a little boy bending under a heavy burden. I hastened to help him, but when I reached the spot he was gone. I should like to hear him sing again."

"I rode by the highway," said Sir Brian the Brave, "and I came suddenly upon a crowd of great, rough fellows who were trying to torment a small black dog; and just as I saw them, a little boy ran up, as brave as a knight, and took the dog in his arms, and covered it with his coat. The rest ran away when I rode up; but the child stayed, and told me his name — Gauvain."

"Why!" exclaimed Kenneth the Kind, "he is the boy who brings wood and water for Granny Slowsteps. I tarried all night at her cottage, and she told me of his kindness."

"I saw a lad at the spring near by," said Percival the Pure. "He hurried to fill his bucket, and some rude clown muddied the water as the child reached down; but he spoke no angry words, and waited patiently till the water was clear again. I should like to find his home and see him there."

Now Sir Tristram had waited to hear them all; but when Sir Percival had finished, he arose and cried:

"Come, and I will carry you to the child!" And when the knights followed him, he led them to the home where little Gauvain was working with his mother, as happy as a lark and as gentle as a dove.

It was noonday, and the sun was shining brightly on the shields of the knights, and their plumes were waving in the breeze; and when they reached the gate, Sir Tristram blew a loud blast on a silver trumpet.

Then all the hens began to cackle, and the dog began to bark, and the horse began to neigh, and the pigs began to grunt; for they knew that it was a great day. And little Gauvain and his mother ran out to see what the matter was.

When the knights saw Gauvain they looked at each other, and every one cried out: "He is the child!" And Tristram the True said to the mother:

"Greeting to you! The king, our wise ruler, has sent us here to see your good child; for a good child is more precious than a kingdom. And the king offers him his love and favor if you will let him ride with us to live at the king's court and learn to be a knight."

Little Gauvain and his mother were greatly astonished. They could scarcely believe that such a thing had happened; for it seemed very wonderful and beautiful that the king should send messengers to little Gauvain. After the knights had repeated it, though, they understood; and little Gauvain ran to his mother and put his arms around her; for he knew that if he went with the knights he must leave her, and the mother knew that if she let him go she must live without him.

The rooster up on the fence crowed a very loud "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" to let everybody know he belonged to Gauvain; and a little chick that had lost its mother cried, "Peep! peep!" And when the mother heard this, she answered the knights and said:

"I cannot spare my good child from my home. The king's love is precious; but I love my child more than the whole world, and he is dearer to me than a thousand kingdoms."

Little Gauvain was so glad when he heard her answer that he looked again at the knights with a smiling face, and waved his hand to them as they rode away. All day and all night they rode, and it was the peep of day when they came to the king's highway. Then they rode slowly, for they were sad because of their news; but the king rejoiced when he heard it, for he said: "Such a child, with such a mother, will grow into a knight at home."

The king's words were true; for when the king was an old, old man, Gauvain rode to his court and was knighted.

Gauvain had a beautiful name of his own then, for he was called "Gauvain the Good"; and he was brave, happy, kind, pure, and true. And he was beloved by all the people in the world, but most of all by his mother.

XXX

THE BAD CHILD

"Oh, help your child to feel this in his heart:
Evil repels, but goodness without art,
Still, but resistless, like a magnet acts."

IT is true that children are often made bad by our treatment of them. In his "Autobiography" Froebel sketches a pathetic picture of a child constantly reproved for his restless activity and punished for minor faults. "I was so often called bad," he writes, "that I nearly became so."

A wide-awake boy, transplanted from the genial atmosphere of a kindergarten to a rigid primary school, was in constant disgrace. His efforts to help his mates were misunderstood and his social spirit rebuked.

"She blames everything on me," he confided to his mother, "and I might as well do it."

How many an active boy has a bad name attached to him because he is passed on from grade to grade in school with that character! Often all he needs is a legitimate outlet for his activity and some absorbing work.

This incident is given in the "Child-Welfare Magazine" by Henriette E. Delamare:

"'She's b-a-d,' said the mother in an impressive whisper as she presented her child to the principal of the school.

"'Bad!' explained the black-eyed little girl defiantly, '*she* says I'm bad.' And for a time she certainly endeav-

ored to live up to her reputation, which was no wonder, considering the way in which she had been 'brought up.' In point of fact the mother's remark had given me the key to the whole situation. The child felt that she was considered a hopeless case, so what was the good of trying to be anything but b-a-d?

"My first and most urgent advice to parents or teachers of troublesome children is this: Never, no *never*, under any provocation whatever, allow a child to feel that you consider it a naughty or troublesome one. Of course it may need reproving or punishing at times, but never reprove until you can do it calmly, and, as soon as the punishment is over, make the child feel that the fault and consequent disgrace are a thing of the past, and that, so far from being discouraged by them, he must determine on making up by extra good behavior for the rest of the day.

"What is it that makes the reformatory and penitentiary such a dire misfortune? It is not the actual punishment inflicted for a stated time, but the fact of being branded with perpetual disgrace in consequence of it. Many a man or woman who first sinned through sudden temptation and was arrested and imprisoned has become a hardened criminal later on because of the impossibility of finding work, receiving sympathy, or having a chance to retrieve the past and take an honorable place in the world once more. This is all wrong, and the same is true in the training of children."

Constant nagging and scolding are almost certain to dull a child's desire to be good. Many a boy says to himself: "It's no use to try any more. Mother finds fault,

whatever I do. I don't care what I do and I don't care what she says."

Children are often confused in their moral standards by the punishments given them. Minor faults are punished in the same way as a serious fault. An angry mother gives a hasty blow for everything which displeases her. She thinks the matter is settled and over. But things are not settled in this easy way. That blow may have embittered a child's soul. It does not end till the Day of Judgment, when that child's character is tested. We meet our days of judgment in this life, and mothers often see their own deeds condemned, when it is too late.

A friend once told me of a family who lived near her in her childhood. She said the children all grew up bad, because they had no moral standards. They were whipped for all faults. It was as bad to tear a dress as to tell a lie. Both offenses were punished with equal severity.

RIGHT THEORY OF PUNISHMENT

THE punishment should fit the deed. As far as possible it should be the natural consequence of the deed. Herbert Spencer gives the following illustrations of this kind of punishment:

"In every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call 'making a litter.' A child has had out its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor. Or a handful of flowers, brought in from a morning walk, is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs. Or a little girl, making doll's clothes, disfigures the

room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying this disorder falls anywhere but in the right place: if in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumblings about "tiresome little things," etc., undertakes the task; if below stairs, the task usually devolves either on one of the elder children or on the housemaid; the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a scolding. In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out, more or less consistently, the normal course — that of making the child himself collect the toys or shreds. The labor of putting things in order is the true consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact. And if education be preparation for the business life, then every child should also, from the beginning, have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behavior (which it may perhaps be where the general system of moral discipline previously pursued had been bad), then the proper course is to let the child feel the ulterior reaction consequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things it has scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on some one else, the child should, on subsequent occasions, be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box, the reply of its mamma should be: 'The last time you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things you leave about; and I cannot do it myself. So that, as you will not put away

your toys when you have done with them, I cannot let you have them.' This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased nor lessened; and must be so recognized by a child. The penalty comes, too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt. A new-born desire is balked at the moment of anticipated gratification; and the strong impression so produced can scarcely fail to have an effect on the future conduct; an effect which, by consistent repetition, will do whatever can be done in curing the fault. Add to which, that, by this world of ours, pleasures are rightly to be obtained only by labor.

"Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition, and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed it never occurred to the mamma to let Constance experience the natural penalty. Nor, indeed, would she try it when it was suggested to her. In the world the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would else have been gained: the train is gone; or the steamboat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold; or all the good seats in the concert-room are filled. And every one, in cases perpetually occurring, may see that it is the prospective deprivations entailed by being too late which

prevent people from being too late. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind, and losing her walk. And no one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after having felt that this loss of a much-prized gratification was solely due to want of promptitude, some amendment would take place. At any rate, the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

"Again, when children, with more than unusual carelessness, break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty — the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful — is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtless parent or some indulgent relative will commonly forthwith buy him another; not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case a

father may properly explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labor; that he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for one who loses or breaks them; and that until he sees evidence of greater carefulness he must decline to make good the loss.

"These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those natural penalties which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them.

. . . . . .

"Another great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice; and will be recognized by every child as such. Whoso suffers nothing more than the evil which obviously follows naturally from his own misbehavior, is much less likely to think himself wrongly treated than if he suffers an evil artificially inflicted on him; and this will be true of children as of men. Take the case of a boy who is habitually reckless of his clothes — scrambles through hedges without caution, or is utterly regardless of mud. If he is beaten, or sent to bed, he is apt to regard himself as ill-used; and his mind is more likely to be occupied by thinking over his injuries than repenting of his transgressions. But suppose he is required to rectify as far as he can the harm he has done — to clean off the mud with which he has covered himself, or to mend the tear as well as he can. Will he not see that the evil is one of his own producing? Will he not while paying this pen-

alty be continuously conscious of the connection between it and its cause? And will he not, in spite of his irritation, recognize more or less clearly the justice of the arrangement? If several lessons of this kind fail to produce amendment — if suits of clothes are prematurely spoiled — if, pursuing this same system of discipline, a father declines to spend money for new ones until the ordinary time has elapsed — and if, meanwhile, there occur occasions on which, having no decent clothes to go in, the boy is debarred from joining the rest of the family on holiday excursions and fête-days, it is manifest that, while he will keenly feel the punishment, he can scarcely fail to perceive that his own carelessness is the origin of it; and seeing this, he will not have that same sense of injustice as when there is no obvious connection between the transgression and its penalty."

At Froebel's first school in Keilhau it was the rule that every boy should repair as far as possible the results of his own carelessness. If a window were broken, the boy must take it to the glazier, who lived three miles away. One of the "Mother Play" pictures shows us a boy walking under the trees with a window frame under his arm. He is crying; but that does not mend the window. He must learn that only with effort and determination do we right what is wrong.

The aim of this school at Keilhau was to give boys self-control and self-direction. A slice of dry bread placed at a boy's plate at supper was a reminder of some neglect of duty. It was a sufficient hint that the offender was to eat nothing but the bread.

SUGGESTION OF THE WRONG

I RECALL a Sunday-School lesson I read long ago. The lesson was written on the text: "That no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." A picture was made to show a naughty boy who had stretched a string across the path of his innocent brother. The innocent brother was approaching with a basket of eggs. The naughty boy was hidden in the bushes where he could see and enjoy the disaster. The text was cited and the warning given that one should not injure a confiding brother. But one could be sure the picture would be more vivid than the warning. The trick might be suggested for the first time to boys studying this lesson. Many comic pictures in Sunday supplements, and even in books, are bad from the standpoint of suggestion. The tricks of Buster Brown and Elmer and others of their kind are not desirable tricks to learn. Every time children see these pictures they are gaining suggestions to go and do likewise.

Enjoyment of the misfortunes of others is a bad trait. Yet this is what is taught by pictures of grandpa falling over the pail of water on the stairs, or the apple woman lamenting the loss of her fruit when frolicsome boys upset her cart.

Do is better than *don't*. *Do* suggests the good. *Don't* suggests the evil. Basil the Great insisted that no writings which portrayed evil, such as stories of the revels and quarrels of the gods, should be allowed. "We should close our ears to them as Ulysses did against the seductions of the sirens."

A lesson on a fish was recently given to a company of teachers in which the use of the fin was spoken of. To show its value as a propelling power, the effect of cutting it off was noted. A wise woman immediately entered a protest, saying that from her experience some child would be almost sure to try the experiment if it were suggested to him.

I doubt if a boy was ever deterred from throwing a stone at a bird or robbing a nest by tales of bad boys who did such things. Is it not better to so interest a boy in bird life, in the building of the nests and the many curious trades of birds, in the tender care of the mother bird for her young and the wonderful way God has provided these feathery creatures with the means for their own protection in the change of feathers at different seasons, that the life of the happy songster becomes sacred to him? Let the children repeat:

"I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me";

and then the words of our Lord to show the value of this life: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

The antiquity of the famous fable of the frogs shows that the feud between the boy and the frog tribe is of long standing. A good minister in my hearing once undertook to show the dreadfulness of cruelty to frogs by such a vivid description of the ingenious tortures of a cruel boy, that one could only feel grateful that his

audience was composed of city boys who would not possibly find an opportunity to practice his suggestions until they had been forgotten.

The thought is the first step in any act. Hence to suggest the thought of a wrong deed to a child is to sow the seed of the action.

The child contrasted with the good child in Froebel's "Play of the Knights" is a cross child. In this choice Froebel is wise. An example held up for imitation or for warning should be of a universal type. Not every child is disobedient, nor untruthful, nor impertinent; but every child is cross and fretful at times. The "Play of the Bad Child" holds up a mirror to show how disagreeable a cross child is. The knights do not desire his company. Nobody wants him.

Our grandmothers used to say:

"Cross Patch, lift the latch,
Sit in the corner and spin.
Pleasant Face, dressed in lace,
Let the visitor in."

Cross Patch must sit in the corner by herself, because she is not good company. Pleasant Face is gowned appropriately and finely and may entertain the visitor because she is agreeable company.

Froebel's mother says:

"'Ah, brave Knights, it will make you sad
To know that my child is cross and bad;
It grieves me much to say
He cannot ride to-day.'"

The knights reply:

"'Only good children with us may go.'
And away and away they ride so slow."

I believe that the vivid impression of such a little drama as this, which shows the excellence of the good, may remain as a lasting desire for the good in a child's memory. To love the good, to hate evil — this is the very spring of goodness. It is the goal of our home training.

You must believe in your children and in their real desire for goodness, if you would have them good.

You must believe that all children are made in the image of God, not in the image of evil.

How can I help my children to the love of goodness? Is this your daily question?

"No greater mistake can be made by parents than to fancy that a boy is naturally inclined to go wrong; and no mistake is so likely to make a boy go where he is expected to go. The fact is that anything is natural to a boy. He can be bent crooked or kept straight like a growing bough; and the chief reason why goodness does not appear to him more tempting than sin is that goodness is seldom made so interesting, picturesque, or heroic as sin. In the Oriental picture of the shepherd and the sheep in the Fourth Gospel, the shepherd goes before the sheep and the sheep hear his voice and follow him. That is the only way to be a shepherd of boys. They are hard cattle to drive, but easy to lead. There is nothing they like better than a consistent, single-minded, straight-going leader, and when they hear his voice they follow him." [1]

[1] *Religious Education of an American Citizen*, by Dr. Francis G. Peabody.

XXXI

THE EVENING PRAYER

"Baby well may laugh at harm
While beneath is mother's arm."

FROEBEL

THERE are many fearless babies in the world today, each one living in his own little world of flannel and milk, and the skies over those worlds are the faces of mothers. Babies throw themselves about quite recklessly, sure that an arm will be put in the right place, just at the right time, to keep them from falling. Little babies cannot speak to their mothers and they do not need to, any more than we need to tell our ears to hear or our eyes to see. Perhaps, when they are very little, babies are fearless because they have so lately been with God and know about "the everlasting arms" that are beneath them.

"And the child grew."

THE BIBLE

THE babies grow so fast that their mothers soon begin to think of the great day on which they will go forth, ready in body and spirit for service. Clear sight, strong, obedient muscles, good digestion, are instruments that will serve the spirit, and the spirit must be of the most beautiful sort. A mother lovingly hopes all good things, both spiritual and physical, for her children. She feels the baby's interest and responds to his efforts to play

with her, for she knows that play will teach the baby to know that his body is the servant of his spirit. The months fly, and the spirits that live in the babies' bodies are more and more awake.

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit."

THE BIBLE

As the mothers go about their work, they say to themselves: "These babies certainly are all truth and goodness. If the truth becomes untrue, and the goodness turns to badness, it will be because their bodies have not been trained to obey their spirits." Then the mothers think and plan, and they are not overcome by the task that is theirs, because the "Master of all good workmen" is ready to help, and all the mothers have to do is to ask for that help.

"Be the sweet presence of a good diffused."

GEORGE ELIOT

ONCE a little child was with his mother a great deal as she worked at home-making. He often wished to do as she did. If she swept, he ran for his little broom. He shelled peas at her side, and sewed, and ironed, and made grimy little pies from bits of dough that she gave him. He often said, "I want to do what *you* are doing, mother." "Very well, dear, you may," his mother would answer, and so they did interesting things together. After the little boy was in his bed at night, his mother knelt beside him and held his restless little hands in her strong, calm hands. She closed her eyes, and her lips moved. She was saying:

"O God, Thou hast laid upon us women the responsi-

bility of teaching the little children the way of health and duty, and the sweet appeal of their baby faces makes our solemn duty dear to us. May we join knowledge and wisdom to our love for them. Grant us, we pray Thee, such breadth of sympathy that we may see our Master in every child that has need of us, and help us to discharge in full the love that was poured upon us in our own sweet childhood days. Give us special tenderness for all children who suffer, and may we have a growing sense of the divine mystery brooding in the soul of every child. For Jesus' sake, Amen." [1]

The child lay there, watching his mother, and he felt that all was right, and safe, and good, but he did not know why. One night, as he watched her, he said, "I want to do what you are doing, mother," and his mother said, "You may." Then she taught him to fold his hands, and close his eyes, and say:

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

After that he "said" his prayer every night. When he forgot, his mother reminded him of it, and so it became a habit. When he said his prayer he always felt that everything was right and safe and good, but he did not know why.

"Like as a father pitieth his children."

THE BIBLE

THE child's father was big and strong and merry. Long after the child was able to walk his father sometimes

[1] Walter Rauschenbusch.

carried him, and the child loved to feel the strength of his father's arms. They looked at pictures together. They played ball, and often took long walks, hand in hand.

One night when the child was ready for bed, his mother said, "Now we will speak to the Heavenly Father." She had often said this before, but to-night the boy noticed the familiar word for the first time.

"Like father?" he asked.

"Yes," said his mother; "only much, *much* more wonderful. The Heavenly Father can do a great many things that father cannot do."

"*What* things?" doubted the boy.

"Well, the Heavenly Father makes the sunshine. He makes oranges and flowers and canary birds."

"Oh!" said the boy.

When the light was out, the boy lay thinking of the things he loved so much that his big, strong, able father could not make. After that he added true prayer, to the good habit of kneeling at the close of day and "saying,"

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me."

He told the Heavenly Father of the day's happenings, and spoke his thought concerning the world about him. Professor Weigle sums up the beautiful truth of it all in this way:

"The positive content of his religion comes from home. It is what father and mother make it. God enters his life, because he first dwells in theirs. God lets them, for a little while, stand in his place. His trust, and the child's alike, rest in them." [1]

[1] *The Pupil and the Teacher*, by Luther Weigle, p. 98.

THE EVENING PRAYER

"Nearer is he than breathing; nearer than hands and feet."

TENNYSON

SOMETIMES a new baby comes into a nursery already occupied. The first owner calls the new baby "Sister," and makes her very welcome. She goes to sleep at night before it is time for a big boy to go to bed, and so "Jesus, tender shepherd," can no longer be loudly said or sung. But this condition brings another new and wonderful understanding. If we cannot say our prayer aloud, or sing it, we can whisper it, or *think* it, for the Heavenly Father can hear us even when we think!

"Truly?" asked the boy.

"Yes, because He is so near." And his mother spoke so thoughtfully and earnestly that the child never lost the impression that her words made.

"How near?" tempted the questioner.

"Put your hand on your chest, like *this*," instructed his mother. "Now take a deep breath. Did your hand feel it? The Heavenly Father is as near as that."

How wonderful! Of course, then, He can hear people when they think! After a short pause the boy said confidently, "He is between my leg and my stocking."

"Yes," said his mother with equal confidence. Later, from the next room she heard a breathy murmur, "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me." God heard it, too, and the baby sister was not disturbed.

"No one to us need prove him.
Yet who has seen His face?"

MARY MAPES DODGE

"IF God is so near, why do we not see Him?" Froebel helps us to answer this question, in a most instructive

and final way. He tells us to direct the child's attention to the wind. The child sees the clothes on the line blown about by the wind. His kite flies, and the pin-wheel whirls in his hand. The wind blows his hair about and ruffles the birds' feathers. "We see what God does; that is the way we see *Him.*"

In the Book of Deuteronomy parents are told to teach their children as they "walk together by the way." Surely that would be the time for noticing, among other things, the blowing of the wind. When spring sets you free to walk in the country and the parks, or by the sea, your path leads through nature to God. From the time when the "flowers appear on the earth" until the last brown leaf falls, you are privileged to say many times each day, "Your Heavenly Father made it for you."

When you are more or less shut in by winter storms, you are reminded that "He causeth his wind to blow." The child's food, a gift from God, has to come to him through the snow and the cold, for his enjoyment, in the shelter and warmth of home. Perhaps you are putting a pair of white cotton stockings on a child's feet. Does she know that these stockings were once white flowers growing in the sunshine? The Heavenly Father made the soft cotton flowers grow, so that this little girl might have stockings. Shall we speak to Him about the stockings, now, while we are putting them on?

"Dear Heavenly Father, my new stockings are very pretty. Thank you for making the cotton flowers grow. Amen." Sometimes a child needs help with his temper:

"O Heavenly Father! Help me quick!
Help me quick, I pray.

For I am very angry,
And I know that I may say
Words that I'll be sorry for,
And the things that I may do
Are the kind of things, O Father,
That never could please You." [1]

It is wonderful that prayer may be offered anywhere, at any time; and prayer is not always formal words, expressing requests and ideas; it is often "transcendent wonder." The child who delights in the beauty of the sea, with his "How big it is! What lots of little waves! What heaps of sand!" is at prayer. And so, in many ways, and day by day, the child waxes strong in spirit.

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?"

WORDSWORTH

WE learned a great deal about Christian soldiers during the war. We saw their power, and we know the world's great need of them. Christian soldiers are "happy warriors" as Wordsworth describes the character in his poem. His mother is the happy warrior's first teacher, and it is indeed a high calling. There is a story of a group of mountain climbers, who, led by a guide, approached the summit of a snowy Alp. The climb became so difficult that, dizzy, and in danger of falling, the climbers slipped back at every step. The guide, when he saw the danger, cried: "On your knees! On your knees!" Mothers and children, if they would reach the highest place, must climb together on their knees; they cannot stand alone.

[1] From *My Prayers*, "Noonday Meditation."

"Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend." [1]

PRAYERS

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
Thy love go with me all the night,
And wake me with the morning light. Amen."

A BOY'S PRAYER

"God, who created me,
Nimble and light of limb
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now, from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him,
Take the thanks of a boy." [2]

"For my home and friends, I thank Thee:
For my father, mother dear,
For the hills, the trees, the flowers,
And the sky so bright and clear. Amen."

"Dear Heavenly Father, help us to obey, whether we wish to or not. Amen."

"Dear Heavenly Father, we are glad that so many children have fathers and mothers. Amen."

"Father in Heaven, we are thankful for our pets, and our gardens, and a great many other things. Amen."

[1] Rossetti. [2] Henry Charles Beeching.

XXXII

THE LITTLE CITIZEN

"I am a man, therefore nothing which concerns man is foreign to me." MENANDER

"A citizen of no mean city."

SAINT PAUL

A CITIZEN is a member of a community. It may be a community in a city, a town, or village, or in a farming region, where neighbors are distant. Wherever he may live, the citizen has certain obligations and duties. He cannot separate himself from these obligations if he would. As he is a man, nothing which concerns his fellow-men is beyond his range of interests.

He may neglect and ignore his duties of citizenship; then he is a poor citizen. He may widely extend his circle of helpfulness and concern himself for the affairs of the next township, or the state or country as well as those of his own town. Then he is a public-spirited citizen, a good citizen. A good citizen desires the best welfare and prosperity of his community. He works to that end. This means that he wishes his neighbor to prosper as well as himself. It means that he desires to maintain order and law, that every one may be protected in his right to "life, liberty, and happiness." He works for the public good. He is a public servant. He belongs to his city, to his state, and to his country. This kind of citizenship means that he is one hundred per cent American, because America is the land in which he lives. A

man may live in a community; but if he does not care for good roads, for clean streets, for sanitary conditions, for law and order, he is not a true citizen.

Theodore Roosevelt is a notable example of a man who made the duties of citizenship the ruling motive of his life. He was a good neighbor, a good friend, a good official, a good American. His neighbors at Oyster Bay loved him and mourned his loss. The barber and butcher and baker were his friends. The school-children wept for him, when he died, because they had lost a friend. One of the finest tributes paid to him at the time of his death was by his neighbors. A group of young men at Oyster Bay guarded the grave for the first day and night. This is what their lieutenant said: "We, of Oyster Bay, cannot do too much to honor the memory of Colonel Roosevelt. He was a great man, honored all the world over, and the people of Nassau County, who loved him so well, particularly honor him."

I wish all fathers and mothers throughout the country would talk over with their boys and girls the tribute to Colonel Roosevelt, published by the Roosevelt Memorial Association for the Boy Scouts of America.

THE CHILD CITIZEN

THE same ideals which the grown citizen follows should be held up to children.

The little citizen is born a member of the family. He is part of the home. He has certain duties and obligations. Children may help to keep the house tidy and the back yard clean, just as their fathers work for clean streets in the town. When they go to school, the school

grounds belong to them. They should see that no waste papers are thrown down to blow about the grounds, that no remnants of lunch are scattered on the walk, that no orange or banana peels are dropped, which may cause some one to fall.

A cleaning brigade is a good institution for a home or school. That habit of care should extend beyond the home and the school. How many parks and wayside resting-places are made unsightly by the débris left by picnic parties. In summer camps boys and girls are trained to leave nothing behind when they take their tramps. All boxes and fragments of food must be carried back to the camp or buried safely from sight. If every home gave such training, no signs like "Leave no Rubbish," and "No Trespassing," would be necessary. The good citizen does not infringe on the rights or property of others.

KEEPING THE LAW

THE good citizen upholds the law of his land. The child citizen must learn to obey the law. "Reds" is the name given to those adults who defy the law, and advocate violence and revolution. Have we any little "Reds" in our homes? I once went to visit a family to inquire for a boy who had been absent from Sunday School. When I was leaving, I expressed the polite wish that the boy might come the next Sunday. The mother assured me, with equal politeness, that he would be there. But Willie interrupted, "How do you know whether I'll be there or not? I'll go, if I want to, and if I don't, I won't." What will become of Willie if he does not learn to recognize higher authority?

The home is the first school of citizenship. Next comes the school. Experiments in self-government have been made in some schools. "The School City" gives boys and girls the opportunity to make and enforce their own laws. They appoint their own officers. They decide on the penalties for broken law. The real good from such experiments comes from the opportunity given to make boys and girls understand the need of law in every social group. They see the danger of allowing a law-breaker to continue in his wrong course. They consider what laws are needed for the protection of the whole.

The George Junior Republic has been successful in placing real responsibility for law and order on the boys themselves. And these are boys whose parents have failed in control, or who have no parents to guide them.

ORGANIZED PLAY

THROUGH play children are learning the need of conformity to law. The wise Athenian philosopher, Plato, advised that the plays of children be set to music that a love of harmony and rhythm might enter the deepest recesses of the soul and abide there. He saw a connection between keeping the laws of the game and keeping the laws of the state. He believed that the plays of children should be organized in order that the institutions of the state might be safe.

The supervised playground is a necessity. Rioting and "rough-housing" and destruction of play materials take place where there is no adult guidance.

As boys advance, their sports become more highly organized. Baseball, football, basket-ball, and other

games require each player to know his part and to abide by the laws of the game. Each must play his part at the right time. A refractory member is cast out at once.

Every town needs a playground as a means of training for citizenship.

Scattered communities should have some common meeting-place where boys and girls can come to play together. In this way they learn better how to live together.

PLAY YOUR PART

ARE your children preparing to play their part in the world? Could they learn what David Starr Jordan says about it?

"To-day is your day and mine;
The only day we have;
The day in which we play our part.
What our part may signify in the great world we may not understand,
But we are here to play it, and now is our time.

The part may be a small one. It may be a large one. The monuments in our towns and cities remind us of those who have played a noble part and honored the citizenship of the town. In the city of Boston is a monument to Phillips Brooks. The monument stands near the church in which he served his generation. The inscription says:

PHILLIPS BROOKS
Preacher of the Word of God
Lover of Mankind

. . . . . .

This monument is erected by his fellow citizens

In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Concord a tablet bears this inscription.

ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY 1804–1894
A teacher of three generations of children
and the founder of the Kindergarten in America
Every human cause had her sympathy and many her active aid

"The name of William Rugh, a crippled newsboy of Gary, Indiana, has come into nation-wide prominence by reason of an act of simple heroism. A young woman in that town had suffered extensive burns through the explosion of gasoline in a motor-cycle. It was only by the grafting of a large amount of cuticle upon the girl's limbs that her life could be saved. Rugh, hearing of this, offered to have his crippled leg amputated for the purpose. He was told that the process might be fatal, but said: 'What's the odds if it will only save her life? The leg is no good to me, and I have no friends to worry if I die. Go ahead and cut it off.' The surgeons went ahead. The girl's life was saved; and Rugh died, saying, when he knew that the end was near: 'At least I've been of some use.' And all this for a girl whom he had never even seen. It is not surprising that the citizens of Gary are planning a monument to his memory."

The monuments in any town preserve for the growing generation the finest traditions of the past. They remind us of noble deeds and of fine character. They inspire a deeper love for the place, because of what has been.

When the children of Israel had passed safely over Jordan into the Promised Land they were commanded to take up twelve stones and set them up in the place where they lodged the first night.

"That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them, That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord; . . . and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever."

In most of our villages we have memorial halls, or tablets or monuments to commemorate the noble sacrifice of those who have fought to defend home and native land. We shall have more of these tributes to the boys in khaki, who sailed across the sea to make the world a safe place to live in for generations yet unborn.

All such memorials speak with eloquent voice to our boys and girls. They say: "We died that you might live. Be worthy of our great sacrifice. Love your home and native land. Serve it. Be ready to die for it if need be."

"From dying hands the torch we throw
Take up our battle with the foe."

Fathers and mothers, interpret and explain these voices of the past to your children that they may grow in patriotism!

Ancient Athens was the most beautiful city the world has ever known. At every turn the Athenian boy saw a fine temple or a beautiful statue or monument. He grew up loving beauty and loving his city.

In "Pericles and Aspasia," we find this advice about the education of a Greek boy:

"Let him take an interest in the business and concerns of men, and let him as he goes along look steadfastly at the images of those who have benefited his

country and make himself a solemn compact to stand hereafter among them."

NO MEAN CITY

SAINT PAUL boasted that he was a citizen of no mean city. He was proud of his native city. In America we are beginning to see the need of fostering this feeling of pride in one's home town. Patriotism is love of country. It begins in love of home and one's native place.

"Boosting" one's own city is not a bad thing. The residents of San Francisco had a campaign of "boosting" their city for a year or more before the Panama Exposition. The fine buildings for the Exposition were erected and the city itself beautified. Every one was proud of his city. The children caught the contagion of this feeling of local pride. A five-year-old boy was traveling on a railway train at that period. He was an alert little fellow and a stranger noticed him. He asked the usual questions: "What is your name? Where do you live?" The little fellow drew himself up proudly, saying: "I live in San Francisco. It's the biggest and best city in the United States. I'm a 'Booster' for San Francisco."

I once heard ex-President Eliot say that in this country we do not take enough pains to make our children see and appreciate our fine scenery and our fine city buildings. He said we should cultivate the personal feeling toward our national possessions. This is the way to foster patriotism. Children should be taught to say: "This is my State House. See how beautiful it is! What a splendid dome! What fine columns! This is where our laws are made."

Parents as well as teachers should take children to see historic spots and historic buildings. They should foster love of country by recounting the great events which have made us a land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Swiss people are famed for their love of country. We suppose their especial love is due to the majesty and splendor of their mountains, to the blue glory of their lakes, to their wealth of flowers, and the glory of their sunsets and the after-glow on the snow-clad peaks. The Swiss child lives amid beauty. He grows up in love of it, and so he loves his home. He loves the stories of William Tell, Winkelried, and other heroes on which his mind is fed.

Have we fine mountains and blue lakes in our vicinity? Let us say to our children: "Watch and see the shadows on *our* mountain! See the clouds above its head! See the sunlight upon it as they break away! Is it not beautiful?"

Say to them: "To-night we shall have a fine sunset. Look for the golden bars! How many colors can you see?"

Pierre Loti's "Story of a Child" shows us how a love of home scenes is woven into the fabric of a child's life. A great-aunt Bertha often called him to see the sunsets from her room. He describes the impressions thus:

"As this was our only glimpse of real country the windows in my Aunt Bertha's room had always a great attraction for me. Especially had they in the evening at sunset, for from them I could watch the sun sink mysteriously behind the prairies. Oh! those sunsets that I

saw from my Aunt Bertha's windows, what ecstasy overcast with melancholy they awakened in me! The winter sunsets seen through the closed windows were a pale rose color. Those of summer-time, upon stormy evenings, after a hot, bright day, I contemplated from the open window, and as I did so I would breathe in the sweet odors given out by the jasmine blossoms growing on the wall: it seems to me that there are no such sunsets now as there were then. When the sunsets were notably splendid and unusual, if I was not in the room, Aunt Bertha, who never missed one, would call out hastily: 'Dearie! Dearie! Come quickly!' From any corner of that house I heard that call and understood it, and I went swift as a hurricane and mounted the stairs four steps at a time."

If you live in the prairies your children may rejoice in the wide sweep of country and in the fields of moving grain. Will it add to their pride of ownership to know that in these fields the food of the country is raised?

Nothing too much can be done in the way of creating this sense of ownership and its corresponding responsibility.

We should often use the possessive pronoun: *Our* home. *Our* fields. *Our* villages. *Our* school. *Our* country.

Extend this idea as far as we may and the world belongs to us. Then we shall have a true League of Nations.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

THE small boy was not far wrong when he thought a holiday was a day to "*holler.*" All right feeling needs ex-

pression. The chance to "holler" on the Fourth of July and to make a noise generally is one way of celebrating. No doubt it endears the day to the small boy. Is it the best way to give the idea of what our Independence Day means? Some one proposed a few years ago in one of our magazines that at six o'clock every family in the land should go outside the house and standing by the door sing together "The Star-Spangled Banner." What a wave of patriotism would sweep the country if this became a universal custom. Can you think of anything more thrilling than to know that all your neighbors and all the dwellers in distant towns and cities were singing at the same time:

> "'T is the Star-Spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

The little children could join with the grandfathers in singing. The flag would be waving from the doorway and the little children would shout:

> "Then give three cheers and cheer again,
> And then three loud hurrahs,
> For our beloved America and for the Stripes and Stars!"

The children of France love their flag. A French child might have lost home and father during the "Great War," but he would not fail to stand at attention and cry "*Vive la France*" as his flag passed by.

Do your children love the flag? Do they know the meaning of its colors? Does blue mean truth to them? Does white mean clean hands and a pure heart; and red, *love* — the love that gives life itself to serve the flag?

Do your children know "A Creed"?

"Lord, let me not in service lag,
Let me be worthy of our flag;
Let me remember, when I'm tried,
The sons heroic who have died
In freedom's name, and in my way
Teach me to be as brave as they.

"In all I am, in all I do,
Unto our flag I would be true;
For God and country let me stand,
Unstained of soul and clean of hand.
Teach me to serve and guard and love
The Starry Flag which flies above."

During the war camp songs were sung all over the land. Our children sang "Over There," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Tipperary," and many more.

Shall we still keep the home fires burning? Shall we keep the flame of patriotism burning on our hearths?

The little citizen in your home is soon to be the big citizen. Will he serve his country well?

Hermann Hagedorn has written for the Boy Scouts of America the following tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, one of America's best citizens. Theodore Roosevelt was always close to the Boy Scouts and they to him, and particularly appropriate is the dedication, which follows:

"He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light. He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time.

Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him; but children made him their playmate. He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God. He was loyal to his country and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best. He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale. His courtesy knew no wealth, no class; his friendship no creed or color or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit, defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come. He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack; and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide."[1]

[1] See Appendix for "The City Beautiful" by Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

XXXIII

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

"All are needed by each one;
Naught is fair or good alone."

EMERSON

AN only child is a lonely child. No matter how fond and loving parents, grandmothers, and uncles and aunts may be, none of them can make up for the companionship of brothers and sisters.

In another chapter we have spoken of the way in which a child is making his personality. Every child is taking copy for what he does and his ways of doing from those around him. He is making himself by all that he does. Adults furnish him many life patterns; but children of his own age furnish more.

"I must have some one to play with" is the frequent cry of a lonely child. It is a natural need.

Arrest of development is the result if a child has few plays and no playmates.

"Won't you come in and play with me?" said a poor, unhappy little girl, as she looked over a fence at the motherly face of a young woman passing by. "I have n't any one to play with me, and my mother won't let me go out of the yard."

"Why don't you play with the children next door?" asked the passerby.

"Ah, mother won't let me play with them. She says that they will spoil my manners."

Is not that a short-sighted mother? What can she give her child to make up the loss of companions? She is fostering, in the isolated child, selfishness and snobbery. The child will lack understanding and sympathy. A dwarfed, narrow personality results from such a cramped environment.

As a matter of fact children who are well trained do not acquire bad manners nor bad language from their playmates. The few striking ways or words picked up now and then, because they are new and striking, will soon be dropped, as the better usage of the child's own home is stamped on him.

But it were better even to risk a lapse of manners than to doom a little one to starved affections and a cramped nature. Grown-ups need contact with the world and with many kinds of people in order to live a rich, broad life. For the same reason children need playmates of their own age.

The public school and the playground offer a boy or girl society of the right kind. If we could supply our children with private teachers and tutors, it would not be well for them ordinarily. Froebel was once asked to take as a private pupil the son of a duke. He declined. He said: "No boy can be well trained mentally, who is not sound morally. There cannot be sound moral development without contact with one's equals." The father was wise, and gave the boy into Froebel's charge to place in a school with other boys. The wisdom of Froebel's course was soon demonstrated. The boy came home one day, roaring with rage, because another boy had beaten him. The father was angry and said he

would go at once to settle with the offender. "No," said his son, "you must not punish him. I hit him first. He was right to hit me."

I know a woman who is awkward and ill at ease in any social group because her childhood was too secluded. She did not learn how to talk and play with others at the right time.

We speak of a genial, social person as "a good mixer." Such a person is a welcome member of any group. A girl who can mix well is popular in her school and makes friends. A boy who has acquired this happy art is "a good fellow." The large families in the old New England homes gave part of the training which has made New England famous as the place which counts men and women as its finest product.

If your home circle is small, it will pay you well to send often for your neighbor's child to spend the day. Your child learns how to give up, how to yield, how to play after such play days!

THE MEMBER — WHOLE

FROEBEL uses a quaint phrase, "a member — whole," to express his theory of social relationship. He desired every child to be developed in an all-round way. He wished for each child a sound mind and a sound body. Each child should have a whole life. All needs should be supplied as far as the education of the home and school can meet them.

But each individual is at the same time a member of a larger whole. He becomes complete in himself only as he fits into his place in the larger whole.

Saint Paul taught this great truth when he said: "We are all members one of another. No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself."

How does this thought affect your training of your child? Will you extend the circle of your sympathy beyond your home through the neighborhood? Will you reach beyond the neighborhood to those who are far away? Sympathy grows out of knowledge. Should your child know more of far-away lands and the children who live in them? Many schools now are interchanging letters with schools in other parts of America. In some places school boys and girls are asked to begin a correspondence with a child in France. Through such letters French life is made real and near. The child gains a new friend through the letters and a wider range of interests. A recent number of the *Boston Herald* gives this illustration of the good done by letters:

"Little Tommy Fitzgerald in ward E at the Boston City Hospital is now a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer. For many months Tommy has been praying that when the supervisor came round in the morning with the mail for the ward there might be a letter for him. Yesterday morning Tommy received forty-three letters.

"The whole ward is sharing Tommy's pleasure. He has been a great pet since he was brought to the hospital weeks ago with a fractured leg. The only blue time in Tommy's day has been when the supervisor went through the ward with the mail. Although his family came often to see him, he still longed for the excitement of a letter.

"Then one day the supervisor wrote to Miss Helen Marsden, a teacher in the 7th grade of the Jackson School, Portland, and asked her to tell her pupils about Tommy's desire for mail. That very day forty-three boys and girls wrote to him.

"Tommy is especially pleased because the letters are all long and every one is written on 'real letter-paper.' He reads 'his mail' over and over again and can hardly find time to eat or have his leg attended to."

A favorite book for supplementary reading in our schools is Jane Andrew's "Seven Little Sisters." This book is loved because it makes real the life of our little sisters all over the world. Miss Colson's "Friends of Ours" is written with a similar purpose. These are good books for the home library.

INTERDEPENDENCE

INTERDEPENDENCE is a large word, too large for children, but the idea belongs to them. When you point out to your children how one bit of work depends on another you are illustrating this idea. To show how things come to us, how they are made, is a step toward this idea. Froebel says:

"When your child, for instance, tells you he is hungry, you must often simply send him to the cook for a roll or to the baker for a bun. You should, however, show him as often as possible the work that is necessary before food can be secured.

"You may easily lead your child to feel that for his bread and milk he owes thanks not only to his mother, the milkmaid, the cow, the mower, and the baker, but

also and most of all to the Heavenly Father, who, through the instrumentalities of dew and rain, sunshine and darkness, winter and summer, causes the earth to bring forth grass and herbs to nourish the cattle whose milk and whose flesh nourish man."

MY NEIGHBORS

"WHO is my neighbor?" was a question asked long ago of the Great Teacher.

The answer given then, is the same to-day.

Whoever needs me is my neighbor.

He may live next door. He may live over the seas.

I believe children should get early the right answer to this old question. They should begin to think about the wider brotherhood which takes in the whole earth.

They will like to read and maybe to learn Miss Laing's lines:

"Beneath my feet the floor so long,
Beneath the floor the earth so strong,
Earth holds my house, and earth holds me,
It is my wide, wide home, you see.

"Above my head the roof is high,
Above the roof the bending sky,
It covers house, it covers me —
Sky is my wide, wide roof, you see.

"Within this wide house lives my kin,
In many lands, like rooms shut in,
We are one family, don't you see —
In this wide house, they live with me."

This is what Señor Don Igñacio Calderon, Bolivian Minister to the United States, says of the League of Nations:

"The true brotherhood of man will come only when we instill in every child's mind, in the heart and soul of every man and woman, the conviction that love, liberty, and justice are the highest ideals that make life worth living and represent the true conception of our mission on earth. It will then be easy to form a real league and a brotherhood of men and nations, all united in a league of hearts in the hope of seeing the dawn of that era of peace and good-will, of freedom and justice, for which many millions of brave soldiers have given their lives so gloriously."

XXXIV

THE HOME

"The home is the true basis of the education of humanity."

PESTALOZZI

A CERTAIN paper once sent this question to all its subscribers: "What is the most beautiful word in the language?" Of course there were various answers. The larger number, however, agreed that it was either "home" or "mother!" The word "home," and the special feeling for home seem to be peculiar possessions of the Anglo-Saxon. The French have a very intimate way of saying, "With myself" (*chez moi*) or "with himself" (*chez lui*). This phrase expresses the idea of the privacy of the home, the shutting out of the great world when one enters it. It corresponds to our old English proverb, "A man's house is his castle." A castle can be defended. It protects its occupants from all attacks of foes and from the intrusion of strangers.

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME

THE house is not a home. It is only the structure which shelters the home. It is to the home what the skin is to the body, says Froebel. The house may be large and splendid; but the children within it may be as homeless as those turned upon the city streets to find a place to live. Home is where love is. Home is an atmosphere of nurture and care for those within its walls. Home is a

place where all are members of one family, dependent on one another.

An empty house is gloomy and depressing, because this spirit of the family is lacking. Archie, the hero of E. F. Benson's recent book, "Across the Stream," says of an empty house:

"I can imagine what a house feels like that has been happily lived in for years, when the family goes away and leaves it empty. There is a board up, 'To-let Unfurnished,' and the windows get dirty and the knocker and door-handle, which were so well polished, get dull. There used to be curtains in the windows, and in the evenings passers-by in the street could see chinks of light from within and perhaps hear sounds of laughter. But now there are no curtains, and the pictures have gone from the walls, leaving oblong marks where they used to hang. And the spirit of the house stares, mournfully out, thinking of the days when there was laughter and love within its walls. Have n't you seen a house like that?"

FURNISHINGS

THE furnishings are a part of the home. They show the character and taste of the family. They show what the standards of living are. Where we see books and magazines lying on the table — left there as if they had been read and would be again — we know it is a reading family. Prim rows of books in a closed case do not always show a reading habit. I like to see a book of hero tales, or "Peter Rabbit," or "Black Sambo" left on the sofa or on the window-seat. It tells me that some one

has been reading to the children. It tells me that those children will grow up with a love of books.

Pictures are another essential to a real home. These may be few in numbers; but they should be chosen well. They are chosen for what they have to tell. Crude and coarse pictures are worse than nothing. They corrupt the mind and suggest wrong ideas. The boy's room may have its posters and banners, and the girl loves to pin up photographs of her best friends. This desire to be surrounded with the outward tokens of one's interests belongs to a certain stage of growth. It will pass, if the taste is cultivated to admire what is admirable and to love what is best.

When we enter some rooms and some houses, we say at once, "How livable!" We mean we would like to stay there. And why? It is because the furniture is chosen with the idea of comfort and use and not for show or for fashion. Cushions and covers are good in color and arranged for use and comfort. Our livable house is one where the carpets and rugs are not too good to let the sun lie on them. Nor are the chairs and sofas likely to fade when curtains are raised. Sunshine for the family is more important than unfaded furniture.

THE MOTHER

A MOTHER or a mothering spirit is necessary in every home. In Mrs. Jellyby, Dickens has given us a type of woman who has children, but who is no mother. Mrs. Jellyby found her interest in the inhabitants of Borrioboola-Gha; not in her own home.

The mother is the first teacher, and the first school is

in the home. The first school was started when the savage mother began to teach her children the ways of life. Pestalozzi, the great Swiss educational reformer, makes a mother the center of community life and uplift. In "Leonard and Gertrude," he gives a picture of a home which is a temple of the living God. Gertrude is a power for good for the whole village. She opens a school in her home and instructs the village children. The men who are tempted and in trouble go to her for advice and comfort. Her home is a place of refuge. Pestalozzi says: "Forget, mother, all other work, if necessary, in order to penetrate into the sacredness of your maternal vocation."

He wrote in his diary, when his own son was born, this prayer: "Thou, O God, who hast made me father of an immortal soul, send me thy spirit from on high."

Froebel calls the home the sanctuary of humanity. A sanctuary is a holy place. In olden times in England a man was safe if he could take sanctuary. If he could reach a church and even touch the knocker or some emblem on the door, his enemy could not touch him. The holy place protected him. Does this suggest to us what a home should be? Should the enemies of care and worry and business anxiety be banished from the fireside? Pestalozzi calls the home "the school of morals and of the state," and Froebel says:

"Family life! Family life! Who shall fathom thy depths? Who shall declare the meaning? Thou art the sanctuary of humanity; thou art the temple wherein the flame of divinity is kept alive and burning. Thou art more than school and church! Thou art greater than all

institutions which necessity has called into being for the protection of life and property! . . . And once more, O family! thou art the security of all institutions, offensive and defensive, whose object is to maintain law and justice. For he who is reared in a family unhallowed by the presence of justice and of law tends to become a scoffer of the one and a rebel against the other."

"If the first concern of a nation is its homes," says Drummond, "it matters not what is second or third." The nation is no better than its homes. Every good home contributes something to the welfare of the nation. It gives to the nation good citizens. It sets an example of good living to the community.

When Roman fathers ceased instructing their boys in the tables of the law, and Roman mothers no longer told hero tales to their children, the downfall of Rome began. Rome fell because Roman women became luxurious, pleasure-loving, and careless, and home training was neglected.

The mothers of our country hold the fate of America in their hands to-day. Every mother who reads this book is helping to decide whether we are to be in the future the land of the free and the home of the brave. Is your child to be a rebel against law and order or a keeper of the law? Is your home a school for the state?

HOW I MADE MY HOME ATTRACTIVE FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

By F. G. B.

For several years I watched my sons and daughters grow up and quietly, and at first unnoticeably, drift

away from home. The evenings would usually find them at some neighbor's house, where they seemed to enjoy something which their own home denied them. At first I lapsed into fits of melancholy because I thought we were too poor to have the things which make the home attractive. Finally I decided to make an effort to change conditions.

One day while walking near a pine woods I noticed a huge, peculiar-shaped pine root. I realized this would make a unique rustic seat, and when placed under a large oak tree in my yard with vines partly covering it, the desired effect was obtained. One of my sons is very handy with the saw and hammer. At my suggestion he made a very creditable swing which was also placed under a tree. A few more seats were placed about, and the result was pleasing and inviting.

Next I turned my efforts to transforming the front porch. Fortunately I had a very large one, but no flowers, hammock, or cozy chairs adorned it. Soon I had several ferns and other plants rooted, and I bought a very pretty but inexpensive set of porch furniture. The transformation was satisfactory. Our home was prettier than ever before. It looked cool, comfortable, and attractive.

I looked about me and noticed that my neighbors had some kind of music in their homes. There was none in mine. We could not afford a piano. I had some money I had been saving for unexpected demands, but I decided I could not spend it for a better purpose than to buy a Victrola and a few good records.

With very little trouble and expense I feel that I am

amply repaid by seeing my children enjoy their home. They like to bring their friends in for the evening, and now my house is one of the popular gathering-places of the town.

A CHILD'S RIGHT TO A HAPPY HOME

G. W. TUTTLE says in *Child-Welfare Magazine:*

"A child has a right to a happy home. A home where love is; whose atmosphere is not spoiled with nagging, and fault-finding, and complaining, and sarcastic remarks, and the malaria of ill nature. No use to hang 'God bless our Home' on the walls unless we engrave it upon our hearts. God never gets a shadow of a chance to bless some homes; the clouds of ill nature are so heavy that even his sunshine cannot get through.

"Talk about miracles! When a child raised in such an atmosphere makes good it is a miracle — a miracle of grace.

"The child has a right to a sunny home, to congenial parents, to pleasant surroundings; to all that will make the child happy and useful. Home should be to the child a magnet that shall never lose its power; a light that shall never grow dim. Alas for children who never know a happy home until they go away from what they have called 'home.' It was only a misnomer; home is where love is; home is where woman smiles, and loves, and reigns. Earthly treasures alone never make a home.

"'Fill the house with choicest treasures, send your vessels o'er the sea,
Gather treasures from the Indies, and from far-famed Araby;
Hoard them up within the four walls, vacant still the house will seem
Till some woman fair adorn it with her smiling face serene.'

"Is the pattern of a home that is continually before the eyes of our children a good one? Could we say: 'Now, children, we hope you will have a home just like this when you grow up?' Do we wish the best for our children? Prove it! Set the best before their eyes now! There is no place that resembles heaven so much as a happy home."

XXXV

HOME FESTIVALS

"Sing we all merrily,
Draw round the fire,
Sister and brother,
Grandson and sire."

ONE of the "Mother Play" pictures shows a family festival. It is the father's birthday and the entire family joins in the celebration. The mother is cutting lilies to offer as her gift. The children are filling a basket of flowers. They will carry this to father singing a birthday song which they have learned for the occasion. And what is father doing? He sits in the summer house drawing a picture for his children. "He wants to give them a pleasure on his birthday. Perhaps he is drawing the hills in the early morning light with the beautiful sun rising so quietly. The youngest daughter runs to him with a little basket she has filled all by herself. She cannot wait for the large basket. 'Here, dear papa,' she says, 'here are some flowers for your birthday. Do you like them? Mother and sister and brother have some more flowers for you, and oh, such pretty ones!'"

I have given you this little scene and dialogue, because it gives us the spirit of a true festival. A poet has said that happy days are wise days. Do you see how true this is? Love and joy and good-will blossom in our lives in the happy days, just as flowers bloom in the sunshine. To make a child happy helps to make him good.

While he is happy he has only good impulses and good thoughts. Pleasant thoughts are good company. If they are constant thoughts, they make a pleasant disposition and a cheerful character. The happiest recollections of our childhood cluster around days which gave us special pleasure, as Christmas, Thanksgiving, picnic days, and birthdays.

But happiness is not dependent on things. This lesson is clearly taught in our "Mother Play." There has been no long, bustling, worried preparation for the father's birthday. The children have, no doubt, tended and watered the plants in the garden with a happy hope that the lilies and roses will bloom for the birthday basket.

The father has given up his business for an hour that he may celebrate with the children.

Everybody joins in the festival. Froebel claims that such a home festival strengthens the bonds which bind together the members of the family.

A UNITED FAMILY

WHEN we unite to do the same things, moved by the same impulse, we feel sympathy and love for those united with us.

Home festivals and family reunions promote love of home and foster family affection. Is not this proved by the old New England Thanksgiving? Uncles and aunts and grandchildren ride "over the meadow and through the woods" to grandfather's house. They gather there for fun and for the Thanksgiving dinner. They sit around the same board. They laugh and joke together. They sing together, maybe, some of the old songs.

Around the blazing fire they sit to recall tales of old times.

They separate with a stronger feeling of love for the old home and for each other.

The celebration of birthdays helps to make strong family feeling. The celebration may be only a special birthday cake with its candles or the singing of a song; but the feeling of affection is strengthened by the coming together to remember the day that makes us glad, because Mary or Martha or John came into the world that day.

The church festivals, such as Christmas and Easter, or the Jewish festivals which young and old celebrate together, help to keep a united family. Possibly they help to keep a united church as well.

A UNITED NATION

We call ourselves the United States of America. What unites us? Our common traditions, our common ideals, our common joys and hopes. That we may preserve these traditions, let us celebrate our national holidays which commemorate the great events in our history. Thanksgiving Day belongs to the whole country and to all our citizens. We may all rejoice together that a band of Pilgrims had courage and faith to brave cold and hunger and danger to secure freedom for themselves and for all who should follow them.

Every home should teach the story of the lives of our Pilgrim Fathers. The Thanksgiving feast, with all its joyful preparations, offers the occasion for these lessons. Mary and Martha may stone the raisins for the mince

pies, or cut up the pumpkin for the golden pumpkin pies.

What do they talk about as they work? Do they know the story of the first Thanksgiving? Can they tell it to the younger children? Does the thought of many families gathering together all over the country for the same kind of giving thanks give an idea of a united country? May we help to keep our unity by preserving these traditions in our many homes?

We have other national holidays to keep. Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Columbus Day, Memorial Day. These give us the chance to keep alive the memory of the great deeds of our great heroes. The only notice of the day may be the hanging of the flag, or a special story-hour; but any one new feature in the daily routine of life marks the day as a Red Letter Day.

The Fourth of July is our national birthday. It should be celebrated everywhere in a way to foster true Americanism. The boy who suggested that every family should stand on its doorstep at six o'clock and sing "America" was wise beyond his years.

The thought of that great chorus of voices singing, "My country," would bring a splendid sense of togetherness.

"United we stand, divided we fall."

There never was a time when this motto was more needed.

For that reason home festivals and community pageants and festivals take on a new value. How much of the love of "Merrie England" was due to the May-Day dances on the green? How much of the strength and unity of ancient Greece was due to the Greek games?

GIFTS AND GIVING

"What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I'd give Him a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I'd do my part.
What can I give Him?
Give Him my heart."

THE giving of gifts is a part of many festivals. We give gifts at Christmas-time for two reasons. We like to remember the gifts the Wise Men made to the Christ Child. We express our love for our friends through our gifts. Christmas giving may degenerate into a mere period of spending money and a forced interchange of expensive presents. These are no true gifts. We welcome the offering which a child's love may bring. The offering may be valueless in itself, but the love makes it priceless.

In the kindergarten children make gifts for father, mother, grandmother, and other members of the family. Little hands are busy for days before the happy season. Little hearts are glad with the happy impulse of giving. When mother comes to the kindergarten Christmas tree and receives her gift from the laden boughs, the joy is complete.

"The gift without the giver is bare," says Lowell.

Every child who sews a Christmas star, or makes a New Year's calendar, is giving himself with the gift, for he has put many hours of loving thought into his work.

How shall mother receive these gifts? I know mothers

who have put them away in a treasure box. They take them out years after when the little hands have grown into strong, working hands and the little child has gone from the home.

What sacred and precious memories they awaken! Who would be without them?

Sometimes a mother does not welcome the offering. She does not see its meaning. Little Rose had struggled during a whole morning to paint a picture for her mother. It was a crude painting, to be sure; the colors were high and the lines uneven, but it was the little girl's best effort. When her mother returned at noon, Rose ran to her with the painted sheet.

"It's for you, mother," she said.

"I don't see anything for me in that trash," said the mother, as she threw it into the waste-basket. May that mother lose some of the warmth of her child's love? What loss does little Rose suffer?

"Love grows with being spent." The more we give to a cause the more precious the cause becomes. The more we give to a friend the more we love the friend. So a child's love grows. Christmas and birthdays are special times for happy giving.

But we must see that the gift is a real gift. Spending money at the store for a bag for mother or a stamp-box for father is not making a gift, unless John has earned the money and has thought long of what father and mother really desire. We may learn much from Emerson about gifts. He says: "Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is that we might convey to some person that which prop-

erly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, his corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing."

THE HEART OF THE FESTIVAL

MR. CHUBB says that as a nation we are starved emotionally. We lose the richness and beauty of life because we do not know how to play and how to enjoy it.

The festival has at its heart some great idea which appeals to the emotions and calls for expression in some outward form. Every kind of expression feeds the feeling which prompts it. Choral singing, rhythmic movement, dramatic representation, all these give emotional satisfaction. What are some of the ideas which have created our great festivals?

What is the real meaning of Christmas? Is it not the desire to spread peace and good-will among our friends and kin? Loving and giving are the theme of Christmas. Dickens's Scrooge is a well-known example of a man who had stifled all friendly feelings for his kind. He was unable to share in the joy of Christmas, because he had killed the spirit of Christmas. Through his vision of the misery of the world where this spirit fails, he learned to say, "A merry Christmas to everybody." "And afterwards, it was always said of him that he knew how to

keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed that knowledge."

Easter is the festival which tells us the great truth of life from death. A brown bulb is put into the ground to die, that a white lily may bloom. The caterpillar spins its own shroud and wraps itself within it, that the gay butterfly may be born.

And so at Easter we bring flowers to our churches and into our homes, that they may tell this story. We keep the day with songs of the lilies, songs of birds, and songs of spring. We celebrate the awakening of life. We rejoice that the winter is over and gone and the time of singing birds is at hand.

Our patriotic festivals grow out of that deepest of all loves, love of home and country. If we would keep the feeling, let us keep the holiday.

I have had great pleasure in reading a set of papers written by my students describing their Red Letter Days. Some of these may suggest to you happy ways of keeping home festivals.

The following is an account of a Christmas spent in the Rockies:

A RED LETTER DAY IN MY LIFE

By Rosalie Stearns

THE biggest Red Letter Day in my life and a particularly shining memory in my childhood was a Christmas Day when I was about eight years old. It was spent with all of our big family gathered together at our country place in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

Imagine, if you can, dear people in the East, range

after range of snow clad mountains with an occasional gleaming peak standing out in clear relief against the intense blue of a Colorado sky. Imagine a little girl bumping merrily down a mountain road perched high on the branches of a great silver spruce, which old Agnes the mare is dragging down to become my most memorable Christmas tree. Three big brothers have superintended the cutting and hauling of the tree, and now we are off on another expedition to gather kinnikinnick and mistletoe to decorate the living-room of the cottage. There is a moment of awful suspense until the tree is carefully straightened up in the corner of the room, and we discover that it is not too tall after all!

Then comes the time for a small girl to be banished to bed, and she goes with reluctant steps, but cherishing a most delicious thrill about to-morrow. The night is not so long as she feared it might be, and she awakes to a joyous bedlam of ringing bells and "Merry Christmases!" Is there any other morning in the year when every one laughs and talks so much and forgets he is fifty or twenty-one or eight years old?

After breakfast the living-room door is opened and we enter a perfect fairyland. The first thing to greet a small girl's eyes are of course her precious family of dolls, all newly and beautifully garbed by mother's clever hands. Only a moment to stop and gaze at the glittering beauty of the tree. There are new skates in the corner! I am half smothered by a hug from big brother who has discovered the little calendar I had spent so many days making him!

So the happy day goes until at nightfall comes that

most precious time of all — the Christmas dinner, when father mulls the cider and we "oh" and "oh" with joy at the sight of the fat brown turkey. After dinner there is the tired but thoroughly happy family gathering around the big open fire, and I lie curled up in mother's lap, watching the red flames chase the blue smoke, and thinking what a happy, lucky little girl I am!

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN MY CHILDHOOD

By Charlotte M. Smith

EVER since I had been a tiny tot, I had played school with every conceivable object. Even when I was sick in bed the figures on the wall-paper were my pupils. They interested me as much as real people.

As I grew older my scholars were dolls, but it always seemed a great task to find enough desks and seats for them.

One Christmas morning my brother and I ran joyfully into the living-room to see our tree and search its wondrous branches for the gifts Santa had left. We found them all, as I thought, and were happily amusing ourselves, when mother, who was watching all the fun, reminded me that the best of all was yet to be found.

I hunted everywhere, and soon, in the corner of the room behind the door, I saw that for which I had longed and dreamed. Never as long as I live shall I forget the feeling of joy and happiness that went through me as I took my real little schoolroom.

My uncle had made it for me out of cigar-boxes. There were chairs, desks, blackboard, and even window-

boxes with paper flowers in them. The pupils were tiny dolls which just fitted the chairs. There were eighteen in all, nine boys dressed in little velvet suits and nine girls all in dainty silk dresses. And indeed the teacher was not lacking, for there she stood in front of the class with a pointer in her hand ready to take up her duties at the given word.

Happiness was certainly complete in my home that day. And from that dolls' schoolroom I have tried steadily to progress in order that some day the dreams of my childhood may be realized.

A FOURTH OF JULY

By Hazel Green

THE two days which stand out most clearly in my memory of my youth are July 4th and Thanksgiving.

We always went to my grandmother's farm, for the summer, and so we were there for the Fourth! The men who had families and who lived near brought fireworks of all varieties, balloons, Roman candles, and the like. The women would prepare cakes, salads, chicken, and other picnic food the day before. On the Fourth we would get up very early and play in the morning. After lunch we would help to set up the hop-picking tables, on the lawn, and to put the tables around. After chores the families from all around would come and we would have supper. There were usually about twelve families. After supper, when it was dark, we would have fireworks on the bridge over the "old mill pond." This day was always looked forward to by us all, and talked of for many days.

AN APRIL CARNIVAL

By Novella Pearson

It was a lovely April day and I was so happy and excited.

Mother had worked for days on my costume and doll-carriage. There was to be a costume and doll-carriage parade. I was to be a little Dutch girl; my skirt was yellow with a red plaid yoke, the apron and waist were white, there was a blue velvet bodice laced with black, a yellow kerchief and a little white cap — and most wonderful of all, a pair of real wooden shoes. My carriage was decorated with red poppies.

At last I was ready and waiting with the other children. A herald in a green velvet suit blew a trumpet as a signal for the parade to appear. Each little character was announced as he entered. It was such a joyous feeling to be taking part with the Quaker girl, Boy Blue, Red-Riding Hood, Bo-Peep, Tom the Piper's son, the little Swiss peasant, and Alice in Wonderland. We were story people from the Land of Make-Believe — we were just being happy together and the big people were happy, too, so it seemed.

After the parade poppy ladies in red and green danced gayly until they were tired; they then drooped sleepily down. Softly the sunbeam fairies came and skipped among the poppies and awakened them. The sunbeams and the poppies danced away together.

A wee girl in a dainty pink costume danced on the tips of her toes. Then we all ate ice-cream and cake at long tables, and played games which we loved.

At last it was over. I had to step out of my wooden shoes and become just myself again. But I shall always remember happily the little lady from Holland and the carnival of an April day.

A MAY-DAY FESTIVAL

By Elizabeth Fitch

It seems so many years ago, yet the sight is vivid to me, as if it were only a short time ago. May Day came quickly and quietly as it always does. But this one May Day I'll never forget.

The day was as balmy as a May Day should be. The open field was a picture. Costumes of every color. In the center was a huge May Pole with streamers of ribbon and flowers.

I was in a dream, in fairyland. Suddenly, the music started and many children rushed forward in costumes of every color to the May Pole. Round and round they danced. I was one of the fairies, seemingly dancing to a land of beautifulness.

After the ribbons were wound around the pole we danced off the field as gayly as we came on.

Then a little playlet was given in rhythmic ways. Children representing "flowers" crowded on the ground. Then the wind danced in, little boys in costumes of white, flowing in the breeze. Then in danced little girls dressed in yellow representing the sun. Little boys then came in gray, representing the rain. Finally, the "flowers" rose up and danced merrily away from the field. Children represented violets, snowdrops, May-flowers, etc. It certainly was a sight to behold. Well I

remember it, for I was a little snowdrop. This was a day in which I played a part in one of my most beloved story-books.

MOTHER DAYS

By Elizabeth Fitch

I SHALL never forget some of the happy hours we spent on rainy days. Those were the days when mother gave up her unnecessary work or pleasure and played *with us*. The stories she used to tell, the paper dolls she so often made, the little tea-parties she used to give for our "babies" as we used to call them! For, indeed, in those days, dolls seemed like real live people. I can still feel the thrill which came from my first soap-bubble. It was a thing I had never dreamed of before then. There is nothing more beautiful than pretty bubbles floating in the air, landing on the floor and breaking, or perhaps breaking while still in the air.

Every once in a while mother used to take us to a farm, which was a mile or so away, to see the ducks. Those were certainly Red Letter Days for us. There was a dear little pond with a tiny island in the center on which a little house was built. This was where the ducks made their home. We used to watch them waddle out of the door into the water. How they could swim with their funny feet, and what funny things they used to do, such as turning somersaults and disappearing beneath the water! It was all mother could do to drag us away from that spot. I can almost see them now and hear their "quack, quack."

XXXVI

THE MOTHER AND THE TEACHER

"God made man men, that they might live together."

MONTAIGNE

"United we stand, divided we fall."

COÖPERATION means operating or working together. When all the men are at work a mill is in full operation. When men refuse to work or capital fails the mill cannot operate.

The people who work are operatives. The man who controls the mill, furnishes the money, and directs the operations of manufacture is also an operative, for his work is necessary to the filling of the orders and the delivery of products.

The farthest reaches of the world are bound together by an endless chain and every worker makes one link of this chain. Railways bind together the East and the West, so that the grapes of California come to the seaports of New England and the herring from the coast of Maine feed the dwellers of Seattle. The wheat of Minnesota makes bread for New York and Boston and the coal of Pennsylvania warms all our houses. Lines of steamships bring to us, for our breakfast, tea from Japan or coffee from Arabia, a dish of cereal from the golden West and milk and cream from a farmer in a distant hill town.

"For want of a nail, a shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe, a horse was lost;
For want of a horse, a rider was lost;
For want of a rider, a battle was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

So runs the old rhyme. More than ever before we are seeing that the fate of nations depends, not on great generals or on numbers of soldiers, but on the efficiency and coöperation which produces supplies and the means of warfare. The operative or the worker is no less necessary than the soldier.

Every community is made up of a group of co-workers. The carpenter must build us a house, the baker must bake us our bread, the cobbler makes us a shoe, and the weaver weaves the web of cloth we need for clothing.

The fields are golden with the heads of corn and the meadows wave with a sea of wheat. Grass clothes the hillsides to feed the creatures that they may give food to man. The farmer ploughs the soil and plants the seed and reaps the grain. He is a co-worker with Nature and with the great Giver of all good. Without him the baby would sicken and die for want of the fresh milk; the children would suffer for lack of the bowl of bread and milk. Every "hand" upon the farm, every "hand" in a mill, every "hand" in shop or on train or steamship is coöperating to feed the world.

The chain which binds together the citizens of a town or city is a chain of service. The first link of this chain is in the home. "No man liveth unto himself" and no home is sufficient unto itself. A woman may say, "My home is my world. I don't worry about what goes on

outside." Her world would soon collapse if every one took her view. To be a good mother and a good homemaker is indeed a right ideal for every woman. Let us see what it involves. Can she act alone for the good of her own home? In the first place, she must have food for her family. The milk supply may come from a careless farmer. The milk bottles are not clean and the milk is full of germs. The baby has a bad throat trouble or fever. Maybe it dies. What can the mother do? Alone she is helpless. But the Board of Health may act or the Women's Municipal League may secure legislation to purify the milk supply. Can any mother remain silent or inactive when she may help in the movement to regulate the bringing of pure milk to her own home? Every mother knows that flies are carriers of disease and that they pollute food. Her butcher exposes his meat unscreened in the market. She may protest, but one voice will not be heard. If she joins with others, she makes the public sentiment which regulates the markets. Mosquitoes are also carriers of poison and disease. That little pool of water and those empty cans in your back yard may mean discomfort and danger, not only to your own home, but to your neighbors. Tin cans thrown out are prime places for breeding these pests. In the summer of 1915 the mosquito was nearly eliminated in one section of Long Island by a concerted campaign against tin cans and stagnant pools of water.

Clean streets and good sewerage are necessary to the health of your own family. Alone you are helpless to secure them. But your club or your league has influence to secure anything it demands.

There is something else a home needs to make it a real home and a good place for growing boys and girls. It needs pleasant surroundings and a cheerful outlook. A back yard may be made to blossom like a rose and an ugly house may be transformed by the planting of vines and shrubs. Wherever neighbors work together for such transformation, the village becomes a good place to live and the value of property rises.

The old Greeks were wise when they built in their cities the most beautiful temples and public buildings that the best architects could plan, and at every corner of the city placed fine statues. The school-children saw beauty everywhere. The statues, monuments, and fine streets of Athens were worth more to the youth of that city than all the lessons of the schools. The young Athenian grew up a lover of beauty and art, and art-loving citizens made Athens the noblest and finest city of ancient times and of all times.

Any town may have what it chooses. No one is condemned to endure ugly buildings and unsightly streets and yards. When women unite to insist on best conditions in the city or town for themselves and their children, the result is assured. Each woman helps to make public sentiment and public sentiment controls public action.

The school is the chief concern of every mother. What shall my child be taught? How shall it be taught? Who shall teach it? These are questions every mother should answer for herself. Nothing less than the health, the ability, the morals and manners of the children are at stake in this matter. Poor, unsanitary conditions in

the schoolroom menace the health of children. An uncultivated, careless teacher will influence more by her example than by her teachings. The lessons given, the methods used, have a direct bearing on the intelligence and efficiency of the pupils. The choice of teacher is not left to an individual mother, neither the selection and arrangement of the schoolroom; but through the combined influence of the neighborhood of parents, banded together in a Parent-Teachers' Association, anything may be secured.

Mrs. Easy may complain daily about the poor schools in her district. Her Peter does not like his books, nor does he clamor to go to school. He plays truant when there is a chance. He has not too profound an acquaintance with the multiplication table, nor does he write a good hand. He is idle and has not learned to apply himself. Mrs. Easy knows that hand-work would be desirable to form habits of application and to give a love of work. She knows that nature work would interest Peter, and that he would love to play store, and to learn in that way to make change, to add, subtract, and multiply. But the teacher does not dare to introduce fads nor foolish play methods and the dreary routine goes on. The boy crawls like a snail unwillingly to school and runs away on any fine day.

Mrs. Dolittle does not like the school either. Her Annie does not read well. She does not care for books and cannot read aloud so that any one cares to hear her. Annie's voice is harsh and shrill, due to the school practice of "speaking up." Mrs. Dolittle does not like it, but what can she do? She is n't the School Board

and has nothing to do with it. She wishes she lived in a town where there were modern schools and up-to-date teachers.

Mrs. Doit moves into town. Her children lose interest in school. They beg to stay at home. They get colds when they go and dawdle at their work. Mrs. Doit visits the school and talks with the teacher. She finds a ready listener. The teacher knows better and is eager to try better ways; but she is afraid of the Trustees and fearful that the people won't stand for any new notions. Mrs. Doit calls on all her neighbors and invites them to come to a neighborhood meeting to discuss school matters. The Committee grants the use of the school building, when so large a number of citizens join in the request. Some one comes to talk of better ways of teaching, or of the selection of studies of real practical worth. A Parent-Teachers' Association is formed. The teacher is encouraged and inspired to do her best. The parents are all supporting her. Pleasant books for supplementary reading are placed in the schoolroom. The boy who has finished his lessons has time to read a story, and he applies himself to his task that it may soon be over. Cardboard and wood for making boxes and furniture for a doll house are placed on benches and shelves around the room, and the boys and girls who have mastered their arithmetic and spelling lessons have the chance to do what their hearts desire. While the fingers are trained in handling and making, calculation is necessary, the judgment is exercised, and a habit of industry is bred. Perhaps school credits for home work are allowed, and so the children become more helpful and useful at home.

The school is transformed and the children are transformed. If the teacher herself loves reading and knows the best of literature, many a boy or girl may acquire a friendship for books which is a lifelong joy, if not the means of a career. School gardens may follow, and school shops, and, possibly, a school library. The school becomes the center of the neighborhood, a gathering-place for the parents as well as for the boys and girls.

What Mrs. Doit does, any one may accomplish who will secure the coöperation and help of her neighbors and who really desires to secure the best advantages for her own children.

For the little children every mother should demand a kindergarten. The early period of childhood is the most important for education. All that follows depends on what is first done or left undone. A young child is not "a little savage" to be left to a sand-heap in the back yard or to the influences of the street. He is a human being in the making. What he gains in the first five years of his life, or what he fails to gain, is a permanent gain or loss. Dispositions are shaped at this time, habits are formed, and tendencies developed. A sullen, unloved childhood means a crabbed manhood or womanhood. A listless child means an idle, inefficient man or woman.

The best home cannot supply the companionship requisite for social development, nor the direction of the play activities which foster the intelligence of the growing child.

The community child garden or kindergarten is a necessity. Where the town or city cannot supply it, a woman's club or group of families may support it.

When Froebel first put forth his scheme for the education of little children, he issued a call to the women of Germany — matrons and maidens — to coöperate with him in the high and noble office of training children. He declared the right training of the little ones to be the foundation of all that is good and desirable in citizenship and in life.

Such coöperation is called for to-day among the women of America. Again a voice cries in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make his way straight."

To you, mothers of little children, to you, teachers of little children, the call comes. Work together to make a straight highway for the coming of the Lord of righteousness. This straight way is none other than the way of education.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

METHODS AND MEANS OF STUDYING CHILDREN

By Lucy Wheelock

FROEBEL was the great prophet of the modern child study movement. His method of making acquaintance with the life of childhood was neither by the keeping of a life-book, nor an album, nor yet by the compilation of records of observation of particular activities and tendencies in children. His was the more intimate method of companionship.

"A foolish old man" he was denominated by the practical people of the village, as they saw him walking through the streets followed by a troop of children, clinging to him wherever a tiny hand could get hold. Utter foolishness to them were the plays organized and directed by the friendly old man when he had conducted his flock to the green slope of a protecting hill. With the affection of a father bestowed upon the children of others and with the almost motherly intuition of a heart loving childhood for its own sake, the great teacher proclaimed his gospel of salvation for humanity through right means of child nurture and the elevation of the ideal of family life.

His mission was to give to mothers and teachers practical guidance in ways and means of employing and directing to their proper ends the activities of children. His secret, he said, was caught from mothers and is to

be learned by the divining heart. His method was to live with the children whom he would know, joining as a friendly companion in the sports and plays which are the true revealers of child life.

Froebel's mother takes care of her own children. She shares in the joy of their first discovery of the kinship of "friends in feathers and fur." With them she visits garden and stream to watch the green, growing things, and to enjoy the darting, shimmering play of the fish and to make friends with chickens and pigeons. She does not disturb with paltry explanations the childish wonder over the silvery moon, sailing on high, and the stars which light the dark, for out of this wonder reverence is born. She may not always accompany her children on their excursions; but she is ready to weave together the incidents of the day into the bedtime story and thereby stamp impressions and give continuity to experience.

She sings the song or suggests the play to fit the occasion and strengthen the lesson it teaches. She opens the gates into the mysterious post-roads over which the rolling wagons seem to go out to the end of the world, and rejoices in the flight of the bird into the infinite. She paints the human world as one of blessing and goodness where every one may play a happy part. The carpenter builds the friendly house that shelters you and me; the farmer gives us daily bread; the coal-man on his cart may have black hands but his heart is kind and his work noble because necessary.

"For where should we get a knife, spoon or fork,
If the honest coal-digger were not at his work?"

It is her privilege to foster the spirit of true worship, as did the mother of Carlyle, by setting up in that holy of holies — a child's heart — the altar of loving trust and reverence. Her little ones see the loftiest whom they know on earth bowed down before the loftier in Heaven, and for them the busy day closes in peace. This is Froebel's picture of a mother living *with* her children.

"I live *for* my children," says the anxious hard-working mother, busy with elaborate gowns and coats, suitable for the season, and no worse than her neighbor's. She has little time to make herself the friend and *confidante* of her boys and girls, and later, with a constant heartache, knows that she has lost them. "It is all *for* my children" is the excuse of the father, too much occupied with business to make even the acquaintance of his family. One could almost envy Harry Richmond the possession of a father, impossible, to be sure, in worldly ways, but able to make himself into a menagerie of noble and spirited animals, and so to vivify the history of kings and queens as to make them inspiring friends, and to introduce the wild, courageous Will Shakespeare as a boon companion — not an altogether admirable parent; but who would not choose such a father rather than a Feveril with a system warranted perfect in itself; but not warranted to fit?

We may study groups of children to discover certain universal qualities. We may study *the* child, that abstract nonenity to whom all ready-made systems owe their origin. Then there is *a* child, shy, variable, incomprehensible, eluding all our systems, our notebook and our records. Who is wise enough to know this "wild

child-heart," to lure it from the dark of its own individual consciousness? Without *knowledge* who is able to guide it into fullness of life?

"Warm it by your own heart" is Froebel's advice to those who would use his book of child and mother lore. But this is not all.

Community of interest must always lead to coöperation. One may understand one's own child better by knowing how another has been trained. A true mother sees her own child in every child. "To communicate, forget not" is a good scriptural injunction. The woman's club has been an important influence in widening the interests and enlarging the life of woman; but more important than the literary club or the travelers' circle or the science class is the mothers' round table or, better still, the parents' association, where the problems of child nurture are earnestly discussed. Such associations should constitute a part of the social life of every community, and should make available to all the constantly increasing literature of child study. Mr. Will Monroe has compiled a bibliography of the subject, showing already a long list of books, pamphlets and periodicals. The list may be indefinitely extended by the books, good for us all, which give true pictures of child life and so help revive childish memories and make one a child again, even for one night.

"He is best able to guide childhood who can most easily follow back the thread of life to childhood," says Froebel. To remember what made us laugh and what made us cry, to recall the message whispered long ago by birds and flowers, to feel again the thrill of the half-

sad ecstasy of the sighing wind among the trees, or the joy of dancing rain drops on the sidewalk is to enter on the borders of the land of childhood. There are a few fathers and mothers and rare grandfathers who, like Gladstone, are able to retain the love of sports and the feeling of play which make a happy companion anywhere.

To those hardened by the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches, no better boon can be given than the child whose demand for love and sympathy is like the warming sun of spring to the ice-bound earth. It is well for a busy man or woman to read occasionally such books as "Silas Marner," Mrs. Burnett's "One I Knew the Best of All," or Pierre Loti's "Romance of a Child," of which an English translation has recently appeared. Such reading will change the weights of the balance for a little while and sometimes readjust one's view of the world.

A teacher who is only a part of a system bound to the uniform standard of promotion by which all pupils alike must be measured, whether quick or dull of wit, weak or robust in body, needs especially the baptism of spirit that comes from forgetting that the children are her pupils and trying to know them as living things. She needs to live with children by playing their games and thinking their thoughts. She needs to get the poet's view of childhood that holds the ideal above the drudgery of the real.

No doubt she should be more scientific. Let her learn what experts are doing in psychological laboratories, if she is able. Let her study to know the physical defects and mental limitations of her pupils. Let her be quick

to detect signs of fatigue and to avoid the cause. Let her provide for bodily comfort, as far as she is responsible, by attention to seating and matters of hygiene. Let her watch for nascent periods of development of function that she may always know what to do and when to do it. Let her — oh, wonderful woman — be as wise as Minerva and far wiser; but let her not neglect the weightier matters of the law which commands love as its own fulfilling.

For both mothers and teachers the question of moral and religious training is an all-important one. In the Puritan household, children were taught morals and religion by the Westminster Catechism, Scripture texts, and Sunday school lessons. "Poor Richard's Almanac" was as good as any other textbook of morals. A few excellent proverbs were current, such as "Example is better than precept," and "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," but it is reserved for the modern study of imitation, suggestion and habit to estimate the force of unconscious influence in building character and awakening ideals. Here again we are indebted to the psychologists, notably Professors Royce, Baldwin, and James, for blazing a path along which the ordinary wayfarer may travel.

"My mother says so," is usually a child's conclusive argument, but after all what really determines a child's view of any situation is what he divines mother to be in spite of what she says. The family standards of life will ordinarily fall as a heritage to the children. These are learned, not by the precepts or texts taught, but by the ordinary conversation heard by wide-awake

listeners and the business transactions witnessed by eyes eager to learn what the world is like.

A valuable contribution to child-study literature is "The Study of the Religious Life of California Children," by Earl Barnes. This gives the account of a somewhat extended examination of school children in California to ascertain their religious concepts and beliefs. It suggests the ineffectiveness of current methods to convey appropriate religious ideas and the great gap between instruction and religion.

One of the most sympathetic observations of the unfolding of the spiritual is found in Miss Peabody's "Lectures to Kindergartners," a record of the child entrusted to her care to receive his first ideas of religion. "What a child cannot understand of religion," says Ruskin, "no man need try to," and yet unseeing souls would force open the beautiful gate of the temple, not knowing that it is always open to children. By wise guidance the implicit faith of childhood may be transformed gradually into genuine religious feeling.

A certain delightful book is dedicated "to children and those who love them." Very few people would choose to be left out of the latter class; but it would be greatly decreased if limited to those who love wisely. To know what to do is little easier than to do, but the means of knowledge are increasing every day with the growing literature on the subject of child culture and the ever-widening interest it creates. The child's world is not a little one, but a wide, goodly land. Happy are those able to enter in!

THINKING AND ANSWERING

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson

SUPPOSE, as you are walking home from school today, you are about to cross the street when you see an automobile coming very fast. What do you do? You stop, of course; wait for it to go by, and then start on again. Why do you stop? "Why," you say, "if I did n't, the automobile might run over me." Something of that sort would just flash through your mind, would n't it, in the very same second that you first saw the automobile coming. Now, as you know, you think with your brain. But what was it this time that set your brain to thinking? "Nothing," you say, "I just saw the automobile coming." And that is true in a way: you did n't need anything more than your eyes to tell you.

But how did your eyes get the message to your brain, and how did your brain tell your legs to stop walking? We must have in our bodies a kind of telephone system. And that is, in fact, just what we have. Our *brain* is our "central office"; and our *nerves* are the wires, running from all parts of our body to the brain, carrying messages back and forth.

An old man and an old woman lived out on the very edge of a little town. One day their house caught fire and was blazing away before they noticed it. They rushed to their neighbor's telephone and rang up "Central" to tell her to "'phone" for the firemen and hose cart. *Kling a-ling-a-ling!* went their bell, but no "Cen-

tral" answered; and while a man was running to town to get the firemen, the fire got such a good start that the house burned down.

You can see from this why we need a central office in good working order, when we use the "'phone." All the wires run into the one building, and there must be some one there to receive calls and see that they are sent out to their proper places. In this case, you see, "Central" should have been at her post to see that the message went on to the engine house, and then the fire would have been put out "double-quick."

The "central office" of our Body Telephone System is just as important and just as necessary to keep in good working order. It would be very little use to have even the keenest of eyes and the sharpest of ears, with the readiest of nerve wires to carry their messages into the center of the body, unless we had some *organ*, or headquarters, there for switching the messages over to the nerves running to the right muscles to tell them what to do. If the brain "Central" should fail in its duty or get out of order, then the body would be in serious trouble at once.

Every day we read in the papers of accidents because somebody did n't think, as well as see or hear. People see cars and automobiles coming, but don't give them a thought and so are run down and hurt. They hear the whistle of the engine at the crossing, but drive on just the same, without seeming to have heard it at all. They are absent-minded; the operator in the "central office" seems to be off duty, or busy about something else. But if we are going to get on in this world

of cars and automobiles and all sorts of unexpected things, we must always "have our wits about us," as the saying goes, ready to send the messages out to the muscles in our legs and arms and fingers just as soon as any one of our Five Senses "rings up" the "Central" in our brain.

Our body wires do not look at all like telephone wires; and the brain, if you could see it, would never suggest to you a central office.

The nerves are fine white cords, the smallest ones finer than a hair, and the largest so big and strong that you could lift the body by it; and their branches run all over the body, to the muscles and the blood tubes and the skin and all the other parts. You have already read how the skin can tell you when you feel warm and when you feel cold and when something hurts you.

The brain is a soft wrinkled mass, partly gray and partly white. It is in the head, and because it is very soft and easily hurt, Mother Nature has put around it a strong wall, or shell, of bone — the *skull*, or brain box. Feel your head and see how very hard this bone is. Solomon, the Hebrew poet-king, called it the "golden bowl." I suppose he called it a "bowl" because it is round like one, and "golden" because it is so precious. People do not often grow well again if the "golden bowl" is broken or even cracked.

The big *nerve cable*, called the *spinal cord*, that connects the brain with the rest of the body, and carries all the messages backward and forward, runs down the back and is protected by the backbone, or *spine*, which is hollow, so that the cord can run down through it.

This backbone is joined together so beautifully, too, that you can bend your back about and stoop over, and carry heavy weights on your back, and yet the bony tube still protects the cord inside. Solomon calls this the "silver cord," because it is so white and shiny that it looks like silver. You see, our bodies are full of beautiful as well as wonderful things.

Probably sometime when your teacher has asked you to recite a poem you have all learned, some one in the class has answered, "I don't remember it," or has stood up and recited the first few lines and then stopped, and thought, and finally had to say, "I can't go on."

Now what is the matter with this boy, or girl? He looks bright enough, and you will probably remember that he was in the class when you learned the poem. "Oh," you say, "the poem did n't stay in his head." No, it did n't "stick" in his memory; but why did n't it?

Some of the messages that the Five Senses carry to the brain are answered at once, as when we move away from danger, or reach out our hands and help ourselves to butter, or take off a shoe to shake out a pebble. But there are other messages that do not call for an immediate reply and are just stored away for future use in the big "central office" of our Body Telephone, in what we call our *memory*. And later, when the proper message is sent in by our eyes or ears, or other sense organs, which reminds us of this message which they sent before, perhaps several weeks, months, or even years ago, it wakes up the old message stored away in the memory, and we say we "remember" what happened to us, or what we learned at that time.

So, when your teacher asks you to recite a certain poem, and your ears hear the title or the first line, you recall the rest of the verses and the lesson about it. How many things does the word "Christmas" wake up out of your memory? or the sight of soldiers marching? or the first taste of strawberries in May?

You think about a great many things that you never *do*. Really you are thinking almost all the time you are awake. And besides the messages that "Central" just stores away for future use, there are a great many, messages being carried back and forth along the "telephone system" all the time, that you don't keep track of at all — the messages that keep the stomach and the heart and the lungs and everything in your body working together properly.

How are we to take care of the telephone lines and "Central" of our *nervous system?* Whatever you do to build up and help the other parts of the body will help your brain to *feel* and *think* and *remember;* and will help your muscles and nerves to answer promptly and truly whatever the message may be. Plenty of good food, plenty of sleep and fresh air, plenty of play, will keep your nerves and brain healthy and growing.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson

ONE morning I stopped a moment on the street to speak to a friend. Her little nephew had just finished eating some candy, and down went his candy-bag on the pavement. His aunt happened to see it. "Oh, no, Claude," she said, "don't you see the big green can there? Better put it into that." But Claude was only three years old; and the can was so tall that he could not tell what it was, till we led him up to it.

Do you have cans like these in your town, too? It is good to think that every one of us, even such little fellows as Claude, can help to keep the city beautiful. But it is not simply to make things look nice that we have so many cans — cans for ashes, cans for papers, cans for food scraps. No indeed, it is to keep the city clean and make it fit for people to live in; for if dirty papers and scraps were left to blow about the streets, they would fill the air with germs and filth.

Any dust that blows about the streets is likely to be carrying disease germs with it. That is why we have sprinklers driven through the streets to wet them and to keep down the dust; and why, in large cities, the streets are thoroughly flooded at night. If the streets are kept damp and clean, then the air above them is cool and fresh and pure.

How does the city get rid of all the dirt and waste? From every house there are two kinds of waste. Some is

taken away in pipes from the sink and bathroom out into pipes that run under the street, and these carry it away from the city to some stream or deep water that takes it entirely away from the town.

The waste stuffs that are not watery, but solid — cabbage leaves, apple cores, potato parings, and other scraps from the kitchen are carted away and burned or fed to pigs. The ashes and tin cans are carted away, also, and used in making new land or filling up hollow places.

Besides taking away the dirt, cities are careful to get clear, pure drinking water. They are very, very careful about this; and they usually have the water tested often, because, as you have learned, even water that looks perfectly pure may give people typhoid fever. That is why, when you are out in the country, on a picnic perhaps, you must not drink from the streams. They may receive the drainage from a farmer's barnyard, or the sewage from some house.

The more we all learn about these things, the more careful will the city be to protect her people. To be sure, most cities now have Boards of Health who employ men and women to go about and see that the food in the stores is clean — no flies, no dust, and no tobacco smoke on it. They have laws, too, about keeping milk clean; and in New York alone these laws have saved the lives of thousands of babies. And they have laws about the care of streets and buildings and cars and parks and a great many other things.

In all these things we have been talking about, I want you to be thinking how you can help. For a city is made up of people — boys and girls and men and women. The

city is what its people make it; and every one must help, even the smallest children, no older than little Claude.

The first and most important thing for you to do is to keep yourself clean and tidy. And the next thing is for you to keep your back yard as well as your front yard and the school yard and the street free from papers and sticks and cans and old playthings. You can put away your things when you are through playing; or, if you are making a railroad or a town or a playhouse, you can leave it looking nice and tidy. You can help chiefly by putting away your own things. You know the old saying, "A workman is known by his chips"; and a good workman always works in an orderly way.

When you eat apples or bananas or oranges, don't throw the skins or peelings about, but put them in a garbage can or swill bucket or cover them with soft dirt in the garden or stable yard; and don't throw peanut shells, or scraps of paper and the like, about the streets or parks. You should begin to notice all these things and talk about them, and that will make other people begin to think about them, too.

Then you can make gardens instead of leaving bare, untidy back yards. I think that nicely kept vegetable gardens are almost as pretty as flower gardens. If you cannot mow the lawn, you can at least cut the long grass on the edges; and that makes such a difference! It is wonderful how much boys and girls can do in making and keeping a city really beautiful.

I hope that you have plenty of room to play in now. Of course, when you grow up, you will see that there are plenty of playgrounds and parks for the children. We

are beginning to find out that the richest and the most beautiful city is the one whose streets are lined with families of happy, rosy-cheeked children. So, you see the "City Beautiful" is the one that takes best care of her children, and she can do this only by keeping her streets and houses perfectly clean and seeing that the food her people get is fresh and good, and their drinking water pure. If the city or town you live in is not like this, be sure you do your very best to make it better.

There is one great evil that for hundreds and hundreds of years has been known wherever people are crowded together, and even in the open country, too; and which has been the cause of more untidiness and uncleanliness and unhappiness and disease than any other evil ever known. And that is the drinking of alcohol. People don't drink clear alcohol, but they can get a great deal of it — enough to poison them badly — in the fermented drinks you learned about some time ago.

In the days when your grandfather was a little boy, every man thought that ale and wine and whiskey were good foods for him when he was well; and good medicine when he was sick. He believed that they gave him an appetite, and increased his strength. But now we have found, by carefully studying the effects of alcohol, in laboratories and in hospitals, that these beliefs were almost entirely mistaken. We know that all that wine, beer, and whiskey do is to make people feel better for a little while, without making them actually stronger or better in any way. In fact, in most respects these drinks make them weaker and worse instead.

Perhaps you will ask, "How do whiskey and wine and beer do us harm?" And here is only part of the answer: (1) They tire the heart and, by enlarging the blood pipes in the skin, make the heart pump too much of the blood out to the skin. In this way they make a person feel warmer when he really is not any warmer. (2) They make the liver work too hard. (3) They dull the brain, so that it cannot think so clearly or so well. (4) If one drinks them frequently, it is harder for him to get well when he is sick; more people die out of those who drink alcohol than out of those who do not.

Alcohol is a *narcotic;* that is, it deadens our nerves, for the time being, to any sensations of pain or discomfort, much in the same way that a very small dose of *morphine* or *opium* would. We may imagine it does us good because, for a little while after drinking it, we may cease to feel pain or fatigue or cold; but, instead of making us really better and able to do more work, it is dulling our nerves so that we work more slowly and more clumsily. Men who have carefully measured the amount of work that they do have found that they do less work on days when they take one or two glasses of beer or wine than they do on days when they drink only water.

The great insurance companies have found that those of their policy holders who drink no alcohol at all live nearly one fourth longer and have nearly one third fewer sicknesses than those who drink alcohol even in moderate amounts.

Indeed, so strong is the evidence as to the bad effects of alcohol, and so steadily is it increasing, that it will probably not be very many years more before the drink-

ing of wine or beer by intelligent, thoughtful people will have become less than half as common as it is now.

Strong, healthy men may be able for a long time to drink small amounts of liquor without noticing any harmful effects; but all the time the alcohol may be doing serious harm to their nerves and brain and kidneys and liver and blood vessels, which they will not find out until it is too late to stop the trouble.

Useless and bad as alcohol is for full-grown men and women, it is even worse for young and growing children; and no child, and no boy or girl under the age of twenty-one, should ever touch a drop of it, except in those rare instances where it may be prescribed as a medicine by a doctor, just as many other drugs are, which in larger doses would be poisons.

Fortunately, it will be no trouble for you children to let it alone entirely; for not one of you would like the taste of it the first time — or, indeed, for the matter of that, for the first ten or twelve times — that you tried to drink it, if you should be so foolish. This is one striking difference between alcohol and all other foods and drinks. Children have absolutely no natural liking or taste, for the drinks that contain it, as they have for meat, milk, sugar, apples, and the other real foods. This is Nature's way of telling them that it is not a real food, and not needed in any way for their growth and health. Let it alone absolutely, until you are at least twenty-one years old; and by that time you will probably have become so convinced of the harm that it is doing that you will never begin using it at all.

What we have been saying so far applies, of course,

only to the moderate use of alcohol. How terrible the effects of the long or excessive use of alcohol are, you don't need to learn from a book. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open on the streets, and see the drunken men reeling along the sidewalk, and the wrecks of men that hang around the saloons. The poorhouses and the jails and the insane asylums are filled with them. The most terrible thing that can happen to any one is to become a drunkard. The best and safest and only sensible thing to do is to keep away from the only stuff that makes drunkards. It may do you the most terrible harm, and it cannot do you the slightest good.

Your city can never become the "City Beautiful" so long as this evil mars it; and, as you grow up, I hope you will do all you can toward making the right kind of city and home.

REFERENCE LISTS

VI. CHILD PLAY

Education through Recreation, by George E. Johnson. Cleveland Survey Foundation.
Education through Plays and Games, by George E. Johnson.
Play in Education, by Joseph Lee.
The Kindergarten Children's Hour.
Vol. 5, *Songs, with Music.*
Vol. 2, *Children's Occupations.*
Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play, edited by Susan Blow.
Children's Rights, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

VII. PLAYTHINGS

Levana, by Jean Paul Richter.
Joan and Peter, by H. G. Wells. Chapter IV.
Jeremy. The Birthday, by Hugh Walpole. Chapter I.
The Kindergarten Children's Hour.
Vol. 2, *Children's Occupations.*
Children's Rights, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Kindergarten Theory and Practice, by Nora Atwood.

VIII. THE LITTLE WORKMAN

Student's Froebel. Translated by William H. Herford.
The Kindergarten Children's Hour.
Vol. 3, *Talks to Children.*
Fundamentals of Child Study, by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick.

X. THE HELPFUL CHILD

The Place of Industries in Elementary Education, by Katherine E. Dopp.
When Mother Lets Us Cook, When Mother Lets Us Keep Pets, by Constance Johnson.

Elementary Wood Work (*Carpentry for Boys*, by George B. Kilbon).
Manual Training Toys, by Harris W. Moore.
The Child Housekeeper, by Colson and Chittenden.
Wings and the Child, The Would-Be-Goods, by E. Nesbit.

Stories

"How the Home Was Built"; "The Little Home"; "The Journey"; in *Mother Stories*, by Maud Lindsay.
"The Pig Brother"; "The Wheat Field"; "The Coming of the King"; "The Sailor Man"; in *Golden Windows*, by Laura Richards.

Poems

"Employment," by Jane Taylor, in *Pinafore Palace*.
"System," in *A Child's Garden of Verses*, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
"Good-Night and Good-Morning"; "What May Happen to a Thimble," in *The Posy Ring*.

XI. HOW CHILDREN LEARN

Student's Froebel. Translated by William H. Herford.
The Kingdom of the Child, by Alice M. H. Heniger.
The Imitative Functions, by Josiah Royce.
The Mind of the Child, by Mark Baldwin. Chapter, "Plastic Imitation."
The Great Stone Face, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Children's Hour.
Vol. 4, *Legendary Heroes*.
Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play.
Trade Plays.
Emerson's *Essay on Manners*.

XII. THE LISTENING CHILD

The Art of Story-Telling, by Marie L. Shedlock.
How to Tell Stories to Children, by Sara Cone Bryant.

The Kindergarten Children's Hour.
Vol. 1, *Stories for Little Children.*
The Child's World, by Emilie Poulsson.

XV. THE CHILD AND HIS BOOK

Children's Rights, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Chapter, "What Shall Children Read."
Sons and Daughters, by Sidonie M. Gruenberg. Pages 192–198.
What Literature Can Do for Me, by Alfonso Smith.
Books and Culture, by Hamilton Mabie.

XVI. THE LITTLE ACTOR

The Kingdom of the Child, by Alice M. H. Heniger.
Social Education, by Colin A. Scott.

XVII. THE LITTLE ARTIST

French Ways and Their Meaning, by Edith Wharton. Chapter v, "Continuity."
Student's Froebel. Translated by William H. Herford. Pages 41–43.

XVIII. THE SINGING CHILD

Songs, Games, and Rhymes, by E. L. Hailmann.
The Baby's Bouquet, by Walter Crane.
Songs for Little People, by Frances Weld Danielson and Grace Wilbur Conant.
Old Songs for Young Americans, by C. Forsythe.
Home Songs My Children Love.
Hymns That Every Child Should Know, edited by Dolores Bacon.

XX. THE QUESTIONING CHILD

"The Elephant's Child," in *Just So Stories,* by Rudyard Kipling.
The Truth About Santa Claus, by Charlotte M. Vaile.

Lesson V, "Child Nature and Child Nurture," by Edward Porter St. John.

The Moral Problem of Children. The Mary Wood-Allen Fund, 601 West 156th Street, New York.

The Art of Questioning, by H. H. Horne.

Kindergarten Theory and Practice, by Nora A. Atwood.

Student's Froebel, pp. 73–83. Translated by William H. Herford.

A Child's Day, by Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

XXII. THE SOCIAL CHILD

Psychology of Childhood, by Norsworthy and Whitley. Chapter IV.

A Study of Child Nature, by Elizabeth Harrison.

Fundamentals of Child Study, by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick.

Play in Education, by Joseph Lee.

Festivals and Plays, by Percival Chubb.

Education and Living, by Randolph Bourne.

Kindergarten Theory and Practice, by Nora Atwood.

Two Children of the Foothills, by Elizabeth Harrison.

Finger Plays, by Emilie Poulsson.

The One I Knew the Best of All, by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Una Mary, by Una Hunt.

Things My Children Love to Eat, by Elizabeth Colson (Contains suggestions for picnics and parties.)

Ice-Breakers, by Edna Geister.

XXIV. THE OBEDIENT CHILD

Jeremy, by Hugh Walpole. Chapter XI, "The Merry-Go-Round."

How to Know Your Child, by Miriam Finn Scott. Chapter VI.

How to Teach Children Through Stories, by Elizabeth McCracken. Chapter VIII.

Children's Rights, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Chapter, "How Shall we Govern our Children?"

XXV. THE HONEST CHILD

The Use of Money, by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick.
My Boy, by Carl Ewald.

XXVI. THE ANGRY CHILD

Jeremy, by Hugh Walpole. Chapter VI, "Family Pride."
Sons and Daughters, by Sidonie M. Gruenberg. "The Child's Pugnacity."
Crow Child, Land of Puck, by Mary Mapes Dodge.
"King and His Hawk," by Baldwin. From *Fifty Famous Stories*.
How to Teach Children Through Stories, by Elizabeth McCracken. Chapter IX, "Self-Control."

XXVII. THE CARELESS CHILD

"All Gone, *Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play*. Translated by Susan E. Blow.
"Blunder," in *Child Life in Prose*.
Careless Jane, by Howard Pyle.

XXVIII. THE TRUTHFUL CHILD

Jeremy, by Hugh Walpole. Chapter III, "The Christmas Pantomime."
The Caxtons, by Bulwer Lytton.
"Stolen Corn," in *For the Children's Hour*, by Bailey and Lewis.
Psychology of Childhood, by Norsworthy and Whitley. Chapter IX.
How to Teach Children Through Stories, by Elizabeth McCracken. Chapter VII, "Truthfulness."

XXX. THE BAD CHILD

The Wayward Child, by Hannah Kent Schoff.
Study of Child Nature, by Elizabeth Harrison.
How to Live, by Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

REFERENCE LISTS

XXXI. THE EVENING PRAYER

I Samuel, 3: 1–10.

My Prayers. Copies may be obtained by addressing Noonday Meditation, 100 Central Park South, New York. (Free.)

A Study of Child Nature, by Elizabeth Harrison, pp. 181, 182.

As the Twig Is Bent, by Susan Chenery, pp. 147, 148.

Children's Ways, by James Sully, p. 82.

Lessons for the Cradle Roll, by Frances W. Danielson.

Stories

"The Story of Harriet Ann"; in *Story-Telling in School and Home*, by Partridge.

"The Stars"; "The Stranger"; in *Golden Windows*, by Laura Richards.

Poems

"The Character of the Happy Warrior," by William Wordsworth.

"In the Firelight"; in *A Little Book of Western Verse*, by Eugene Field.

"Prayer for a Little Boy"; in *Rhymes for Little Boys*, by Burges Johnson.

"Night and Day"; in *Rhymes and Jingles*, by Mary Mapes Dodge.

"The God of My Childhood"; "The Shadow"; in *Child Life*, by Whittier.

XXXII. THE LITTLE CITIZEN

The Teaching of Civics, by Mabel Hill.

Education and Living, by Randolph Bourne.

Real Business of Living, by James H. Tufts.

Citizen. Chapter XXX, "What the City does for its Citizens."

Brothers, pp. 13, 14, 19, 20, 21.

Work. Chapter XXII, "Business and Industry as Public Service."

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

LB1105 .T3
Talks to mothers.
Gutman Library
3 2044 028 622

DATE DUE

JAN 07 1998

APR 13 1998

DEMCO 38-297

BRENTANO'S
Sellers & Stati